WEEK ENDING JULY 13, 1929

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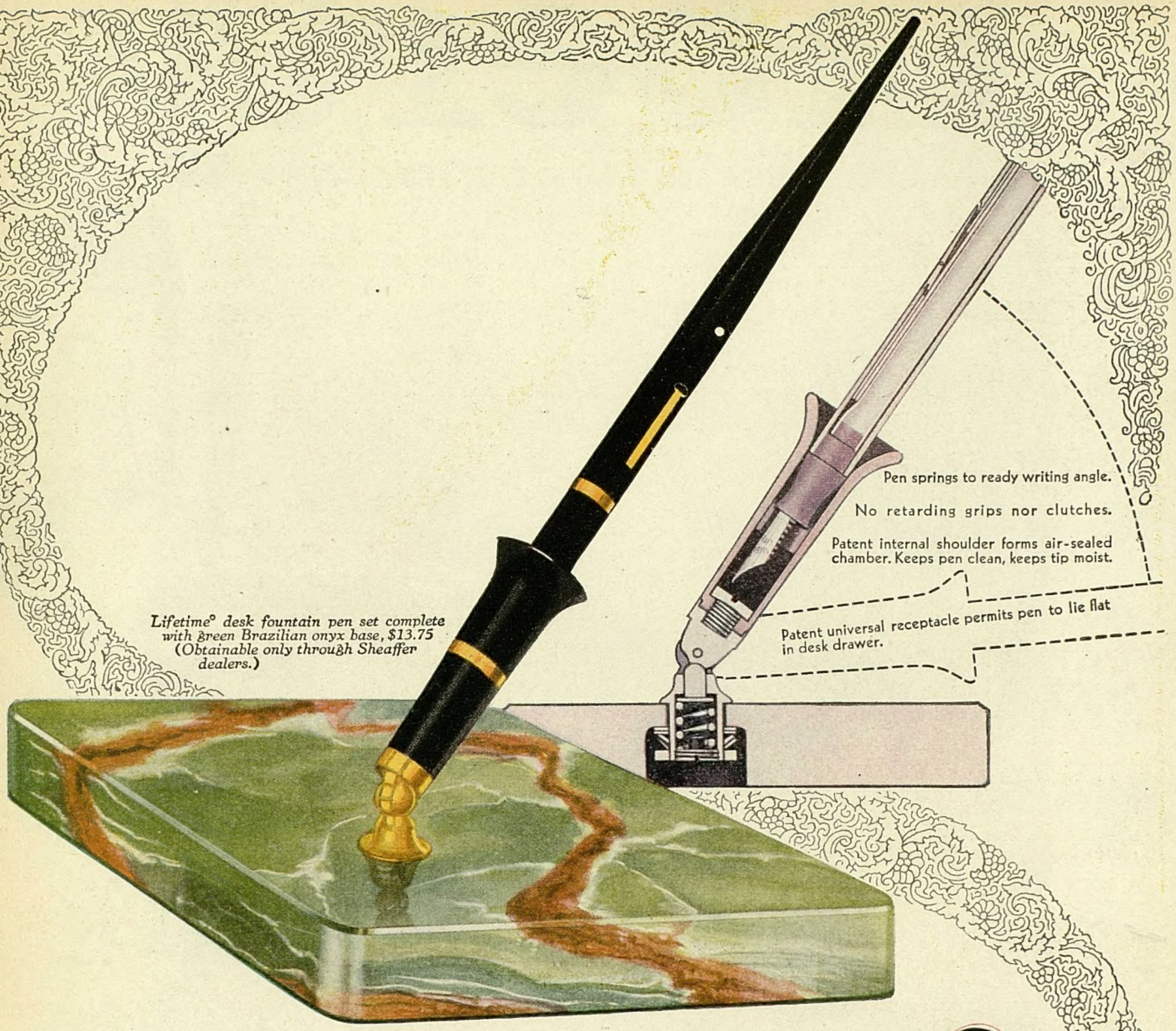

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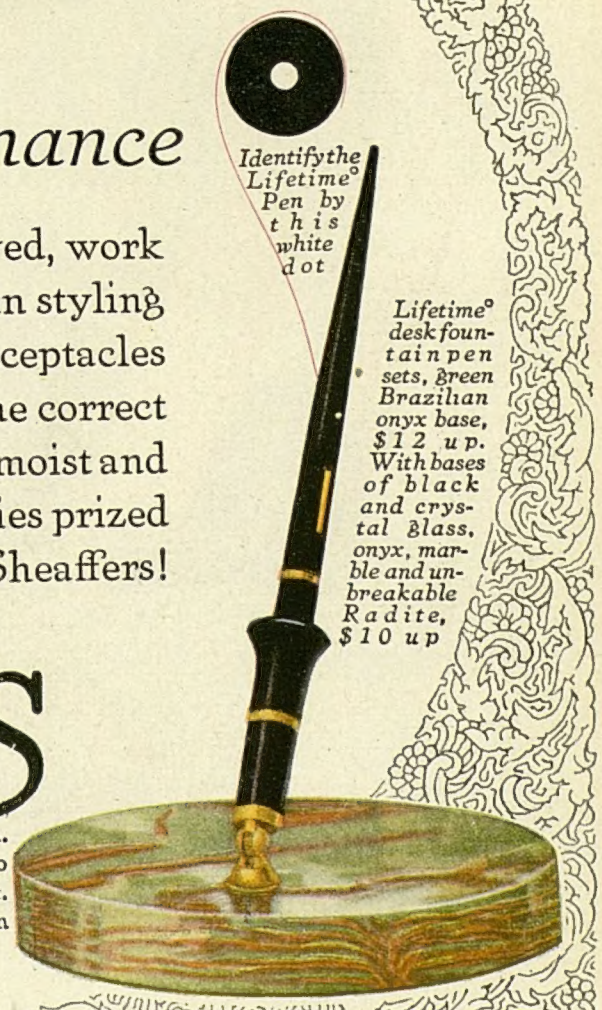

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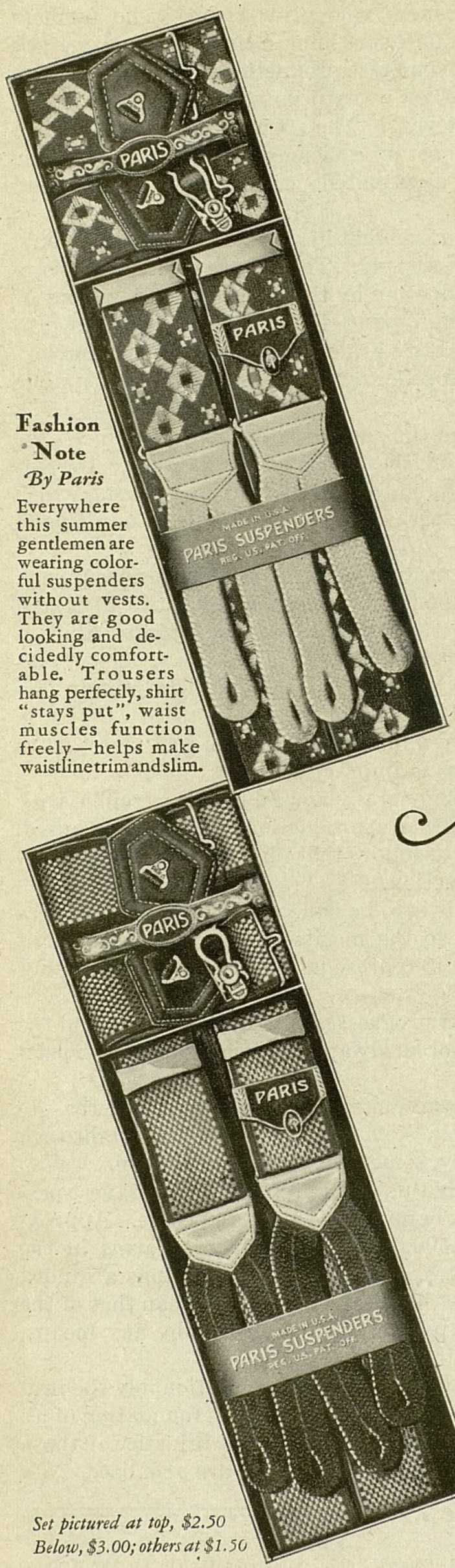

Fashion Note
By Paris

Everywhere this summer gentlemen are wearing colorful suspenders without vests. They are good looking and decidedly comfortable. Trousers hang perfectly, shirt "stays put", waist muscles function freely—helps make waistline trim and slim.

Set pictured at top, $2.50
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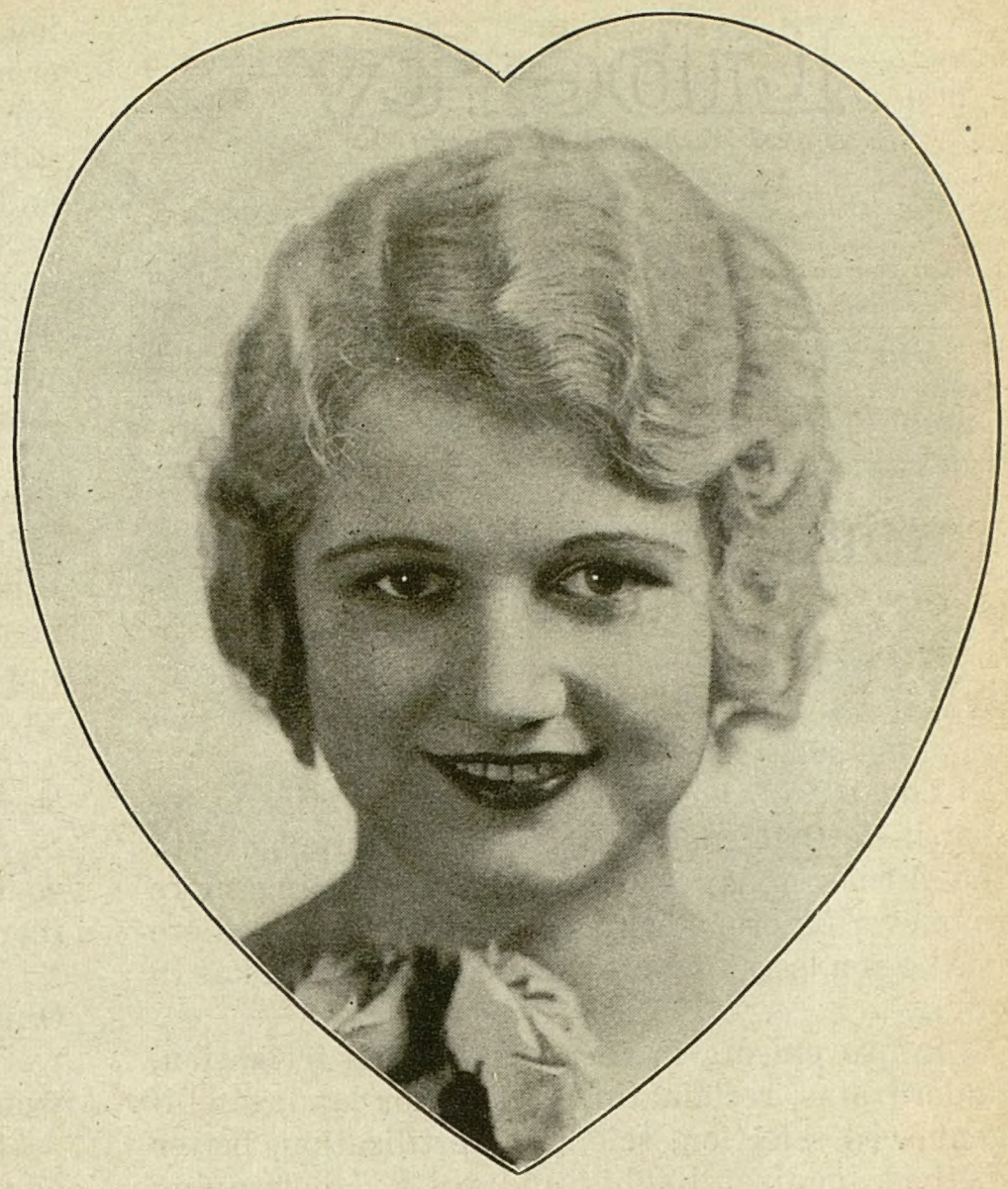

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(By the way—has HE a few matched Garters and Suspender sets by PARIS? If your dealer hasn't them, we'll supply you. They come beautifully packaged at $1.50, $2.50, and $3. Please send your dealer's name with your remittance to Mrs. Ruth Stone, 1143 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.)

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JULY 13, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 27

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

MORE ABOUT THE FARM PROBLEM

We received considerable illumination in consequence of the two editorials on farm relief which we published some weeks ago.

The first of these diagnosed the situation as we saw it, to the general effect that the trouble with the farmer today is that he is producing more than ever before, whereas in some directions there has been a lessening of demand for what he has to offer.

Improvements in farming such as irrigation, underdrains, reclamation of inferior land, intelligent seed selection, scientific fertilization, better methods against blights and pests, labor-saving machinery for harvesting, rotation of crops, and all the aid given by county authorities and agricultural schools—these have greatly increased production.

At the same time various tendencies have operated to check demand—the almost universal desire to keep thin; the scanty clothing of women; the lessened clothing of men, as evidenced by the discarding of vests in summer and, to some extent, of hats; and the abolition of the corner saloon, which used up far more barley in beer than the home brewers do now and more corn and rye in whiskey than the bootleggers use now.

In addition, there is a considerable factor which we omitted to mention. That is the recovery of Europe from the ravages of war.

Each year now the Continent is better able to supply its own needs than it has been before, and the necessity of importing from us is correspondingly less.

We have received many letters from readers on this topic, and as regards our analysis of the farmer's trouble most of them have been favorable. In general, people seem to agree with us about what is wrong.

Having said what we thought of the situation, we added that the paying of bounties, in our opinion, is not the way to remedy it. Subsidizing pivotal crops, we submitted, would result in higher prices for the farmers who grow them. The farmers would then put more land in these particular crops and further increase production.

Bounties on wheat this year would mean more wheat next year. The same with cotton or corn. This would set up a vicious circle, and the trouble would be aggravated in the end, rather than diminished.

We promised that in another editorial we would announce a remedy. This, as we offered it, was to reduce production by throwing some farms out of commission, buying them up with the governmental funds set aside for farm relief, and employing their former owners on much-needed public works.

The land thus acquired by the government, we thought, could be fertilized or planted to forests. So a great public domain would be restored, which could be released later as population and demand increased.

This remedy received practically no support. Our correspondents picked many flaws in it and were almost unanimous in the opinion that it wouldn't work.

Seldom have we been so overwhelmingly disagreed with.

Well, we admit that the plan has many flaws and perhaps is impracticable.

But it is generally agreed that the trouble with the farmers is overproduction. If this be granted, then it must follow that the surest remedy is to check production.

How this is to be done we don't know. We are dubious as to the merits of our plan, and admit it, but still it represents an attempt to think out a solution.

Mankind progresses by trial and error, and the trial need not be always an actual, tangible experiment.

Much is accomplished by thought and reasoning and discussion. If we start on the right tack we are likely, sometime, to get somewhere.

Certainly this farm problem is the gravest perplexity now before the American people. Approximately 27,500,000 persons live on farms in the United States, and in general, as things are now, their scale of life is at a lower level than that of the rest of the people. They are not, by any means, getting their share.

This is wrong, because unquestionably the production of food and clothing is the foundation of all society, and it is a fundamental injustice if those who do the essential producing are penalized.

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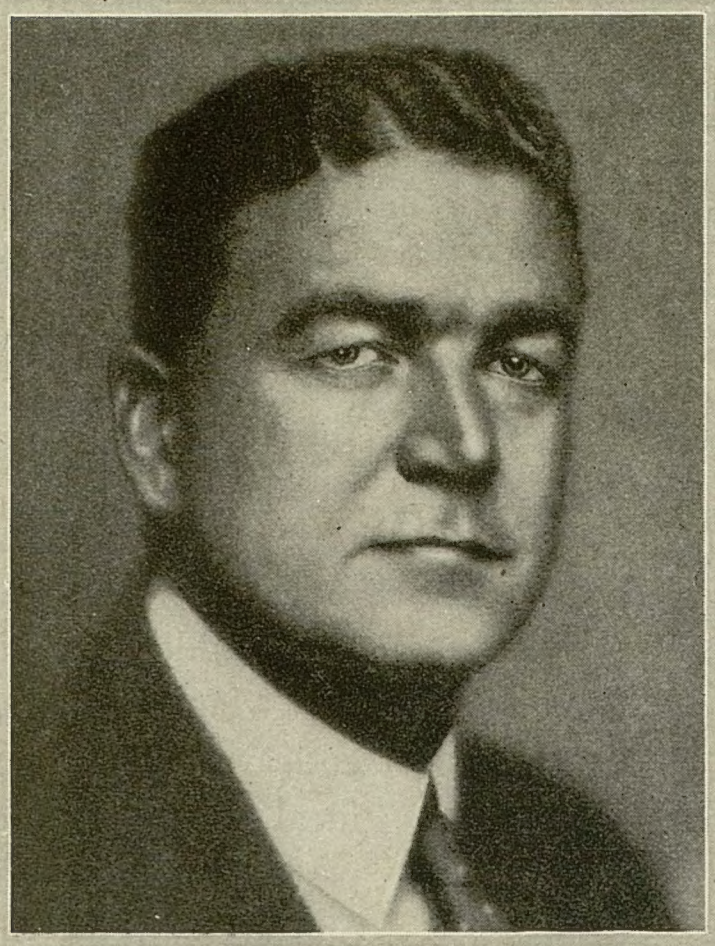

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THE slaves of the new paganism are the very gods of the old Pantheon—the forces of nature that ancient man worshiped and feared.

We Aristocrats

An Interpretation of the New Paganism

By

HARPER LEECH

Pictures by OTHO CUSHING

WE moderns—who are we, and how did we get that way?

It is charged that we are not modern at all—that we are a reversion to the ancients.

An eminent bishop said at a public dinner the other evening, "A lot of the self-expression evidenced in modern life and literature is only paganism, and we must attack it stringently to eradicate it once and for all."

The clergy are sounding that note with increasing frequency. Social workers have actually deplored American prosperity because of the spirit of pride, individualism, and go-getting which it has engendered in the masses, who are leaving the slums for the suburbs.

Statesmen and near-statesmen who used to laud the common people and urge them to curb their exploiters now denounce the indifference of the masses and lament the supposed stupidity of a prosperous democracy.

Newspaper men have noted the passing of the sob story.

The goody-goody books for children are no more. Sentimentality and tearful heroines have about vanished from novels and plays. We are in a brilliant, strenuous world with people hard and highly tempered like the modern alloy steels which have made the machine age possible.

Who brought this new spirit into the world?

It has been credited or debited to the war, to prohibition, to actors, aliens, Darwin, Nietzsche, the colored

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[WE ARISTOCRATS
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supplements, movies, flappers, beauty parlors, tabloids, automobiles, kitchenette apartments, easy divorce laws—or what have you.

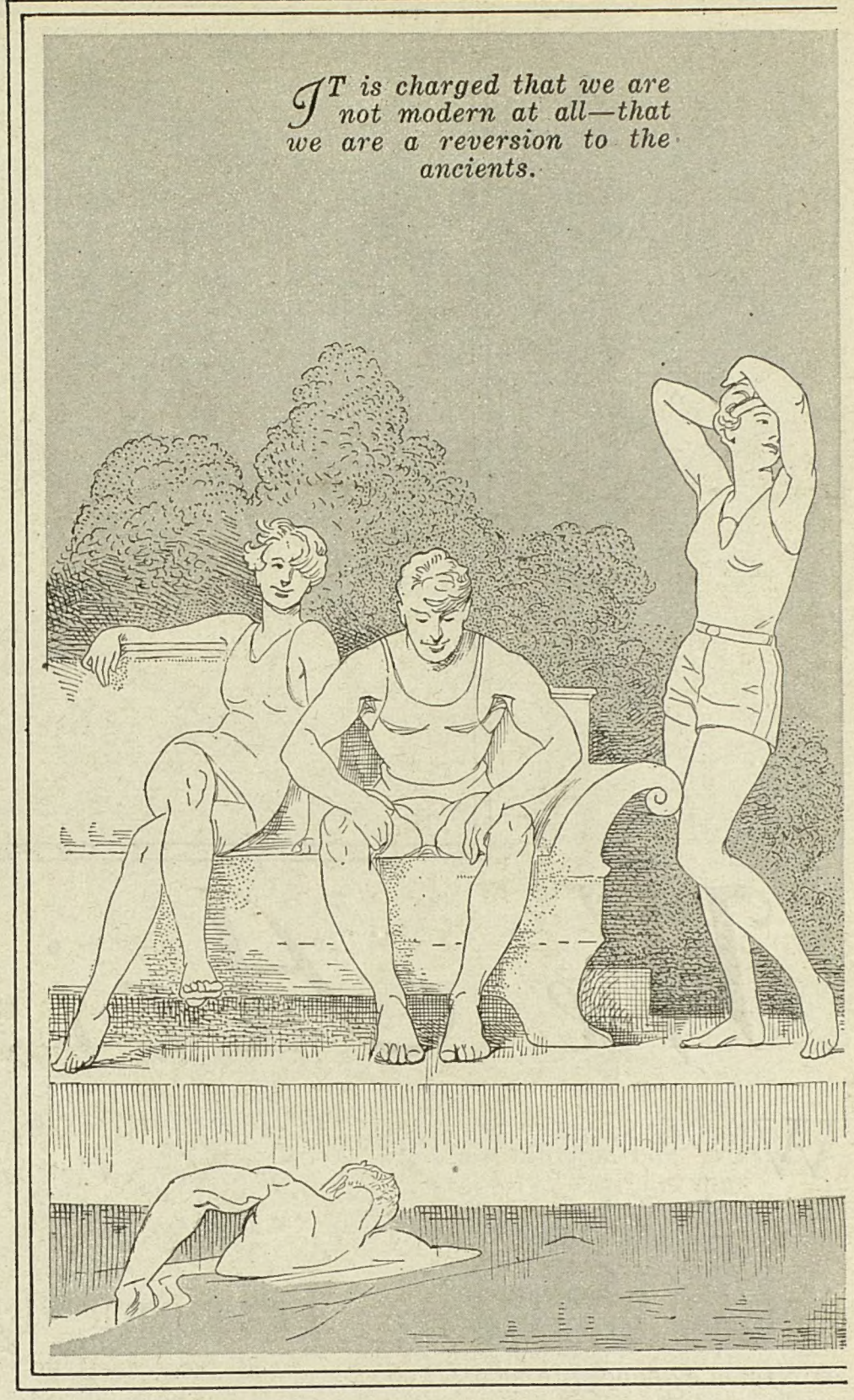
Only here and there has someone hinted that the inventors and engineers did it.

Stuart Chase has noted, "Certain machines, particularly the automobile, have tended to expand the ego, promote self-confidence and a sense of power in persons and classes who otherwise might go timidly to their graves. This virtue has its drawbacks, but on the whole biologically and racially it seems to register a gain."

As some 24,000,000 Americans are now driving automobiles, this psychological reflection of power command and use must indeed be widespread. When the millions of electrically driven household appliances installed every year, and the hundreds of thousands of inspiriting and drudgery-banishing devices of office, shop, factory, mine, and farm are taken into consideration, we confront the causes of a spiritual and emotional change such as the human species has seldom experienced.

It is mostly a matter of the last twenty years, and its effects so far have been registered most strikingly in America. Until the beginning of this century, the annual increase in the horsepower of engines of all kinds and of power-producing water wheels was not much greater than the increase of population. As fast as the inventors and engineers gave more power to our elbows to enable us to do the world's work, more and more babies came into the world with mouths to feed, bodies to clothe, and basic wants to be satisfied.

As long as power capacity gained no faster than population, it could not have much effect upon the thinking or the hopes or fears of men.



OUR thoughts are molded first of all by the knowledge and ideas inherited from the past and handed on to us by parents, teachers, clergy, historians, and those groups whom we dub "intellectuals" for lack of a better name—although the label itself carries a sort of hint that we do not credit them with intimate contact with the realities of the workaday world.

The mind of modern man is in perpetual conflict between this body of inherited notions and traditions, on the one hand, and the impulses which come from the new living conditions resulting from the powers with which the scientists and engineers have recently endowed him.

The popular mentality of the past was dominated by the poverty, toil, and peril which were the inevitable lot of the masses as long as the capacity of the race to produce food and goods was limited by the muscular energy of men and animals. That condition no longer exists. In America today the muscular power used in farming, mining, manufacturing, transport, and trade is not 3 per cent of the total power used. The rest comes from the burning of fuel or from falling waters.

And we have not even begun to use the power available to us. As long as coal and oil are available, we can increase our output of all kinds of goods and services almost at will, or we can devote more and more time to leisure and play.

But the mind of man is not yet adjusted to this revolutionary change in his way of getting a living. The conflict of ideas which comes from the old mind and the new world of abundant power is back of all that feverish and passionate discussion of the new manners and new moral standards from which have emerged such catchwords as "the revolt of youth," "the age of jazz," "the machine age," and so on. To list the phrases would require pages.

To understand what all the noise is about, one has only to keep in mind that the way men think and feel is determined by the way they live, and the way they live is determined by the amount of work they can do—which in turn is determined by the power their nation can hitch to its machines.

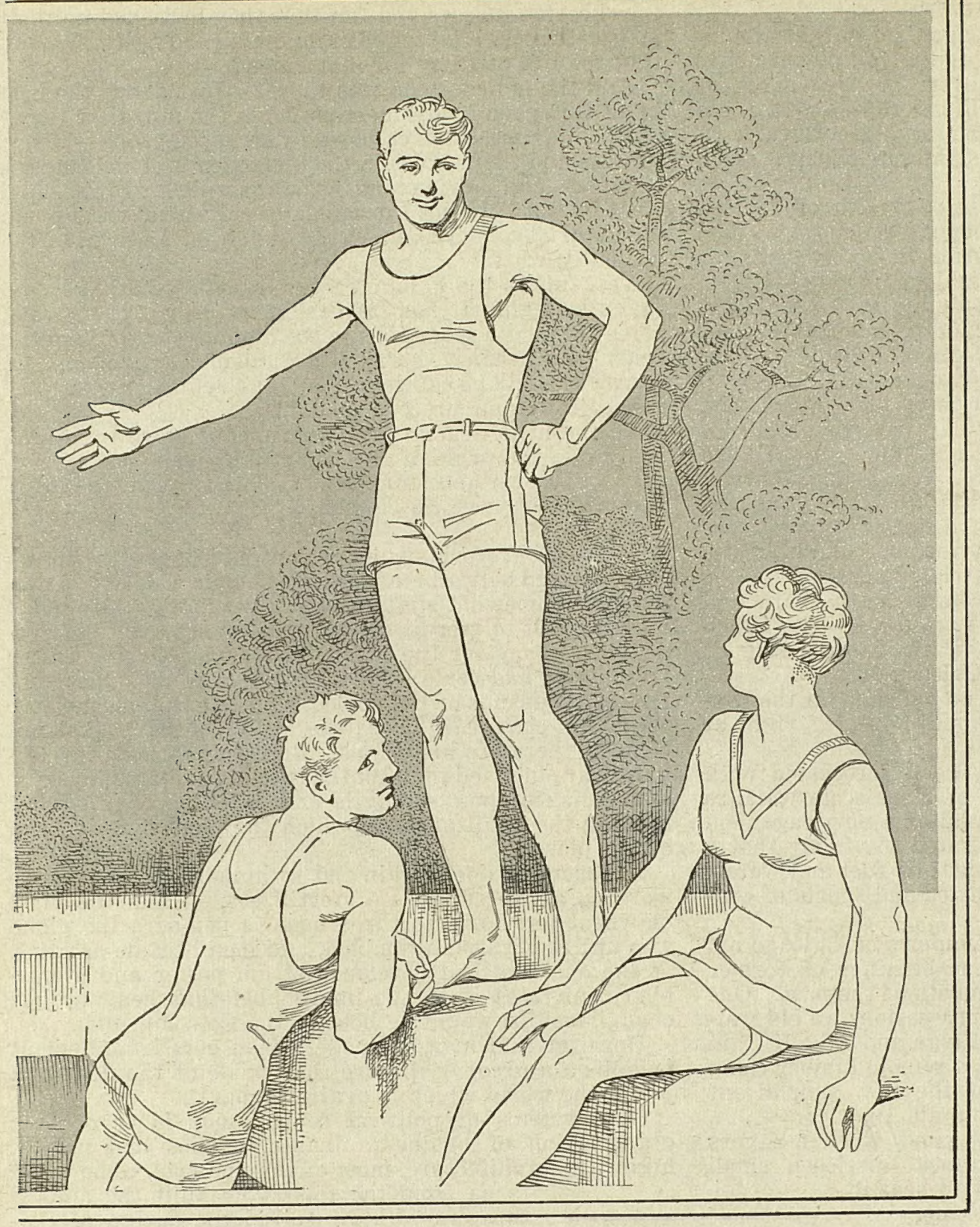
Therefore the new ideas and aspirations of our times, and the human behavior which expresses them, are in sum the work of the scientists, inventors, and engineers who have put millions of men and women of America and Europe in control of power-driven machinery, or given them command of the luxury and leisure which that machinery makes possible.

That is why we moderns are modern. Modernity of mind is really measurable in terms of the horsepower or the kilowatts available to a people.

WHY did the popular mind wait so many years before it responded to the stimulation of power? The steam engine is old—the Iron Horse, a centenarian.

Until after the first decade of this century, power-driven machinery seemed to enslave rather than liberate the masses. Its effect upon their minds was to subdue their spirits or create resentment rather than to inspire them with the joy of life.

The heavy machinery of ship, railroad, giant mill, or mine predominated before 1910. That kind of power and machinery required the services of disciplined masses. It herded the population about the factory gates, and therefore required the diversion of vast quantities of money, labor, and power into costly railroad construction



and operation, in order to feed the concentrated populations. Slums and crowded squalor were one result.

But with the coming of the automobile and the electric transmission line a new kind of power was available—power ready for use almost anywhere at any time—power which could be directed and used by the unskilled man or woman. Until the arrival in the world of the distributable power of the internal-combustion engine and the electric motor, mobile and flexible services could be had only in a limited degree from animals, slaves, or hired domestic servants—feeble, erratic, costly compared to the mechanical and electric slaves now at the service of the majority of Americans.

THE command of these robots of gasoline and electricity has endowed a large part of the American people with intellectual points of view and emotional reactions so similar to the mentality of the master classes of the ancient world that outmoded and out-of-date intellectuals cry out against a new paganism.

The new paganism, however, implies no reversion to ancient myths. It is merely a spread of the aristocratic way of life to millions—perhaps eventually to everybody. The masterful many of the age of mechanical and electrical power are beginning to live and think as the masterful few have lived and thought in all ages. It is true that kilowatts do not make humble and contrite hearts, but the masters of men have never been meek.

Now that the masses are becoming masters — now that plenty, which is the child of power, is becoming the rule rather than the exception in modernized lands, it is inevitable that popular mentality should conform to the new conditions of living and getting a living. For the first time in the history of the human race men are beginning to be confronted on a large scale with the problem of too much rather than too little. Overproduction is the bugbear of the modern business man; famine was the ever-present fear of mankind in the past, except where a conquering tribe or city occasionally massed enough slave power to assure plenty and play.

The most advanced civilization based on slave power had about 5,000,000 free citizens served by about 12,000,000 slaves. Hendrik Van Loon points out that a similar ratio would give modern America 300,000,000 slaves.

MEASURED by the capacity of all our power-producing machines, we actually have at our command the working capacity of over 700,000,000 horses; and figuring one horse equal to eight men, we can say we have 5,600,000,000 slaves. But of course we do not work our machines all the time, and measured by the actual services rendered, the 120,000,000 Americans get from all their machines work equivalent to the labor of about 690,000,000 adult workingmen toiling ten hours per day 365 days per year.

Since 1900 the working capacity of all our machines has increased more than 1,100 per cent, while population has increased only about 50 per cent. These figures are certainly evidence enough of the tremendous changes in our ways of life which are now beginning to make themselves evident in our thinking and feeling.

But since it has been the increase in the power of automobile engines and electric motors which has had the most decisive effect upon our mental habits, it is of even greater interest that in that same period the horsepower of our light transportation equipment has increased over 17,000 per cent, and the flow of electric energy from our generating stations is now more than fifteen times what it was in 1902.

It is beyond the power of the human mind to describe in detail the effects of such great changes in the life of the race. Historians with the big advantage of centuries of hindsight can hardly locate the great human turning points of the past. No modern, therefore, can do more than splash a few crude outlines in the attempt to picture his time.

But it can be presented in a striking scene. The late Tex Rickard dramatized our era of superpower in the Chicago arena where Tunney downed Dempsey.

Tense thousands upon tens of thousands in the towering tiers above Soldiers' Field saw Tunney and Dempsey fight. The crowd itself—the sopranos of the women and girls soaring clear above the bass rumble of the males—told the tale of the era.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WE ARISTOCRATS
Continued from page nine]

Rickard had focused the new paganism in that amphitheater. As one gazed through the wispy gloom above the savagely spotlighted ring over terraced acres of humanity, and visioned the millions rapt about radio sets in millions of American homes, the cultural consequences of the second industrial revolution stood revealed.

The crowd reflected an increase of wealth production at a rate of three times that of population growth. The exaltation and joy of life, the pride in bodily strength and perfection, the glowing worship of combat, speed, skill, and craft of eye and arm, so manifest in that vast bowl fashioned after the model of an ancient day of fiercer sports, was a spiritual reflection of drudgery banished from the lives of millions of workers and wives.

Modern leisure was evident in those alert thousands, assembled after a short working day.

The men and women of the ox-cart age would have gone wearied to bed hours before. The frank, fearless costume of the women hinted of the luxuries, measured in billions, tossed upon the lap of democracy from mass production by the swift, sure movements of automatic machinery under scientific industrial management.

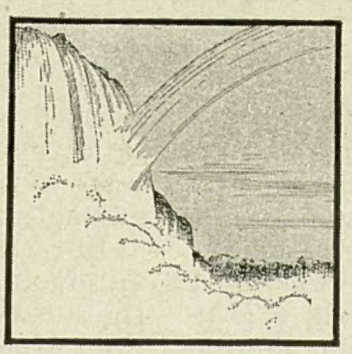
One route to the fight led through South Clark and Harrison streets where William T. Stead got the hunch for that famous book title which set the world's tongues to clacking: If Christ Came to Chicago.

Well, if Cæsar had dropped in on Chicago on the evening of September 22, 1927, he would have felt right at home.

At the dawn of this century Stead forecasted with remarkable accuracy the revival of large-scale warfare among the nations. He was fearful of a new paganism long before Tex Rickard demonstrated so vividly that a civilization based on the enslavement of fuel and waterfalls by machinery develops the tastes and sports of conquerors among its people.

For days before the fight the windows of Chicago art stores displayed colored prints and etchings of former champions and the great fistic combats of the past. One fight fan treasured above all his possessions an old wet-process photograph of John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain battling at Richburg, Mississippi, a remote lumber camp within the jurisdiction of one of the few complaisant sheriffs who could then be found in all America.

The other prints—that of the great Heenan-Sayers battle on British turf, for instance—disclosed small crowds in remote places, all ready to beat it if John Law appeared upon the scene.



IN the days when fond mammas insisted on forcing their little sons into the velvet pants and lace collars foisted upon America by the popularity of Little Lord Fauntleroy, the tale of John L. Sullivan's downfall, and the song about the great race in which Spokane beat Proctor Knott, were foremost in juvenile interest. Boys have carried on, as the traditions of sport have carried on, the old masterful ethics and cultural slant through our tamest ages. But in the early '90s Charles Culberson, governor of Texas, won a lifelong seat in the United States Senate because he chased Bob Fitzsimmons and Gentleman Jim Corbett out of Texas. They staged the fight finally in 1897 at Carson City, an unregenerate mining camp in Nevada.

America was scandalized when the wires carried the story that Mrs. Fitzsimmons was present at the fight and that she shouted, " Hit him in the slats, Bob! "

In editorials, sermons, and at the family fireside, this was cited for a long time as the nadir of disgrace for womanhood—it showed how low a woman might sink. It is interesting to recall that Mrs. Fitzsimmons afterward became an evangelist and tried to convert Lanky Bob.

But in Chicago, on that September night thirty years later, the governor of Illinois, the mayor of the fourth largest city in the world, and the prosecuting attorney of Cook County entered the ring before the fight—a ring made legal by overwhelming legislative majority and popular referendum. Under the spotlight they bowed to the cheering masses and felt that they had fixed up their political fences a bit while enjoying a good fight. Wasn't that the life of Riley for statesmen?

And the ladies—who was there? Just about the best in all this good land—matrons from the sturdiest towns of the midwest, often escorted by strapping sons—honest grocers and their wives in the upper seats, social leaders, actresses, and movie stars in the forty-dollar rows. And what of it? Did not Cornelia's breed attend the Roman gladiatorial combats and with the noblest matrons of the ancient world?

Yes, this is the human race. Human—that's all, and that's enough. It has its periods of glory, power, and pride; it has its reversions to the humble and the contrite heart. But when we speak of paganism old and paganism new, we should be cautious about our definitions, wary of generalities and preconceived ideas.

To the modern man paganism means more than anything else the pride of the body. For many, many centuries our own ancestors held that the world, the flesh, and the devil were closely allied.

THE ancient world, which we are now beginning to understand better because our economic progress is producing a somewhat similar mentality among us, found it very difficult to recruit six young women to vows of perpetual celibacy for the temple of Vesta. Two centuries later there had come such a revulsion of attitudes that tens of thousands of the noblest women entered convents. Why this change? There are about as many explanations as there are historians. But some modern investigators are inclined to think that the old pride of physique and reliance upon strength and intelligence died out because the civilization in which they had flowered ran out of power.

It depended upon grain fed to human slaves. There were no ample supplies of fertilizers. When the yield of wheat got down to three bushels per acre the game was up; civilization crumbled, and men became ascetics. If the ancients had developed steam power and atmospheric nitrates it is not improbable that heavyweight championships would be held in the Coliseum today.

However that may be, modern man gets from ancient paganism a great deal more than pride of the flesh and joy in the world which is again rampant.

Our systems of political control, our ideas of law, organization of business, finance, armies and navies, highways, architecture, most of the fine arts, come down to us from the folks who built the amphitheaters which inspired the design of Soldiers' Field, Chicago.

So much for the old paganism and what we owe it for better or worse. But what about the consequences of this new paganism which worried clergymen have discovered in this amazing modern spectacle of frank free bathing beaches, revealing costume, popularized pugilism, beauty contests, beauty shops, fierce football frays, gorgeous and alluring movies, madcap dances, flaming youth, popular sympathy for beer barons and bootleggers, a world going wild over the soaring feats of winged youth?

About all we know about it is that it appears to be the normal reaction of the human race when freed from the restraints of toil, scarcity, and danger.

It was only a very few years ago that the newspapers carried a story about a devout factory girl who was hurt in an accident and bled to death, refusing to let anyone apply a tourniquet to her injured leg.

Today triumphant young ladies of the very best small-town families are greeted by the citizenry of their towns, officials, brass bands, and all, when they win a bathing-beauty contest at Atlantic City.

It is significant that the one-piece bathing suit first became popular in southern California—a region with a mild climate, peopled very largely by retired farmers of Puritan tradition, but with leisure.

California homes were among the first to feel the release from drudgery caused by the electrification of

When fond mammas insisted on forcing their little sons into the velvet pants and lace collars of Little Lord Fauntleroy, the tale of John L. Sullivan's downfall was foremost in juvenile interest.

the state and the supply of cheap hydroelectricity.

The first break toward a freer costume and more revealing styles for women undoubtedly came in the bicycle age, when women began to ride.

The feminine bicyclist, too, first developed speed mania, which wise psychologists even then attributed to the machine age and its sense of power and freedom from physical restraint.

The new economic and cultural forces, however, became evident about 1910 with the outbreak of the new dances, the turkey trot, the bunny hug, the tango, and other forerunners of jazz. The sports of prewar America had been little more than tolerated. So had the saloon—mostly a prerogative of men, unlike the hip flask and family gin today.

It is only within the last few years that cities, counties, and even states through their universities, have begun to spend millions upon stadiums, gymnasiums, public golf courses, playgrounds, and swimming pools. Today the backwoods counties, where boys used to be soundly thrashed for sneaking off to the old swimming hole on Sundays, are now equipped at public expense with neighborhood pools.

THIS new glorification of the body and of combat, speed, and stamina is no local nor urban thing; it is as widespread as the automobile motor—which is one of its causes.

Horse racing, almost killed by reform laws twenty years ago, today flourishes as never before.

Sports, play, and luxury will be the outstanding features of the life of America from now on, because leisure is the consequence of power command. The young man looking for a career in a live business would do well to investigate the trend of popular interest after working hours.

One investigator estimates the annual expenditures of the American people for sports, amusements, and luxuries which partake of the nature of play at $21,000,000,000 out of a total national income of about $90,000,000,000 per year.

If all luxury expenditures be included, the figure would probably top $36,000,000,000, and nothing is more certain than that it will grow greater.

The increase in such expenditures is no more remarkable than the figures which show corresponding gains in education, health, longevity, and the shortening of working hours.

IT is already evident that the conditions of modern life which have led to such intense interest in sports have also begun to demand an alertness and physical fitness never imposed upon our ancestors. The motorist in modern traffic or the workingman controlling delicate and powerful machinery must excel the driver of the stagecoach or the village blacksmith in technical knowledge and responsibility. The new moral compulsions which are being derived from the age of power are as exacting, if different, as those which hedged humanity about in days gone by.

Millions who formerly needed strong backs and weak heads now find need of keen, clear brains and steady nerves as they direct the force of many horses and drive with reins made of the stuff of thunderbolts.

The careworn artisan of the old workbench, the backbent builder toiling on the labored wall, the lowly digger of ditches—these are going or gone. Even the farmer boy, once valet to a horse, now speeds over the broad acres, turning furrows with gasoline power equivalent to a squadron of cavalry.

The slaves of the new paganism are the very gods of the old Pantheon.

The forces of nature which ancient man personified, worshiped, and feared have been reduced to servitude. The new paganism has snatched Jove's thunderbolts from Olympus and turned them into the kilowatt hours recorded on your light bill.

THE END

You Never Know

The Story of a Flyer in Love

By

AUSTIN PARKER

who isn't indulging in flights of the imagination when he writes of the romance of aviation. Mr. Parker knows his airplanes. He learned about flying with the Lafayette Escadrille and, not getting fed up with war in the big show, he flew for France again in the Riff campaign. His adventurous spirit keeps him moving, and recently he has been flying and hunting in Panama. Right now he is at work on a play.

Pictures by ROBERT W. STEWART

"I'D rather not talk about it," announced Cora Tynan.

"That," responded her Aunt Martha acidly, "is the weakest possible refuge from facts."

She pushed aside the breakfast prunes to which she was addicted and rang the bell violently for Hector, their ancient Negro servant, as though she were demanding from his old legs a speed they hadn't delivered in years.

Cora finished her grapefruit and smiled coolly.

"At least there's one fact from which I'm not taking refuge," she said. "It's the fact that I don't want to talk any more about it."

The percolator commenced to gurgle and Hector came in with crisp toast and crisp bacon. He was a bent old fellow, with grizzled kinky hair, who had been a Tynan family servant long before Cora was born. He had remained at The Point—its inelegant name was Crum's Point—as caretaker, and as something that faintly resembled a butler, when Cora and her aunt were there, which amounted usually to three months of the year. It was a good refuge when nerves were frayed or when income had to reaccumulate.

Hector's feelings would have been hurt if he hadn't been allowed to serve meals, so they pretended not to notice when, for example, his hand shook and the soup looked like a miniature storm at sea. He was such an amiable old darky that part of the game of living at The Point was to keep from hurting his feelings. And, as Cora said, it was rather fun actually to have an old family retainer—the kind upon whose lap you had sat and upon whose breast you had wept—even if he was sometimes a nuisance who had fits of doing everything in exactly the wrong way.

Aunt Martha waited until Hector had left the room.

"If you love Larry Barber," she said stubbornly, "you'd better marry him and be done with it."

Cora, equilibrium undisturbed, replied, "I haven't said that I'm in love with him." She poured the coffee.

"No, you haven't said so, but I know the symptoms."

"You're being particularly snappish this morning," said Cora tranquilly. "Aren't you, darling?"

Aunt Martha ignored the remark. "I've seen you fall in love—as much as you ever fall in love, which is halfway—too many times. Then you draw back, as if you're afraid the man might touch you. If you were an Indian they'd probably call you Young-Woman-Afraid-of-Life." She uttered a disapproving hiss, "Ts-s-s!" which apparently caused her plate to slip from its moorings in the roof of her mouth. She made a face, pressed it back in place with her tongue, and exclaimed, "Drat the thing! When I see that dentist I'll tell him what!"

Cora put back her head for a moment and laughed softly. "You're such a violent old lady. Violenter and violenter every day of your life."

"Well, I shan't live forever—thank heavens!"

UNTIL YOU TRY

LARRY knelt beside him, spoke to him, but the old man continued to stare.

"Don't gloat about it, dear," begged the girl. "I'll really feel quite sorry. I shan't have anyone to scold me."

"You'd better find some one now. I'd like to see you married to a man with gumption."

Cora let the faintest sigh escape her and concentrated upon bacon and toast. She knew her Aunt Martha, who had replaced parents when Cora was eleven, too well to attempt argument. And, besides, she knew everything that Aunt Martha would say: That she, Cora, was too cool, too self-centered, too critical of others, too reserved. But the remark about being "Young-Woman-Afraid-of-Life" was new and she resented it.

Conversation lagged until the inescapable drone of an airplane engine overhead aroused Aunt Martha to words. It was Larry Barber in the plane; Larry doing his routine of sweeping about the field in great circles through the murky weather of early winter. He did it for hours each day when the weather was bad enough to suit him.

"He's not one of these popinjays who makes a career of loafing," announced Aunt Martha. "Give me a man with some get-up-and-go to him, any time."

"Do you really think that it's such a high jinks of a career, driving an airplane?"

"Certainly! If he has a reason for doing it."

"I don't think I'd care much about having a husband who'll probably break his neck in an airplane accident."

"Better that than to marry some tame pussycat of a man who does nothing but harden his arteries twenty-four hours a day," replied the implacable Aunt Martha. "And, besides, Larry says that flying is quite safe if the pilot knows what he is doing."

CORA shrugged. "Read the front page of almost any newspaper."

"Poppycock!" exclaimed her aunt. "And Larry is trying to make flying safer. I like a man with a purpose in life."

"And I should devote my life to Larry," said the girl, "so that he can devote his life to making aviation safe for humanity. Thanks, dear." She laughed. "I don't care that much about humanity. I can't imagine anything that concerns me less than whether or not it is safe to fly."

"Then let's get out of here and down to Florida where I can keep some heat in my bones!"

Cora rose from the table. "If we did that, I'd have to come all the way back to New York for Janet's wedding next month."

"Drat Janet's wedding! I should think you'd like to go to your own for a change!"

Cora continued as though she hadn't heard, "And if we go to New York it's so frightfully expensive. It's rather thrilling here with the bad weather coming on. So let's stay for a few weeks more."

"I suppose you're right," replied the old lady regretfully, "but when you're as young as I am you like to see people. Bring Larry over for dinner tonight."

"Some other night," suggested the girl. "I promised to have luncheon with him at the field. If you don't mind," she added.

"Mind? Mind? Of course I don't mind!" She sighed and said, "I suppose it's enough of a test, if you can't bear the thought of two meals a day with a man."

"It's not quite that," replied Cora. She hesitated. "I'm going to tell Larry today that the idea of marriage is out. I suppose he wouldn't want to come to dinner under the circumstances. Of course, if you'd terribly much like to have company I could hold him off and tell him later."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[YOU NEVER KNOW UNTIL YOU TRY
Continued from page thirteen]

Aunt Martha's hand slapped the table impatiently. "No! For heaven's sake, tell him and get it over with. Don't dawdle and play with other people's emotions. It isn't decent."

The plane whined overhead again. Aunt Martha rose and went into the library where an easy-chair was drawn up before a crackling fire of pine logs. Cora got her settled, gave her a cigarette, and held a match for her. The old lady inhaled a mouthful of smoke, uttered a "Hm-m-m!" of contentment, and picked up her copy of Balzac's Human Comedy.

Cora loitered about her bedroom. From the window she caught a glimpse of Larry's gray monoplane sweeping past. She imagined him inside at the controls, watching his instruments with calm bluish eyes, writing his observations in his logbook, while the increasing effect of cold and moisture hampered the plane in its flight. It was a curious mania, that love of flight, to be willing to sit for hours in the cold, inadequately heated by electric pads, feet numb, hands stiff—all because the formation of ice upon an airplane is a menace to flight safety!

"What a way to live!" she exclaimed to herself.

She changed into stout walking shoes, put a dull red leather coat on over her woolly grayish suit, and wound an orange scarf about her neck so that one end streamed down her back. Then she pulled a snugly fitting hat over her short blonde hair and surveyed the effect in the mirror. She put a forefinger under the hat and flipped out a wisp of hair so that it curled over her forehead.

Cora Tynan was an exceptionally pretty girl. She had deep blue eyes and, by the grace of unaided nature, dark brows and lashes, a thin—almost too thin—nose, and a mouth that smiled pleasantly. She was prettiest when she was in a gayly responsive mood. When she was annoyed, her face could wear an expression which people who had known her father, Andrew Tynan, back in the days when he had played horse with the copper stocks in Wall Street, said she got from him.

The air outside was damply cold, penetrating; and she walked rapidly up the slope of the little knoll that separated the house from the rest of what had once been, in the days of Andrew Tynan's power, a baronial estate. He had intended to establish here in the weather-bitten country where he was born, a monument to himself which should go down in his family through ages; but he was destined to see the decay of his hopes five years before his death.

THE first blow that fate dealt him was the death of his wife. She was the one person upon earth whom he loved entirely, worshipfully. In the black period of dejection which followed—a period when the idea of playing with stocks seemed as silly as playing with marbles—he began to lose heavily in the Street. Nearly all that he had wrenched from the market was wrenched away again. The big stables which had been filled with thoroughbreds—horses, cattle, pigs, chickens—were abruptly emptied; the neat houses built for his employees were vacated; weeds had commenced to sprout through the tanbark of the riding hall that Larry Barber was now using as a hangar. The inclosure of the half-mile track had become, temporarily at least, a flying field for Larry's experimental work.

The lawyers, after the old man's death, tagged the place "Tynan's Folly," which was a good enough name for so huge a white elephant. It could neither be sold nor given away.

Here Cora had lived most of her childhood, secluded, watched over. Partially due to Tynan's declining health, other children had not been greatly welcomed—he had a fear that some children's disease might rob him of the last thing that remained—and so she grew up with older people, governesses, servants, and books.

When, at last, fatherless, her Aunt Martha had taken her away, she was a gangling, shy little girl with a wistfulness of expression when she tried to play with other youngsters. It is an expression that one sees sometimes in Paris when a foreign child impulsively attempts to join French children in their games and finds himself inexplicably balked, hopelessly perplexed by a lack of language. Aunt Martha, with at least a fair degree of success, had prodded, pushed, almost bullied her into becoming a part of the world about her.

Cora paused on the top of the knoll and surveyed the estate. In a way, by some quaint attachment, she liked The Point, even though it represented a thought which made her melancholy if she allowed her mind to dwell upon it. The place was a monument to defeat. Her father had gambled and fought and lost.

SHE sighed again and went on down the other side of the slope through a little wood of wind-stricken pines. The trees seemed to cling there in defiance of weather. As she came to the opening she glanced up again and saw a red ball of flame, an exquisite splash of color against the bleak ceiling of clouds, descend from the plane. It was, she knew, Larry's signal to his mechanics that he was about to descend, and she quickened her pace.

The three mechanics were standing near a big can in which a fire was blazing. Stender, the chief, greeted her with an easy, "Hello, there! How you been keepin' yourself?"

"Fine!" she replied. "And you men?"

They grinned at her amiably.

"Plenty good!" said Stender. "Course, I can't say I wouldn't like to be back in New York and see what my girl's doing." He glanced toward the far end of the field. "Here comes the ol' ice wagon. And look at the glide on her! Oh, baby! He sure must have a load on!"

The plane had made a flat, laboring turn and was dropping earthward in so stonelike a fashion that Larry had given the engine quarter-throttle to maintain headway. The ice it had accumulated in the air had made the plane into a lumbering, lethargic thing. It landed awkwardly, groaning, and then taxied rapidly toward the hangar, tail skid scratching into the frozen earth.

Larry's head ducked from view and he came out through the side door of the plane. He commenced to swing his arms to get blood circulating.

"There's a pretty mess of ice!" he yelled jubilantly. Then he saw Cora and went to her, parachute pack dangling grotesquely at his legs.

"Hello, Cora," he said, and put out a hand that felt frozen. "Glad you could come over!" He gave a prodigious shiver and began to jump up and down. In his heavy, fur-lined flying suit, which covered various extra clothes, he looked like a huge, bouncing Teddy bear.

"I'm congealed!" he announced. "I can feel the ice scratching the insides of my veins!" He slipped out of the parachute harness. "Come on—let's look at the bus. It'll only take me a few minutes."

The mechanics had slipped jacks and scales under the wheels and tail skid. The load of ice was weighed. Frames, which for want of a better name they called "porcupines" because quills of wood as thick as pencils stuck up from the top surfaces, were fitted over each wing and clamped; then the quills were released and their points dropped to the surface of ice formed in flight. When the quills were reclamped the frames were taken off and put to one side for study.

"That gives us a permanent record of the deformation of the aërofoil surfaces, you see," he explained to Cora.

She smiled at him as though he were a little boy with a new electric train, playing chief dispatcher. "Oh, yes, I understand—perfectly!" she assured him, but he was too busy examining ice-blocked aileron controls to catch the humor in her voice.

"All right, boys," he said finally. "Roll her in and melt the ice off. Then weigh in again against the take-off and measure the fuel and oil. I'll go up about two o'clock."

"Are you going to fly again today?" asked Cora as they started toward his cottage.

"Oh, yes! This weather's perfect for me. Couldn't be better. Not too cold, not too warm, and plenty of moisture. Juan'll probably have chow all ready for us."

II

JUAN, Larry's Filipino boy, had cleared the luncheon table and retired to the kitchen. He was a good boy, trained in the navy, and he knew when he wasn't wanted. Larry was standing near the open fire, thoughtfully filling his pipe.

"It isn't as though I weren't able to take care of you," he said. "Fortunately, I can do that. To be sure, it isn't money that I have earned for myself, but"—he shrugged—"there's plenty. It's only fair to tell you that. I wouldn't expect you to live this way."

He glanced about the desolately bare living room of the cottage he had taken for his own quarters. The house had originally been occupied by Tynan's chief trainer. The room held four cheap wicker chairs, a huge drafting board with a high stool, an ordinary kitchen table which served as a desk, another from which he ate, and two packing cases, one erupting books and the other erupting papers. In one corner there was a stack of blueprints.

She followed his eyes and smiled. "No—I judged as much from things you've said," she replied. "But if you didn't have money, Larry, what would you do? The same thing you're doing now?"

"I suppose so, if I could find anyone to hire me or finance me."

"Your work is more important to you than anything else. Far more important than I am."

"That's not true!" he protested. "I love you. But I don't love my work. Why, work's just part of me—like my hands or my head. It's—it's as though my work loves you, too. Don't you understand, Cora dear?"

"I'm afraid your work and I would be incompatible."

"Would you want me to give it up?" he asked. "What could replace it?"

"I'm sure I couldn't," she said, and laughed.

"OH, be fair!" he begged. "Would you want me to be one of these loafers who never do anything?"

"No, but I'd hate to be married to a man if I resented his work—if I hated the thing he was doing. Tell me, Larry, just what are you trying to do? What are you aiming at?"

"But I've explained to you that under certain weather conditions, such as fog or mist at about freezing point—"

"Yes, I understand that," she interrupted. "But the thing I can't understand is what you, Larry Barber, will get out of it. Do you want to spend your life riding around in a mist at freezing point?"

"Cora, listen!" he said, and pulled a wicker chair so he could sit facing her. "Ever since I was a kid I've been thinking about flying. That's been the one big thing in my life." He added hastily, "Until you came along."

Cora chuckled. "I'm glad you remembered that. But, at the very best, it makes me just supplementary."

He rose abruptly, rapped his pipe against the side of the fireplace. "I can't argue with you," he said, voice low, rumbling. "I suppose it isn't a thing that lends itself to argument very easily. You either love me or you don't love me; and if you loved me you'd be willing to put up with some things you don't like. Everybody has to, so they say. I don't know much about such matters. I've had so little experience with girls."

"There isn't much purpose in arguing," she agreed.

"I wish I knew all that you feel about it," he said. "I can't tell you how I feel so simply. I love you. It's an emotion and can't be explained. Of course, I could go into a rhapsody about your hair, eyes, and smile, but it is something beyond that. I should think that a lack of emotion might be more easily explained. Is it just my work?"

It was, she knew, Larry's signal that he was about to descend.

She frowned thoughtfully. "Perhaps, Larry, it is something that I lack. One time"—she didn't like to say that it was this very morning—"Aunt Martha told me that if I were an Indian I'd probably be called Young-Woman-Afraid-of-Life. Perhaps that's true. Perhaps I'm afraid to become involved in life."

HE sat down again, studying her.

"My father," she continued, speaking very slowly, searching for words, "gambled everything he had on what a little piece of ticker tape would say. He lost." Her gesture took in all of The Point. "I think that his bitterness poisoned him to death. And if I married you, if I gambled every bit of happiness in my life on whether an airplane might fail you some day at a critical moment, what might become of me, Larry? You can say I'm a coward—yes!—and you might not be far wrong. But I can't be anything except the thing I am. I wonder if you understand?"

"Not very well," he admitted. "I think it is better to gamble with life."

"I know you do." She smiled wanly. "But if I let myself love you and marry you I think I'd want to keep you in a baby incubator."

"I shouldn't like that," he said, laughing.

"But do you see what life would be like if we were married?" she asked. "Can you imagine me worrying for fear something might happen to you, and that everything would come tumbling down about my head?" She rose from her chair and went to the window. Over her shoulder she flung back at him, "Oh, it's selfishness, I suppose. There are times when I don't admire myself very much."

He stood close to the fire, restocking heat for the afternoon's work, and gazed at her.

"They're rolling the plane out," she said in a dull voice.

He glanced at his watch. "I'll have to be getting ready." He opened the cupboard where Juan had hung his flying clothes and started to get into leather trousers.

"I wish you'd come up with me some time," he said. "You'd probably get over this feeling about flying."

Her head shook. "I always get dizzy when I look down from a height."

"Most people do," he remarked from the inside of a sweater. Then, as his head emerged, "But you wouldn't get dizzy in an airplane because there's no visible relationship between you and the earth. Some day when the weather's nice I'll ask you again."

"I'm afraid you won't have much success," she replied, and began to get into her heavy clothes.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[YOU NEVER KNOW UNTIL YOU TRY
Continued from page fifteen]

He added a leather coat and then wriggled into the fur-lined flying suit from which dangled an electric cord for the heating pads in the lining.

They left the cottage together.

"I'll cut through the woods from here," she said, and held out her hand. "Thanks for luncheon. Come over and see us soon. Aunt Martha's been asking for you."

"I'll do that," he replied. "By-by."

"Larry," she said suddenly, "I hope you won't let this hurt you. After all, there's your flying to console you." She smiled up at him.

"Guess I'll have to make the best of it," he answered glumly, still holding her hand. "But even if we never mention it again, I want you to know that I love you more than anyone else on earth. Perhaps you're right that I couldn't make you happy, but that doesn't keep me from loving you."

She walked rapidly toward the big rambling house and shut herself in her bedroom. To her Aunt Martha she said that she was going to write letters, but in reality she sat, doing nothing, for several hours, suspended in a mood. Larry's plane thundered overhead, sometimes near, sometimes far. When, at last, the engine cut off for his landing, she scarcely breathed until she heard the roar of it again and knew that he was taxiing safely toward the hangar. Then she felt released, as though she were free to move.

That night when they had finished playing cribbage, she said slowly, "I think there is a sort of courage that the world doesn't consider very seriously. It's the courage of a person who knows his—or her—own limitations and who is willing to abide by them."

"Poppycock!" exclaimed the old lady. She ground the fire of her cigarette into the ash tray. "No one on earth knows his limitations."

"I think I know mine," asserted Cora defensively.

"Ts-s-s!" hissed Aunt Martha. "You never know 'em until you try 'em!"

III

FOR three days Larry's plane had not taken to the air. Cora wondered about it and almost convinced herself that she had better go over to the cottage to see if he were ill. Instead, she sent a note to him by a farm boy who had come to The Point to chop firewood. The note read:

DEAR LARRY:

Why haven't you been flying? I hope it isn't that you are laid up with a cold. If you are I'll come over and play nurse. And if you aren't will you come for dinner either tonight or tomorrow night?

Cordially,
CORA.

"They're over there!" She nodded toward an

The boy returned toward dusk with his reply. Cora and Aunt Martha were sitting close to the library fire, reading, when Hector tottered in with it. Outside the wind was howling.

Cora read the note and laughed.

"What's funny?" asked her aunt.

"Just a typical Larry Barber love letter, that's all. Listen."

She read aloud:

CORA DEAR:

You are an angel to ask me for dinner, but I can't for a few days because we are so busy here. I haven't been flying because the temperature has been so low that moisture doesn't freeze on the wings. We are extending an exhaust stack through each wing and are getting ready for the next stretch of dampish weather at about thirty-two degrees. I am sure that we will be able to get rid of the ice, except on the controls, in this fashion, but it is merely a crude attempt just to find out how much heat we need and where, in general, we must apply it. I can measure that by using remote thermometers on the stacks and regulating the amount of heat deflected through the wings. It will at least show us some of the limits within which we must work. But it is far from the ultimate system which will make all pilots cry out with joy when the name Barber is mentioned. Wrap up warmly and hop on over

ilding. "Something's the matter with Hector."

for luncheon or tea. I can always take an hour off.

Affectionately,
LARRY.

P. S.—I forgot to say that we have had warning over the radio of a snorting storm that will be on us tonight. It will last three or four days, so get set for it.

"All that stuff about the plane doesn't mean much to me, but I'm an old fogy," said Aunt Martha. "Storm, eh? Well, let it rip! I'd like to see a real storm again."

A flurry of snow, ice-hard particles, was already in the air, tapping at the windows. The wind cried in crescendo outbursts and during the night settled to a driving blast that made the windows shake. Then the sky cleared magically and a sharp-edged moon, like polished metal, shone down. The black forms of trees, struggling against the wind, weaved upon a shining white background of snow.

It was so thrilling to watch that Cora stayed up until nearly 2, prowling from window to window, finding new aspects of it. Finally she opened the window of her room a tiny crack, which sent the curtains waving like flags, and got into bed—snuggled down in the warmth of it. Larry had chosen The Point for his flying work because the country was notorious for its bad weather. And he was certainly getting it, she said to herself amusedly.

By noon of the next day the wind had howled itself out. There was a lull in the storm and then snow started falling; great flakes of it, obliterating the landscape, inclosing the house in a white curtain. The wind came up again, as though rested, sent clouds of snow drifting. When they awoke the following day, Hector reported that both the electric and telephone lines were blocked. They were snowbound; but with plenty of firewood cut and plenty of food in the house there was a delightful remoteness, a snugness about it.

LARRY came trudging through the snow at noon, blowing from the exertion of bucking drifts.

"Are you all right?" he asked. "Of course, I can see that you are, but I wanted to make sure. Isn't it a ripper?"

"Isn't it just!" exclaimed Cora. "I've an old pair of skis some place in the house. Just as soon as the wind lets up a bit I'm going out."

"And are you fixed for lights of some kind?"

She told him that they had lamps and candles. "This happens every winter," she explained. "Sometimes two or three times, but generally not so early."

Larry stayed for a hurried luncheon.

"I'll get over every day while this lasts," he said as he was leaving. "If there is wood to be cut, or anything too heavy for old Hector, the boys and I'll take care of you."

"We've cords of wood," she assured him. "Oh, we're used to this."

He plowed back through the snow, fighting the wind, and went to the hangar where the mechanics were finishing the job of running exhaust stacks through the wings. He told Stender to uncrate the skis for the plane as soon as he could get around to it, and went to his cottage, where he worked over his drafting board, evolving a formula for the ice deformation of an aërofoil section. Dinner was disposed of in fifteen minutes and he returned to work.

It was nearly 11 o'clock when he knocked off for the night and he was standing at the table, glancing over his diagrams for the last time, when he heard shouts outside. Probably the mechanics rough-housing in the snow before their cottage, he said to himself. They were like a bunch of kids—forever washing faces in snow. But the shouts came again, louder, insistent. Then the outer door banged open. It was Stender.

"Hey, boss! Looks like that girl's house's burning!"

Larry rushed out into the night and saw, gleaming through the cloudy veil of snow, a reddish, semicircular glow, cut off at its base by the rise of scrubby woods.

"Get all hands over there!" he yelled. He snatched up a leather coat and helmet, put them on as he ran, following the shouts of the men. He fell several times, wallowed in drifts of snow; but he knew the way better than his mechanics and managed to pass them. Once

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[YOU NEVER KNOW UNTIL YOU TRY
Continued from page seventeen]

over the ridge of the knoll they could see the faint tracery of flames, and he yelled back to the stumbling, winded men to make it faster. At last they struck the road which led them directly to the house. It had been blown fairly clear of snow.

All that remained of the house was the east wing. The windows were red with flames. The main structure was a gaping furnace bed. They could see no one.

Larry gathered what little breath he had left and yelled, "Cora!" Then to the men, "Go around the house!"

Cora's silhouette, black against the flames, suddenly stood out and he rushed toward her, grabbed her arms.

"Are all of you safe?"

"Yes," she gasped. "They're over there!" She nodded toward an outbuilding on the windward side of the destroyed house. "Something's the matter with Hector—a stroke, I'm afraid. I was just going to bed when I heard him fall with a lamp in the dining room. The lamp broke. I found him lying there and dragged him out."

They hurried to the outbuilding where the others were waiting, huddled in blankets; Aunt Martha, the two women servants they had brought to The Point, and Hector, who was stretched out upon the floor, staring ceilingward. Larry knelt beside him, spoke to him, but the old man continued to stare.

"A stroke, all right enough," said Larry. "And you, Aunt Martha?"

"I'd be better for a cigarette," she answered. He gave her one, held the match for her. "Humph!" she exclaimed, and blew a thin stream of smoke. "So that's the end of Tynan's Folly!"

The mechanics had circled the house and Larry called to them. "Murphy," he said, "go back and get the truck. Come down the road as far as you can and wait for us. Stender, while there's still light from the fire, rig up something we can use as a stretcher. Dahl will help you."

The roof of the east wing caved in with a roar. It served at least to give enough light so that Larry could make a rapid survey of their situation. None of the women had shoes, except Cora, and hers weren't of much use when it came to wading through snow. Aunt Martha was partially dressed, Cora was wearing a thin frock, and the two servants were in nightgowns and blankets. He rummaged about the outbuilding and found a stack of gunny sacks and an old horse blanket.

STENDER, who could make almost anything from practically nothing, arrived with two pieces of two-by-four, an ax, and several lengths of fence wire which he had hacked down. He set to work and presently contrived a stretcher. Hector could lie on part of the horse blanket and have the rest of it over him. Larry and Dahl cut the sacking into lengths, and each of the women stuck out feet to be wrapped. The wrappings were secured by wire. Some of the sacking was used as shoulder slings for the stretcher.

"We'll hit out along the road," ordered Larry. "It's longer, but it'll be easier. And Murphy ought to get part of the way in the truck."

The men gave their coats to the women and blankets were arranged as skirts. The two servants were bewailing their fates; Aunt Martha snapped at them, told them to shut up and stay shut. At last they started up the road, Hector bouncing upon his horse blanket, staring up into blackness. The man who was not laboring under the stretcher broke the way for them until it was his turn at the handles. Sometimes it was necessary to put the stretcher down while all three of them threshed an opening through waist-high drifts. The women plodded on behind, silently.

"Drunk or sober," announced Stender feelingly, "I've never fallen on my face so many times in one night."

Aunt Martha gave a cackle of amusement.

They had covered half the distance when they saw the lights of the truck, two luminous disks shining through the snow. They stopped to yell and then pressed on, winded, exhausted. Murphy came forward to meet them and said that he was stuck in a drift. There was a heartbreaking struggle with the truck before they got it free; then it was necessary to drive laboriously backward for a quarter of a mile before they could turn.

They stumbled into Larry's cottage like survivors of some ill-fated arctic expedition. Juan, who knew that coffee would be wanted, was ready for them. Whisky was brought from the medicine chest.

"I sure am dead beat!" said Stender. He was still blowing from exertion.

"Don't get too dead beat," warned Larry, "because your chances of going to bed are rotten. We have to get the old coot to a doctor and there's only one way to do it. And I'll give you one guess at what you're going to be doing the rest of the night."

"Yeh," said Stender. "We'll be slapping skis on the crate."

"YOU'RE going to fly out of here with Hector?" asked Cora.

"It's the only way to get him to a doctor. It'll probably be a week before we can make town in a car. If the weather department's on the job this snow will let up before daybreak and we'll get a high enough ceiling so that I can make Long Island." He turned to Stender. "You men won't get any sleep tonight, so I'll have your beds made up for the women."

"Sure!"

"Cora, you and Aunt Martha can bunk in my bed. I'll be at the hangar helping the boys."

"Hell's bells, boss!" exclaimed Dahl. "We don't need any help! Excuse me, ladies. But if you're going to fly you gotta sleep."

"Them's my sentiments," announced Murphy. "And if we're going to work, let's snap to it before we get so stiff we can't move."

The mechanics got wearily to their feet.

"I'll be over in a few minutes," said Larry. "Juan and I'll stick Hector in his bed."

The mechanics went out and Aunt Martha let the last of a hot toddy trickle down her throat. "I'd say that you've got a rattling good crew of men."

"Yeh, they're good boys," agreed Larry. "Depend on 'em for anything."

"Larry, I—I think it's splendid of you to do this—to fly to New York with Hector."

"Splendid!" he exclaimed almost angrily. "I don't see anything splendid about it. I couldn't very well let the poor old devil lie out here and die, could I? You've got some funny ideas."

"So I've always told her," said Aunt Martha. "I'm for another toddy."

"Juan!" he called, and the boy entered from the kitchen. "I'm putting Hector in your bed for the night. You won't need it."

"Yes, sir."

Larry picked the frail Negro up from the stretcher and carried him in his arms out through the kitchen to the servant's room in the rear.

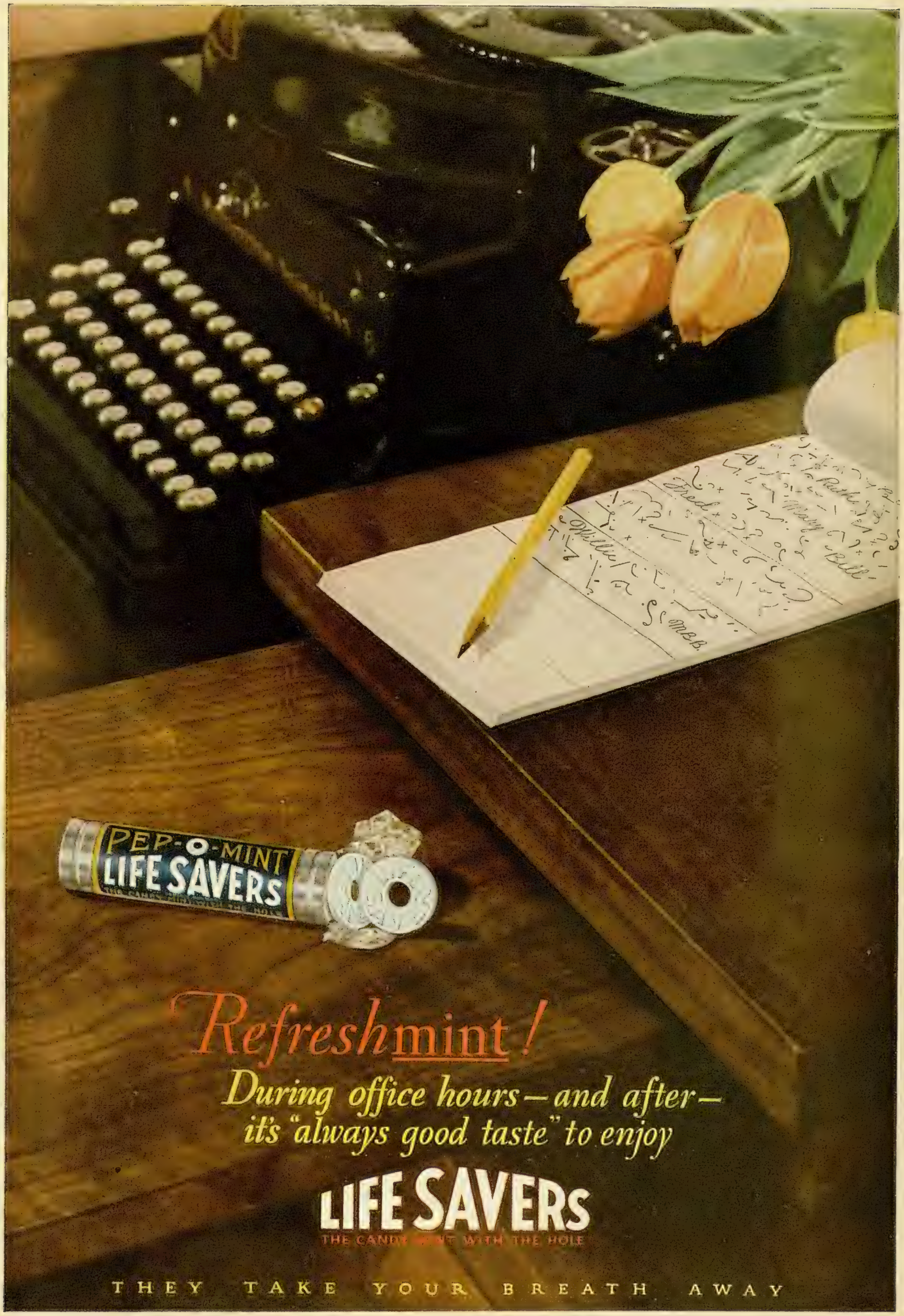
"You know," said Aunt Martha as the door closed behind him, "I just can't see letting Hector—poor old faithful soul—go down there to a hospital all alone among strangers. It isn't right! If Larry'll take me, I'm going with him!"

Even their two utterly collapsed servants stirred and looked at her.

Cora was standing near the fire, gnawing at her underlip, resentment boiling within her. She could still feel the sting of Larry's impatient, slightly contemptuous manner toward her. She stiffened angrily.

"No!" she said; then, as though the mere utterance of the word had given her determination, she repeated it with greater emphasis. "No! I've decided that I will go with him!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]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LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
THEY TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

"Hm-m!" exclaimed Aunt Martha.

"Of course," continued Cora, "it's quite possible that there won't be room for me."

Larry hurried in after a few minutes, took up his heavy leather coat. "Juan is getting him into bed," he told them. "He'll stay up all night with him, so if there's anything you want just sing out. Juan'll fix your bed when he has Hector stowed, and then he's going to try to get a little warm condensed milk down the old boy's throat. I'm off for the hangar." He swung into the coat. "I'll let you know in the morning before we shove off, of course."

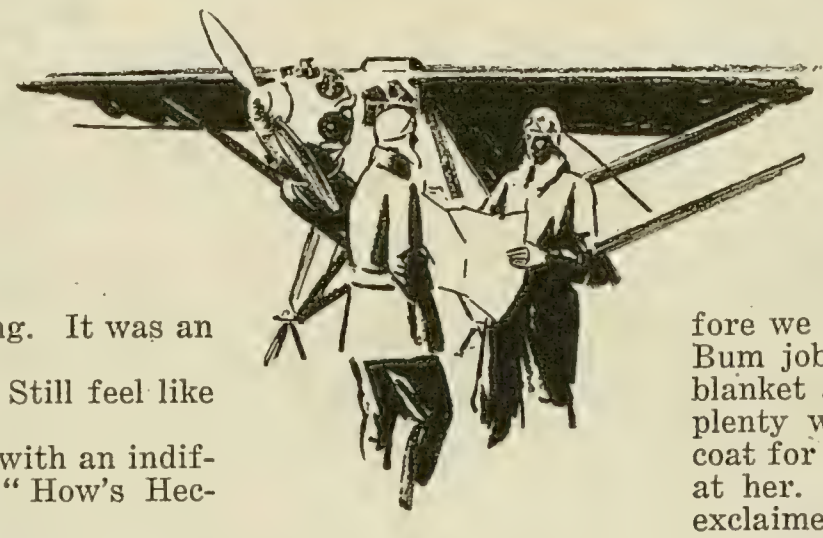
Aunt Martha's eyes were upon Cora.

"Larry!" said Cora, and hesitated.

"Yes?"

"Aunt Martha and I feel that someone of the family ought to be with him and I'd like to go along." She faltered and added, "If there's room."

"Good girl!" he exclaimed. A little smile played about his lips. "Of course there's room!"



IV

LARRY was waiting in front of the fire when she entered the living room the next morning. It was an hour after daybreak.

"Good morning," he said. "Still feel like flying?"

"Oh, yes!" she assured him with an indifference that she didn't feel. "How's Hector?"

"He's sleeping now, but Juan said he was about the same all night. Breakfast'll be ready in a minute. Is your Aunt Martha coming down?"

"I didn't wake her. I thought she'd better sleep. She'll probably feel the effects of last night." Cora worked her fingers into the muscles of her arm. "I feel them. Every bit of me is stiff. What a nightmare it was!"

"Wasn't it!" exclaimed Larry. "It seems like something I dreamed weeks ago."

"Did you get any sleep?"

"A little."

She went to the window and peered out through the dirty light of early morning. The snow had stopped and the sky was covered with a bleak ceiling of clouds.

"They'll lift after a bit," he said.

There was a rap at the door and Stender entered.

"G'morning, Miss Tynan. Everything's set, boss. I'll catch me some chow now. Will you send Juan over when you want to shove off?"

Larry nodded. "I've been looking at the map. Midtown'll be the best place for you to go overboard."

"Wherever you say," replied Stender. His indifference was unquestionably genuine. "I'll be steppin' along."

He went out.

"What did you mean by going overboard?" asked Cora.

"He's going to do a parachute jump at Midtown and telephone ahead that we're coming so there'll be an ambulance waiting. Not one of these towns has a landing field within five miles of it." He was plainly disgusted with towns that were content to live in the last century.

Juan entered with breakfast, but she was scarcely aware of it.

"But that's appalling!" she exclaimed.

He laughed. "The lack of landing fields or the jump?"

"To jump!"

"Stender doesn't mind jumping. He's a grasshopper. In fact, it was Stender who suggested it. We'll save time in getting Hector to the hospital. Let's eat. I'm starved."

She wondered if he had any idea of how much she dreaded the flight. She had little desire for breakfast and she watched him curiously while he ate. He seemed to her like some strange human being whose mental process was completely alien to hers; a nerveless, imperturbable person. It was astonishing that only a few days ago she had seriously—and even Aunt Martha didn't realize how seriously—considered marrying him, a man whose viewpoint and whose standard of life were so utterly different that living with him would have been like trying to live with someone on the other side of a sheet of glass.

"We'd better be getting along," he said. He called Juan and sent him to the mechanics' cottage.

Cora nodded and smiled. What right had he, she asked herself, to be so blandly superior because he possessed a type of courage which she hadn't? An emotion that had anger, humiliation, and resentment in it stirred her. She automatically took up the sweater and fleece-lined leather coat which he tossed on the chair beside her. For an instant she had an impulse to tell him that she hated him, despised everything that he believed in; and it was more a fear of being laughed at than anything else which checked her. Instead, she pulled on the sweater and let him hold the coat for her.

He yawned, maddeningly, and stretched. "Sorry," he said. "It was after three before we got that blasted port ski fitted. Bum job at the factory. We'll wrap a blanket around your feet and you'll be plenty warm." Then he buttoned the coat for her, buttoned it slowly, looking at her. "You're awfully pretty!" he exclaimed impulsively.

"Thanks," she replied, and turned away to pick up the helmet he had put out for her. She tried to pull it on the wrong way; Larry laughed goodnaturedly, took it from her and adjusted it properly. She felt his cool, steady fingers against her face as he adjusted her chin strap.

Her own fingers were trembling. She said to herself that such a man would never understand; any explanation of herself would be as incomprehensible to him as the jabbering of Chinese.

She heard the mechanics enter the kitchen; then, while Larry was struggling into his flying clothes, she saw Murphy carry Hector, wrapped in blankets like an infant, toward the hangar.

"We've put a mattress on the floor of the cabin," explained Larry. "Took out the seats. And Juan has fixed some hot bricks to put under his blanket. All right—on our way."

AS they left the house, the engine started with a crackling roar, settled into a dull thunderous purr. They could see the men stowing Hector in the cabin.

Stender, his chute pack dangling, got out and nodded to Larry—that nod of a chief mechanic to his pilot which conveys so much. She mounted a box, stepped into the cabin.

Hector's face, swathed in blankets, peered out. His eyes had lost their blank expression and for the moment were filled with terror. Then he saw Cora. He seemed to make an effort to speak and she pressed her hand against his wrinkled black cheek. A faint shadow of a smile passed across his face; once again he appeared to lose his grip on actuality and stared blankly upward. But that smile was like a reward.

Larry entered the plane, settled her in the seat beside his, facing a huge board of instruments. There were instruments everywhere. He wrapped a blanket about her legs and feet. Stender climbed in, and the box, which was to be his seat, was passed up to him.

"You lucky stiff!" growled Murphy. "Well, give all the little girls my love an' tell 'em I'll be seein' 'em some day when we get unfroze."

Stender thumbed his nose and grinned; then he slid the door shut. Larry, as matter of fact as a motorman, gave the controls a last wiggle, opened the throttle for a final test of the engine, throttled down, and waved

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[YOU NEVER KNOW UNTIL YOU TRY
Continued from page twenty-one]

to the mechanics to clear the plane. Another deafening roar from the engine and they slipped down the snow-covered field.

Before Cora knew what had happened, the earth had swung downward, away from them, and they were flying. There was a little gaspy sensation about it when she looked through the windows at the side. Larry touched her arm and pointed down toward the black hole which had once been the center of Andrew Tynan's barony. It seemed to be yanked from under them.

Stender was standing, leaning over Larry's shoulder. Sometimes they would point to an instrument, exchange nods and glances. Finally Larry pulled out a telephone and they engaged in a long conversation at a distance of one foot. Frost began to form on the windows, shutting the earth from view, and Larry was forced to open his window so that he could peer ahead and downward through a little slit. For the most part he seemed supremely unconcerned with everything outside of his plane.

Cora's nerves forgot to throb and she fell to studying the two men, watching them. Larry looked at her suddenly, as though he had forgotten all about her, and smiled. Then Stender gave her his end of the telephone.

"All right?" Larry asked. His voice, despite the infernal roar of the engine, was perfectly clear.

She nodded. "I wish I could see out," she replied.

"I'll open your window a crack. If it gets too cold, pull it shut. There's ice forming on the wings. We'll have a chance to try out this gadget of mine after a bit."

She looked out and saw a glaze of ice upon the wing. Beneath them lay a white, snow-stricken world, dotted here and there with black houses.

Larry pulled out a small, desk-like drawer and began to note the readings of various dials. Occasionally he looked out the open slit ahead of him and checked their position upon the map.

Stender took the telephone again and they continued their discussion. There was a joke between them; their heads went back and they laughed.

The telephone was passed back to her. "Not a very good test today," said Larry. "But I'm going to try the exhaust stacks now. It's so cold that the ice doesn't form rapidly. Stender'll be jumping in a couple of minutes."

SHE gazed at Stender in wide-eyed curiosity. He was watching the wing on his side while Larry opened the valve. She followed their eyes and saw the ice vanish under the application of heat. The result seemed to satisfy them. Then Stender opened the door and a gale drove through the cabin. The men waited for something; Stender crouched, gazing into space, Larry with his left arm back, hand upon the other's shoulder. Cora watched breathlessly.

There was a signal passed: Stender took a leap forward, sprawled grotesquely in nothingness, and the plane whipped about sharply so that he would clear the tail.

Larry righted the plane, reached back, and closed the door; then he opened her window wide and pointed downward. They swung about in a great circle and she saw beneath them the huge round parachute, gray against the stark white of the snow. They turned overhead until they saw Stender land in a field close to a cluster of houses.

He handed her the telephone. "Pretty one!" he exclaimed, as he put the plane back upon its course. "He can handle a 'chute as well as anyone I know."

"Does he like it?" she demanded, amazed.

"Oh, it's fun now and then," he replied.

A long time passed, with Larry deeply engaged in matters that she didn't understand. He took readings, scribbled them in his log book, adjusted valves that deflected heat into the wings.

"It's a crude way of going about it," he said finally, "but it works better than I had expected. Ice is forming more rapidly now. I doubt if we'd been able to reach New York without it."

He patted the valve. "That would have been tough luck for Hector, wouldn't it?"

Cora nodded gravely and looked back at the old Negro. He was sleeping sweetly, lulled by the noise and vibration, swung above the world in a big air-cradle. It was Larry who made it possible. Stender had leaped into space with nothing but a frail bit of silk between him and disaster, after working all night with Murphy and Dahl. Even little Juan had turned nurse and heated bricks.

She turned squarely to look at Larry.

HE smiled. "And do you still think I'm a dithering idiot because I believe in flying?" he asked. "I hope not! I was awfully glad when you said you'd come."

"But I—I really didn't think that, Larry!" she exclaimed. "I think you men are the finest men I've ever known in my life!" A note in her voice, strained through the telephone circuit, made him stare at her.

She was leaning toward him as though trying to eliminate a distance which might have been miles. "When I realize what you've done for an old Negro you've scarcely ever seen before, it makes me ashamed of myself! I've been such a t-terribly selfish little coward! Will you forgive me?"

His hand went out and covered hers.

"Larry—!" she began, and broke off.

"Yes, dear."

She hesitated; then gave it up. "I—I'll tell you when we get down."

"Tell me now!" he insisted.

"But I can't over this telephone."

"All right." His hand left hers and went to the control stick; his other hand closed down upon the throttle. The racket of the engine subsided and they began to glide softly earthward. He brushed the telephone aside.

"Now tell me!" he commanded.

She gazed at him helplessly.

"You mustn't be a coward ever again," he told her. "So say it!"

"Well, Larry, it's—it's that I love you!" she gasped out. "More than anything! Oh, Larry, more than anything!"

The engine roared full-out again and the nose came up with a jerk.

The plane—an M. P. T. 21-A Special—has such a high degree of inherent stability that the pilot can abandon the controls and let the ship fly herself, which, under the circumstances, was fortunate.

A few minutes later he shouted into her ear, "Dearest, I have to be getting back on the job."

She had forgotten that the plane was winging its own way through the sky. She smiled, kissed him, and relinquished him to carry on the work which was so peculiarly his own.

THE END

COMING!

"After Me, My Dear Alice"
"After Me, My Dear Dolly"

The Inside Story of Washington's Most Amusing Social War

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

The Man Who Taught Lindbergh to Fly

By RICHARD CARROLL

—AND—

Michael Arlen
Cosmo Hamilton
Viña Delmar
J. P. McEvoy

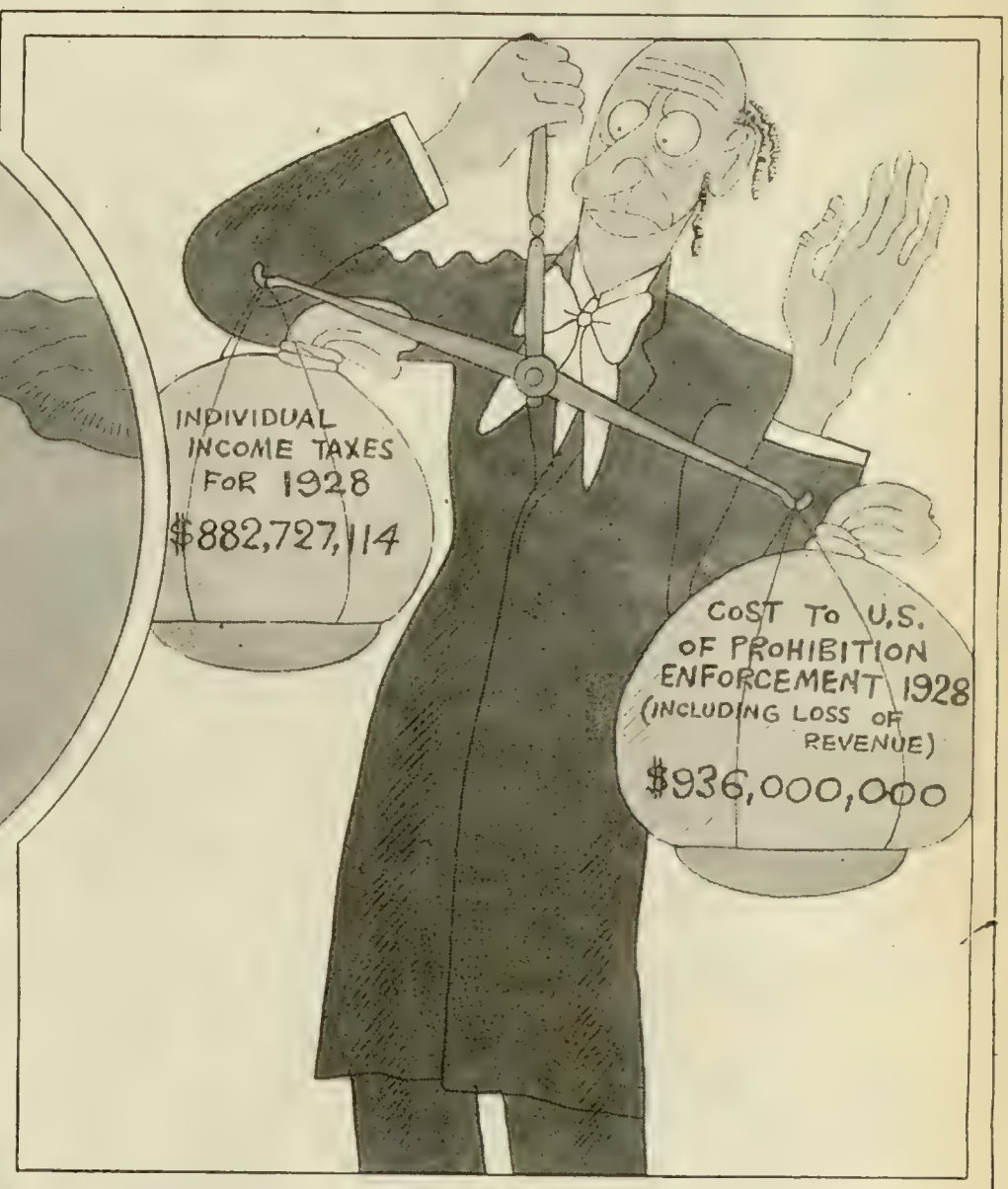
IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

HORRIBLE EFFECTS ON MANHATTAN ISLAND when the Building Trades Unions call a strike lasting two months and the Housewrecking Unions fail to walk out in sympathy.



PLEASE BE PATIENT, Anti-Saloon League, we are doing our level best to make up the difference.

THE CENTER OF THE MOST SHAMEFUL SCANDAL of 1925 leading the blasted and lonely life of one whose name is never mentioned in the newspapers any more.

GROWTH OF WORLD-MINDEDNESS in America. The postmaster of Lone Dog, Idaho, snapped in the act of feeling deeply concerned for the safety of the inhabitants of the town of Mahamud Uyah, thirty miles south of Bagdad, if the flooding Euphrates should break through its banks.

Kept

The Story of a Girl Without the Law

By

VIÑA DELMAR

Pictures by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"I have no pretty suity to wear when you take me bye-byes," Billy wailed.

HUBERT SCOTT had a new girl. Her name was Lillian Cory. She had wonderful red hair—and she was human. Hubert needed somebody human.

He had been married a long time. His wife, Helen, was all right, but not for him. She was good-looking enough, but put on highfalutin airs that made Hubert sick. The same thing was true of their grown son, Hubert. They treated Hubert Senior like dirt. Well, he'd show 'em. He'd just sold his business. Got fifteen cool thousand—and his time all his own! Helen had put up the capital to start it—her old man had left her plenty of money—but Hubert had paid her back every cent. She didn't congratulate him on the sale, but she did unbend about her Packard. She had a newer car and said he could use the Packard.

He didn't hang back.

Carl Feldman was willing to celebrate with him, and Carl's girl, May McCloud. May agreed to get a fourth. The fourth turned out to be Lillian, who sold handkerchiefs in a department store and lived in a small flat with the Friedrich sisters, Sylvia and Rose. They kept a lingerie and hosiery shop.

Lillian welcomed the chance of an evening out. Carl knew where to go for booze. Warmed by highballs, Hubert made a date with Lillian for the next night—and kept it. He heard something, then, that moved him: the story of her life, and her mistakes. Her first slip had been with a haberdasher, she told him. She was sixteen then—just a kid. Her mother had flown into a rage, and she had left home.

The haberdasher wasn't the last man in Lillian's life, but there'd been no one for a long time. Still, she had friends.

There was Billy Fisher and Louise Casey, the girl Billy was going to marry, and Anna Leitz, also in the handkerchiefs. Yes, there were friends—and a furnished room on a court.

PART THREE—THE PARTY

BY 11:30 the neighbors across the court were already hollering for quiet, so the party was a success. Billy Fisher was hollering back at them. Billy was quite a wit. He admitted that he was, but at this stage of the party he could think of nothing to shout across the court except the old reliable "Go to hell."

The neighbors declined to go. They threatened him with the janitor, the police, and a dispossess. Billy retorted, "Go to hell!"

And because you have only to establish yourself as a wit in order to put the stamp of humor upon all or any of your remarks, Billy's friends howled with delight every time he shouted.

It was the Saturday night party at Billy's house. As a matter of fact these parties occurred not more than

Hubert threw the wallet to him. "There you are. Get yourself something swell."

once a month, but since they always burst forth on Saturday they were known as the Saturday night parties. Those who attended always liked to pretend that, regular as clockwork, there was a party at Billy's every Saturday night.

Hymie Moss had brought the gin. Hymie Moss always brought the gin.

Billy would take it from him at the doorway and say, "What did you do that for?" Hymie would say, "I don't know, I just thought—" But both of them knew that Hymie brought the gin because he wanted to be invited the next time.

EVERYBODY got plastered as soon as possible. That was the way you had a good time. Louise Casey was having a very good time. She was about to be ill any moment. She sat in a corner of the sofa wondering whether she ought to go and have it over with right away or wait till there was no choice in the matter. In one hand she held a cigarette and in the other a glass of gin mixed with Nedick's orange juice. Louise was going to marry Billy. His mother, who had arranged that they should all live together, knew that they were going to be married, so she made no comments when she found Louise's handkerchiefs under Billy's pillow.

Anna Leitz and her Fred danced past Louise and she stuck her foot out and tripped them. They fell. Everybody laughed except Anna. She was never one to take an affront lightly. She belonged to the class that always wants explanations.

"You looked so pleased with yourselves and so sure you were the last word in grace that I just had to trip you."

Louise knew Anna's weakness for explanations.

"You would," said Anna coldly. She frowned at the carpet and made a great to-do about dusting the back of her dress. Then, swiftly putting on the ecstatic, rapt expression that she used when dancing, Anna offered her arms again to Fred.

OVER on the wing chair Mary Jackson was telling Lillian all about how she felt. Mary was going to have a baby. Almost any minute. Lillian had drawn her chair up close not because she wanted to listen but because Mary had told her to.

Hubert was listening, too. He had a great respect for women who were "that way." He hadn't let Billy miss Mary on a single round of drinks. "After all," thought Hubert, "where would we all be if it wasn't for women like Mary Jackson?"

"Oh, dear," Mary wailed. "I wish George would come and take me home. He ought to remember that in my condition I should be in bed early."

Hubert offered to take her home. He reminded her that he had a Packard right outside. But Mary said she'd better wait for George, thanks just the same.

Hymie's wife, Theresa, sat on a chair in the foyer. It was a small foyer and it looked right into the living room. She could see and be seen from there, but she could not be bumped into nor be addressed above the blare of the radio. Some people were of the opinion that she had chosen that chair for a reason.

Theresa was a creamy-skinned brunette who never spoke unless she had something unpleasant to say and she had the unforgivable knack of always being right. She had a reputation for never feeling liquor but actually she felt it as much as the others. With every drink she slid deeper into despondency. She thought of death and insanity in her drunken moments and so sat silent and afraid while her companions laughed and danced. Because her intoxication did not manifest itself in hilarity they thought her cold sober and when they spoke to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KEPT
Continued from page twenty-five]

her they took her dreary remarks on death and destruction as further proofs of her sobriety.

Billy had begun to sing. He was a paint salesman and had all the Long Island territory. He made out pretty well, but his friends were convinced that he should have been an actor. His singing was great and he danced as well as Pat Rooney. Even better, some people thought. Besides, he always knew a lot of funny jokes. Sometimes he could hardly tell them for laughing. He read Judge and College Humor, went to two vaudeville shows a week, listened in to the Happiness Boys, and carried a copy of Variety in the subway trains.

"Dinah, is there anyone finah
In the state of Carolinah—"

As he sang it occurred to Billy that there wasn't a single soul in show business who could boast of singing like Al Jolson and dancing like Pat Rooney. And here he was all tied up in the Long Island territory. On the second chorus he decided that he'd show what a break he'd given Eddie Leonard by staying out of the business:

"Di-wah-wah-nah, in the state of
Caroli-wah-wah-nah—"

Everybody applauded enthusiastically except Louise. She was in the bathroom being very, very ill.

"Something she et, no doubt," Mary Jackson said.

Everybody wanted Billy to sing again, but he had to go help Louise.

Anna and her Fred were sitting on the floor under the lamp. They were petting. Nobody paid any attention to them because if they weren't dancing they were always petting.

Billy could be heard yelling at Louise: "You haven't got the sense you were born with. You have a sieve instead of a brain."

Hymie got an inspiration. "Hey, Louise!" he called. "Louise, tell him you can't help what you're like. Your mind was made by God and your body by Fisher. How's that for a wise crack?"

"Lousy," returned Billy from the white-tiled regions.

Anna drew away from Fred and surveyed Hymie with distaste. "Some people can't have a good time," she remarked, "unless they're being vulgar."

"Well, we do sympathize with you," Hymie said. "That's a terrible affliction, but you're welcome here just the same."

LOUISE came staggering through the living room, bedroom bound. Billy had his hand on her shoulder steering her between chairs and doorways. She was very white and kept moaning, "Oh, I'm so sick. I'm so sick."

"Well, don't die till I get you to the bed," Billy said cruelly.

Lillian Cory and Theresa followed to the bedroom. There persists a silly notion that you can be of service to a person who is ill from drinking too much. Billy gave Louise a push and she fell on the bed and lay supine and unconcerned about the further success of the party.

Theresa and Lillian stood looking at their friend for a moment; then they turned and looked at each other.

"Well," said Theresa, "your Hubert seems to be having a great time."

"Yes," said Lillian. "He likes the crowd. He is awfully nice. He gave me this." She exhibited her finger upon which gleamed a ring set with several tiny diamonds and four strips of sapphire.

"And the hat," Theresa reminded her.

Lillian laughed pleasantly. "Yes, he bought the hat," she said.

Billy was trying to cover the entire living-room floor with the condensed milk.

Theresa sighed and nodded with the air of one whose worst suspicions have been confirmed. "Pretty soon he'll buy you a coat," she said, "and you'll think you're set for life. Don't be a damn fool, Lillian; stick to your job."

"Oh, I am."

"Yes, so far. But listen to me—stick to it always."

"I could always get one as good as the one I got," Lillian pointed out. "That is, if anything should come up and I'd quit."

"Yes, you always could but you wouldn't. A girl gets out of the habit of getting up early in the morning. Take my advice—I won't be here much longer to give it to you."

"Why not?"

"I'll be dead or in an insane asylum. You'll see."

"Don't talk like that."

"It's true. I won't last much longer."

"Banana oil."

"You'll see," Theresa repeated.

She walked to Louise's vanity table and meditatively daubed powder on her nose.

THERE was a faint scent of a Colgate perfume haunting the room. Lillian looked around. She had always liked Louise's bedroom. Billy had painted the furniture buttercup yellow (number nine) and there were yellow voile curtains at the window. No rug, but what did anybody need a rug for?

"I'd like a room like this," Lillian said.

Theresa said nothing. She said nothing very eloquently. Lillian instantly knew that Theresa didn't regard this as much of a room.

"Of course, I mean with a rug and a few other changes," Lillian hastily added.

She hadn't meant that at all. The room looked perfect to her the way it was.

"It only has one window," Theresa said, "and it's too small. I don't like painted furniture either."

"Oh, don't you? Well, I don't know—I always thought it was cute, but I suppose it gets on your nerves after a time."

"Louise hasn't any nerves," said Theresa. She started out of the bedroom and Lillian followed her. After all, they had done all they could for Louise.

Outside they found Billy getting ready to go to the delicatessen store for sandwiches. Hubert was going with him. Hymie was insisting that he should go instead of Hubert. Hubert was shouting above the radio music that he could drive Billy to the store, as he had a Packard right outside.

Billy and Hubert finally went.

"I ought to have gone," Hymie protested.

"Well, couldn't you have gone with them?" Theresa asked.

A light broke over Hymie's face and, reaching for his hat, he rushed toward the door. But it was too late. Crestfallen, Hymie returned to the party just in time to hear WEAF sign off for the night. He switched off the set and put a record on the Victrola.

Fred and Anna danced.

Billy and Hubert brought ham-and-cheese combinations back—also coleslaw, pickles, and a coffee ring.

"Cripes, didn't anybody make coffee?" Billy asked.

"There probably isn't any," said Theresa.

There wasn't, so they had tea. Louise came weakly from the bedroom to have a cup of coffee. They gave her tea and she took it uncomplainingly. She also took a sandwich, a few pickles, and a slice of cake. Then she was ill again.

"Say, Billy," said Hubert, "why don't you and Louise go somewhere with us Sunday? I mean a week from tomorrow."

"All right, sure. That is, if she ain't dead. If she is I'll go anyhow."

"I'll leave it up to you and her where we'll go," said Hubert. "I like you two."

He looked around the table to see if there was anybody else he liked. His eyes rested for a moment on Mary Jackson but he rejected her because of her condition. He didn't even look at Hymie and Theresa. Theresa was too much of a kill-joy. Fred wasn't much but Anna seemed a sweet kid.

"Say," Hubert asked her, "how would you like to go along?"

"Depends on where you go," she answered cautiously. "I've no swell clothes like Louise has."

Hubert reached into his pocket and drew out his wallet. He threw twenty dollars on the table before Anna. "There," he said. "Get yourself a pretty dress."

The others stared goggle-eyed at the scene. Cripes, twenty dollars just like nothing. Anna refused the money with a cold, hurt air. It was all a girl could do with people watching her.

"Put it away, Hubert," said Lillian. "Nobody wants your money."

"Oh, Scotty, I have no pretty suity to wear when you take me bye-byes," Billy wailed.

Hubert threw the wallet to him. "There you are," he said. "Get yourself and Louise something swell. No kidding —go ahead."

Billy tossed the wallet back. "God, how it hurts to do that."

"And you're not fooling," added Theresa.

HUBERT replaced the wallet, trying to look as though he couldn't hear Billy telling Hymie that there was $150 in it. No kidding. Billy had seen it in the delicatessen store. Hubert had wanted to pay, but of course Billy wouldn't let him. Hymie doubted the latter statement.

Fred got up, cranked the Victrola, and put another record on. Billy and Hymie started to move the gate-leg table back so that Fred and Anna could dance.

One leg of the table unexpectedly turned in and three cups and saucers, several handfuls of coleslaw, four pickles, and a pitcher half full of condensed milk fell on the floor.

"How's that for a quick turnover?" asked Billy. He always asked that when something upset.

"Got a mop?" asked Theresa.

"Yeh, Theresa, it's out by the ice box."

"Well, you'd better get it," she said.

Mrs. Fisher came in while Billy was trying to cover the entire living-room floor with the condensed milk. The mop was old and there hadn't been much milk spilled but he was doing his best to get a bit of it in every isolated spot and corner.

"Billy, Billy, what in God's name are you trying to do?"

He didn't answer. He just surrendered the mop. Mrs. Fisher had been visiting her sister in Jersey City and as she mopped she told the assembled company how her sister suffered with rheumatism and rush of blood to the head.

NOBODY had noticed how late it was till now. There was a sudden dash for coats and hats. Louise was lying on them and had to be aroused. She leaned against the wall smiling whitely as everybody assured her that they had had a wonderful time. Theresa paused in the act of putting her coat on. She took a step nearer to Louise and stared at her.

"You look very bad," she said. "Be careful. You look awful."

Louise managed to get to the vanity-table mirror. She looked at herself with interest. She was a brunette. Some people remembered when she had had a neutral brown shade of hair. It was black now. Jet-black and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Anna drew away from Fred and surveyed Hymie with distaste. "Some people can't have a good time," she remarked, "unless they're being vulgar."

KEPT
[Continued from page twenty-seven]

gave a heavy coarseness to a face which could poorly stand any added coarsening.

She had gray eyes and a large mouth which she painted orange. There was a hard enameled prettiness about Louise like that of the poster ladies who advertise cigars. She wore hoop earrings and always had the latest thing in five-dollar shoes.

She withdrew from the mirror and touched Theresa on the arm.

"What do you mean I look awful?" she asked challengingly.

"You look sick."

"Are you sure you meant that?"

"Yes; why?"

"Well, there's been a lot of remarks passed here tonight that I didn't like the sound of. I heard Anna say that I was tough-looking."

Anna fixed surprised eyes on Louise. "I did not say that."

"You did so. When you and Fred were sitting under the lamp on the floor there."

"Oh, Louise, take it up tomorrow," Lillian said. "It's too late now."

"Well, she did say it, Lillian. I heard her."

"I did not."

"I'll leave it to Theresa. She's sober. Theresa, didn't Anna say—"

"I didn't hear her," said Theresa.

"That's the kind of a friend I figured you for," Louise said scornfully.

"Well, I can't help it if I didn't hear it," Theresa protested.

The men, with hats in hands, stood in the doorway waiting for the girls to finish. Anna was crying and reciting some wrong which Louise had done her a year ago Washington's Birthday.

"You can all go to hell," Louise said.

"Now, now," Billy intervened. "You're all drunk. Say good night and forget it."

"Come on, Anna," Fred called. Anna went.

"She'd better marry Billy and be decent," Anna remarked as she passed through the hall.

"Now, how would marrying Billy make anybody decent?" asked Theresa.

Both Billy and Louise waved to the party from the window.

"Go on, Anna, wave," said Fred.

"I will not."

"Go ahead. She didn't mean anything by what she said. You got to expect a little fight at a party. None of them go off without somebody getting sore at something."

Anna saw that he was right and she waved.

"But I didn't say that about her," Anna announced. "I did say that her black hair made her look a little hard. But gee—"

THEY all stood looking up at Billy and Louise. The crowd wouldn't disperse till their hosts left the window and Billy and Louise wouldn't leave till the crowd dispersed. Deadlock.

Lillian went over to the car. "Who's going our way?" she asked. She tried the door. It was locked. "Open it, Hubert," she said.

The others looked at her wonderingly. Funny that they'd never paid much attention to Lillian Cory in all the months they had known her. And here she was in command of a Packard. They'd never even considered themselves her particular friends. She was a peach of a girl, too. Strange they hadn't noticed before how nice she was.

Louise leaned out the window and called to her, "I'm sorry for spoiling the party, Lillian."

"Cold fish," returned Lillian. That meant Louise was acquitted of any guilt.

"See you Sunday," Billy shouted.

"Posilutely."

Great scout, Lillian.

Peach of a fellow, too, that Hubert. He was going to take them all home, regardless of where they lived.

They piled in. Anna on Fred's lap. Mary Jackson beside them. Hymie next to Mary, and Theresa and Lillian in front with Hubert.

"My George never did come for me," Mary moaned. "I guess he was too tired when he got through work."

"Where do you live?" Hubert asked her.

"Up in Woodlawn."

"Holy smokes," said Hubert. "How did you get here?"

Everybody laughed.

"Let's see, now," Hubert considered. "This is the Bronx, isn't it?"

"East a Hundred and Forty-fourth Street," everybody said helpfully.

"Where do you live, Theresa?"

"Broadway at a Hundred and Ninety-second Street."

"Well, that's easy. That's near Lillian. How about you, Anna?"

"Two Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street. Fred lives down on a Hundred and Third. West side."

"Any of you live in Hartford, Connecticut?" Hubert asked. "Well, let's go."

"Where first?" asked Lillian

"We'll get rid of Fred," Hubert said determinedly.

HYMIE lit a cigarette. "Mind if I throw ashes on the floor, Hubert?" he asked.

Hubert laughed. "I don't care what you do," he said. Then after a moment of thoughtful silence he added, "Of course, I mean, within reason. Be careful of the upholstery, will you, Hymie?"

"Sure."

"Don't do anything in Hubert's Packard, darling, that you wouldn't do in our Essex," said Theresa.

"Oh, you got a car? Why didn't you come over in it tonight?" asked Hubert innocently.

Theresa laughed. "Well, you see, we knew that Mary lived in Woodlawn and Fred on a Hundred and Third Street."

Hubert could have saved Mary till the last and dropped her off on his way home but he wanted a few minutes alone with Lillian. He delivered Fred and then the Mosses to their homes and Lillian stayed in the car as they drove through Inwood and up to Anna's house and thence to Woodlawn. They started back to Inwood then. Hubert was happy. He sang as they came across Fordham:

"Dinah, is there anyone finer
In the state of —"

He broke off to remark, "Billy's a clever kid, isn't he?"

"Isn't he great? I get a million laughs out of him."

"Yeh, he's funny all right. He ought to 'a' gone on the stage."

"That's what everybody thinks. He'd 'a' been a riot. What do you think of the rest of the gang?"

"All right. That Anna's a nice kid. I'm not crazy about her boy friend, but I suppose he's O. K. That Theresa sure can sock liquor away without feeling it, can't she?"

"Sure. I've seen her drink all the men in a party right under the table. I think she's got something wrong with her that none of the rest of us know anything about. She always talks about dying soon."

"Yeh? Gee, that's too bad. She ought to get a good examination. I got a swell doctor I could send her to. If she ever talks about it again you can tell her to ask me. He's a very clever fellow. My brother was dying, mind you, dying, and I talked his wife into letting my doctor take a look at him. 'It can't do no harm,' I says to her. So she says to me, 'All right, Hubert, call your doctor. If it was anybody but you I would say no, but you pretty nearly always are right.' So I call this fellow and up he comes. He takes a look at the medicine that the other doctors had given him and he doesn't say a word. Just breaks every bottle, and then he gives my brother some new stuff. In two days my brother is back on the job."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

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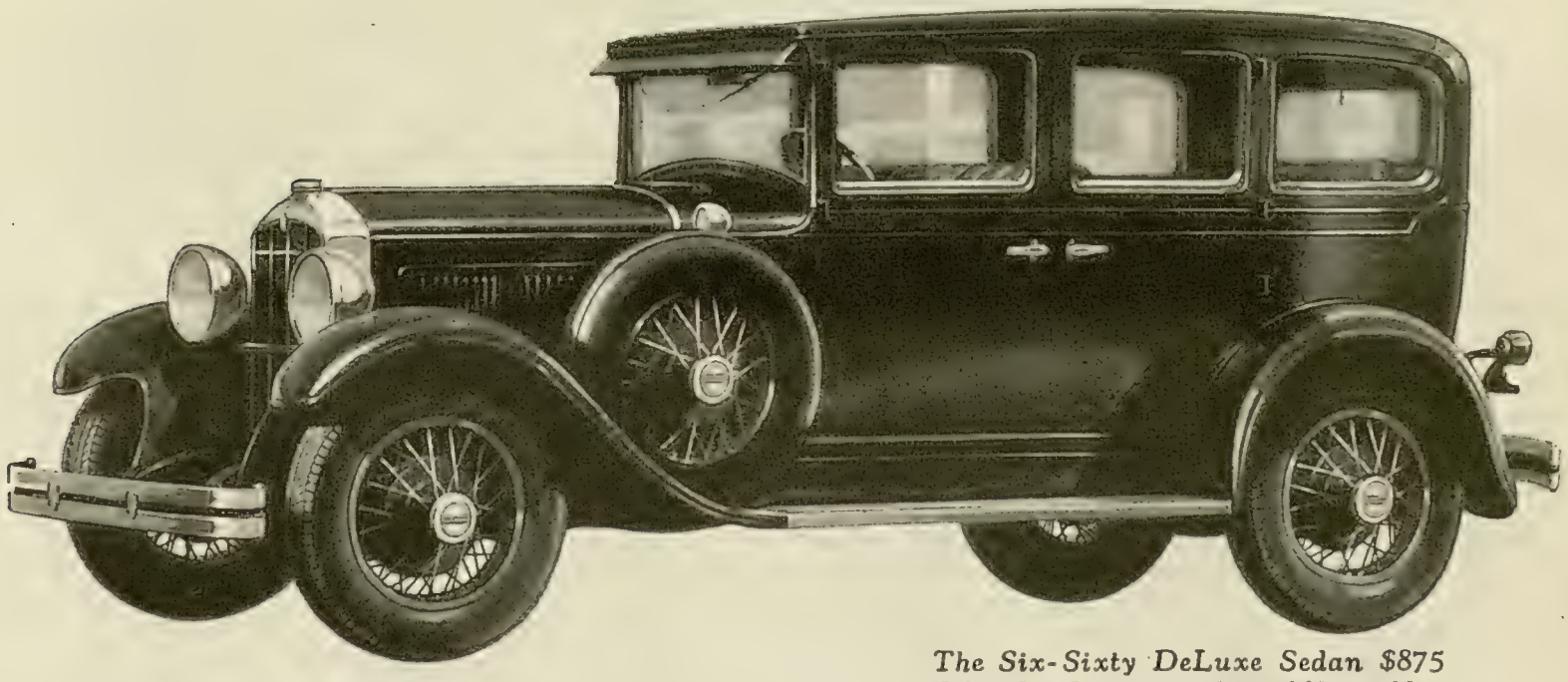

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AND—FROM $595 TO $815—THE DURABLE DURANT FOUR-FORTY—A CAR WITH AN IMPRESSIVE RECORD

DURANT

A GOOD CAR

She fell on the bed and lay supine and unconcerned about the success of the party.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

" Gee, that's wonderful. And he never was sick after that, huh? "

" Well, a couple of months afterwards he got sick again and that time he died."

" Oh."

They had stopped before Lillian's house. She opened the door of the car. Hubert shut off the motor and followed her into the foyer of the building. It was very quiet. Nearly everyone had returned from their Saturday night revels and according to custom all lights but one had been extinguished.

" Well, thanks for taking me over to Fisher's," said Lillian. " I hope you had a good time."

" Oh, gee, I did. A swell time. They're a great gang all right. But don't go up yet, Lillian."

He took her hand and squeezed it. She laughed a little forced laugh. " All right," she said. " What shall we talk about? "

" Must we talk? " He pulled her close to him and kissed her. He kissed wetly. Lillian rubbed her handkerchief over her lips.

Hubert surveyed her in the light of the lone bulb and thought her beautiful. The average man will meet a woman who attracts him and he will be filled with a desire to reserve her time and favors for himself. Hubert had been filled with a desire to reserve some woman's time and favors for himself and then he had met Lillian Cory.

HE believed that Lillian's fatal beauty had lured him from the path of honor. He did not remember that he had craved to be led into a little light sin an hour before meeting her. He would not have believed that any willing lady whom May McCloud had picked that evening would be wearing that $240 ring now.

" God, you're sweet, Lillian."

" Well, what would you like to do about it? "

" Have you all for my own."

" Your wife would never give you up."

" Oh, I know she wouldn't. That's out of the question. You don't know Helen."

" Who are you arguing with? I said she wouldn't give you up."

" I wish she would but she's the type who wouldn't. I didn't mean that. I meant something else."

" What, for instance? "

" I mean this—let me get you a little apartment somewhere. You could give up your job and we could be together nearly all the time. I have plenty of money."

" Now, now, don't be a villain offering the poor little girl all modern conveniences with running hot and cold water."

" I mean it, Lillian. How about it? I'd get you any apartment you wanted and you could pick all the furnishings. I'd get you swell clothes, too. I'm not stingy. Gee, didn't you see how I was willing to even give a strange girl twenty dollars tonight? I'd even get you a little car of your own. What do you say, Lillian? "

" SURE," she said, but she was laughing.

" No, I mean it, Lillian. Quit your laughing. Gee, it isn't as though you were taking some terrible step. You know what I mean. It isn't as though you and I—you know what I mean."

" Yeh. Well, it's like this. I don't think I can do it."

" Why not? "

" Well, you see, I agreed to come with the Friedrichs and share expenses. They need me to go one-third on everything, see? It wouldn't be right to leave them to take the whole rent and everything and they'd be left with a room more than they need and they'd have to pay for it."

" They could rent it."

" Maybe they'd get somebody and maybe they wouldn't."

" How would this be? Suppose you give them one-third of the rent for the rest of the lease's run? "

" No, I don't think they'd take it if I wasn't getting what I was paying for. They're not like that."

" Well, do you mean you're going to throw me over and give up all I offered you so that you can help those damn girls? "

" If I stayed with them wouldn't you take me bye-byes no more? "

" Sure, but you beat the Dutch, Lil. I don't understand you. Say, you could have a little car of your own."

" I heard you the first time."

" Well, gee, you are funny."

" Maybe it's because I'm so sleepsy. Let me go up now. Will I see you tomorrow? "

" Sure."

" Good night."

" Give me a kiss, will you? "

" A small one."

" Don't you love me? "

" With all my heart and soul and then some." She was laughing again.

" Good night."

" Good night. See you tomorrow."

She climbed the stairs wearily. She was tired. Men had a knack for bringing up new troublesome ideas just when a girl was tired. These halls were dirty. It would be nice to pick a brand-new apartment of her very own. There were at least a dozen new buildings in Inwood. Clean halls, stippled walls. Oh, well, she had practically promised the Friedrichs that she'd one-third on everything. It wouldn't be fair to quit them.

She opened the door quietly. Sylvia and Rose were

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

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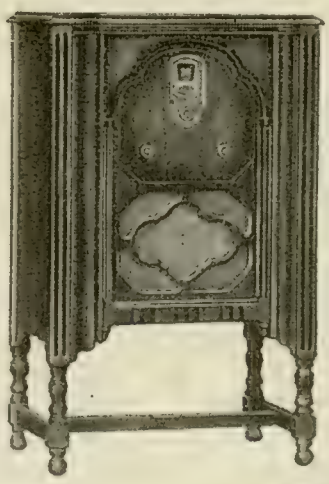

Model 92 Power Detection and the *new* –45 tubes plus four tuned stages of radio frequency. Absolutely no hum and no oscillation at any wave length. Automatic sensitivity control gives uniform range and power all over the dial. Improved Majestic Super-Dynamic Speaker. Heavy, sturdy Majestic power unit, with positive voltage ballast. Jacobean period cabinet of American Walnut. Doors of matched butt walnut with overlays on doors and interior panel of genuine imported Australian Lacewood. Escutcheon plate, knobs and door pulls finished in genuine silver.

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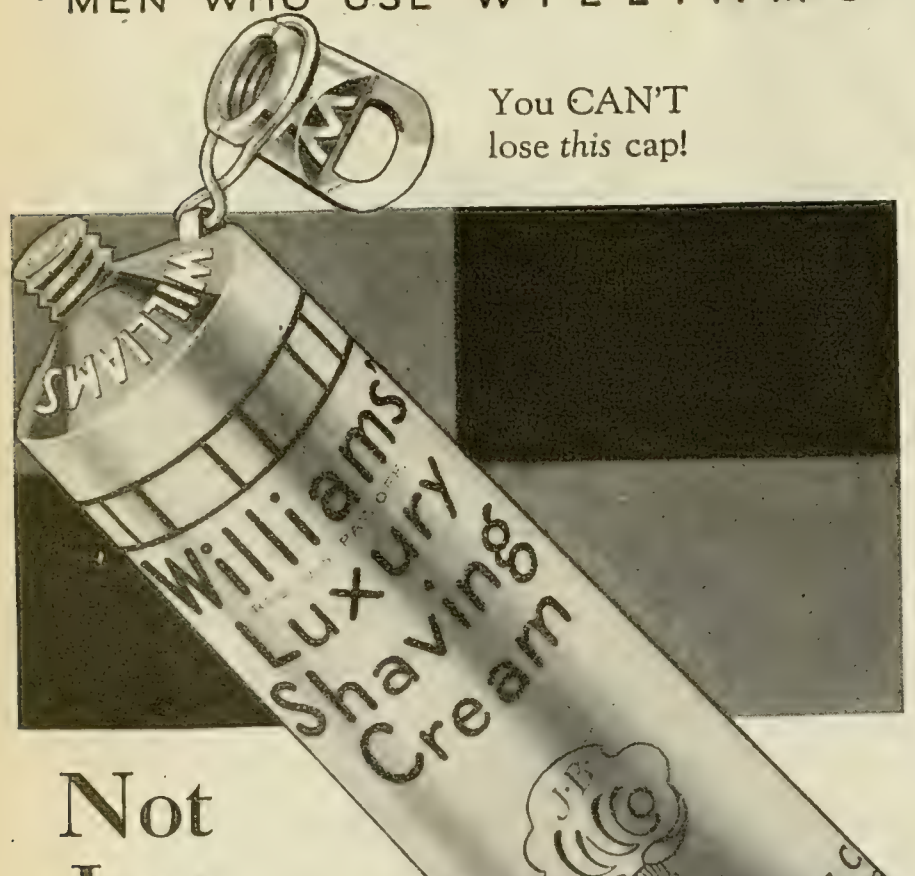

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It's cream. It's real Shaving Cream. *It's not just soap in a tube!*

It's the product of 89 years of study of how best to soften the beard; and how best to take care of the skin.

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It's quick to make a lather; and the lather it makes holds 10% more moisture, by authentic test, than any other we have ever heard of.

It gently cleanses pores; gently but thoroughly. Freshens facial tissue. Gives a shave that's pleasant and quick and close.

Let no man think his shaving experience is complete until he has tried a tube of Williams.

The drug clerk speaking: "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

Next time say

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Then a dash of Aqua Velva. Scientifically blended to give proper care to the newly shaven skin.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

always in bed when she came home. Tonight was an exception. Lillian saw the light in the living room as she stepped across the threshold.

"Hello," she said.

The girls answered her, but she went to her room and took off her hat and cape, preferring not to join them.

Rose came to the door and knocked. "Can I come in, Lillian?"

"Come ahead."

Rose was wearing a bright yellow satin kimono. Sylvia was at her heels.

"We mightn't get a chance to talk in the morning," Rose began. "We're going out early with some friends. So we waited up for you. It's terribly late, so if I speak quickly and get it over with I hope you won't mind."

Lillian looked at her wonderingly. "Fire away," she said.

"Well, it's like this. Maybe you've noticed the new apartments that have been going up? Well, Sylvia and I looked at some. They're beautiful. Bracket lights on the walls and fountains in the court and all kinds of things. I—we have been doing a very good business down at the shop and we can afford to live in a better place than this. We know, of course, that you're making the same salary as before and you, of course, couldn't manage the higher rent. Would you be sore if we called this little arrangement off?"

"We asked the landlord about the lease," Sylvia took up the story, "and he says it's all right to move. He was very nice about it. We didn't tell him, of course, that we were moving to a better house. I told him that I was going to be married right away and that Rose and you couldn't afford the rent alone."

Lillian sat on the bed listening to them talk. Occasionally she nodded understandingly and once she smiled.

"THE apartment we took," Rose went on, "is awfully cute. It—"

"Oh, you took it already," said Lillian.

"Yes, we figured that you'd be moving to a furnished room again and you can always get one without any trouble or planning. You must come see us, Lillian."

"Thanks, I will. When do we do the busting up?"

"By next Thursday we have to be out."

"Easy."

"I hope you're not unhappy about it, Lillian," Rose said.

"No, it's all right."

"Where will you go?" Sylvia asked.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Both Sylvia and I are sorry, Lillian, but when Sylvia is married perhaps you could share the apartment with me. That is, if you're making enough money by then."

"Oh, thanks, Rose. That gives me something to work for and look forward to."

The Friedrichs looked swiftly to see if Lillian was making light of Rose's offer. It would be the time of times to take offense. It would make them feel so much happier with their wall brackets and court fountains if Lillian would prove unpleasant.

But Lillian had her back to them. They could not see her face. She was taking off her dress. Other nights she put it on a hanger, but tonight it slid to the floor and she left it there.

"That won't be fit to wear," remarked Rose.

"Plenty more where that came from," Lillian said cheerfully. She was wriggling into her nightgown now.

"Did you set your alarm?" asked Sylvia.

"Tomorrow's Sunday," Lillian said. "And the day after that will be Sunday, too. And the next day will be Sunday. Didn't you know, Friedrichs, it's going to be Sunday from now on?"

The Friedrichs withdrew feeling very righteous. Clearly Lillian was drunk.

They owed it to themselves to sever connections with a girl of that caliber.

Lillian Cory faces a new life—one that promises freedom from the drudgery that had been her lot. What comes of it will be told next week.

Wanted: A Plot

Will Somebody Think Up Something New for the Talkies?

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★

WITH more than 2,000 theaters in various parts of the land wired for the two-year-old talkies, the movie producers already have managed to get the new-born audible film into a rut. All the experts of Western Electric, General Electric, and Westinghouse may be sitting up nights perfecting new sound devices, but it would be far better for them to construct a new talkie plot.

To date there are two stock plots for talkies. No. 1 is the musical story, with the theme that the show must go on no matter how many knees are photographed. The chief character may be a musical comedy belle, a minstrel, a Jolson, or a cabaret hostess, each with his or her broken heart beneath the tinsel. Plot No. 2 is the mystery murder story with all sorts of dire deed and movietone screams.

Take the Warner Brothers new all-talkie revue, On with the Show. This is plot No. 1 with variations. The chief usher is in love with the coatroom girl in a small-city theater where a tottering revue is playing. The promoter hopes to get the show to New York, but the leading woman disappears. The hat-checking queen goes on—and saves the show.

The Fox Follies had this plot and method (and prettier girls), but the Warner film revue is entirely in Technicolor. Thus it is the first all-color all-talkie.

To me the dusky Harlem idol, Ethel Waters, is easily the best of On with the Show. The film should have more of the rubber-faced comic, Joe Brown.

★ ★

Another new Warner Brothers soundie, Honky Tonk, is again a variation of Plot No. 1. Here a cabaret hostess, modestly billing herself as "the last of the Red Hot Mamas," has chanted blue songs for years that her unsuspecting daughter may be educated "as a lady" abroad. Daughter returns, only to leave home when she discovers mama's occupation. What does Sophie Leonard do? She goes on at the cabaret although her heart is breaking. And, in the end, daughter realizes all of mother's sacrifices.

Betty Compson in On with the Show, an all-talkie all-color movie of love and the footlights.

George Duryea, Sophie Tucker, and Lila Lee (from left to right) in the cabaret movie Honky Tonk.

Sophie Tucker, who has been in vaudeville for years, is the hostess mother. If you like her robust style in the varieties, you will like her in Honky Tonk. Lila Lee is surprisingly good as the snobbish daughter.

★

The Glad Rag Doll is the latest Warner Brothers vehicle written around a theme song for Dolores Costello, who now insists upon being Dolores Barrymore.

The Glad Rag Doll is the yarn of a chorus girl who resents being snubbed by the Philadelphia Fairchilds after the younger son of the family has made love to her. A week-end is arranged by the family to break off relations diplomatically, but the revue darling wins the older son of the household. Not, however, until she has shown up auntie as a kleptomaniac, unkie as an old philanderer, and sister, who has lost her heart to the chauffeur.

Mme. Barrymore throatily elocutes the rôle of the shrewd chorine, but she is as scenically attractive as ever.

★

Father and Son, a Columbia part-talkie film, is an effort to do right by dad.

Father is a widower who refers to his son as Old Timer, while son calls papa Big Boy. Father marries an adventuress in Paris and, when he brings her home, she treats Old Timer pretty harshly. Later, when she is killed, it looks dark for father and son until it develops that a toy phonograph record has recorded the crime, the real murderer being disclosed. Thus Old Timer can sing My Daddy's the Best Daddy of All without a further worry.

Do you know that—

Lila Lee's real name is Augusta Appel? . . . Leaving Universal, Reginald Denny is going to make four talkies in England? . . . Richard Dix has signed with RKO?

MILES—SPEED—TIME—WEAR TIRE MILEAGE RECORDS BROKEN

Every one of original 60 Silvertowns still rolling after 16,000 miles

HERE you are, tire buyers! Some real food for thought before you buy tires!

For the Silver Fleet . . . organized to demonstrate what Silvertowns will do in the severest sort of service . . . now gives you the plain facts on tire performance.

And with the tour yet uncompleted . . . with the final record yet unwritten . . . the makers of Silvertowns already can say . . .

"Just try to beat this record as it stands today . . . with any tires but Silvertowns!"

For the Silver Fleet is well past the 16,000 mile mark. 44 tires still contain their original air . . . have never been off the rims . . . for even so much as a nail puncture.

NEW SCROLL STARTS EAST with Silver Fleet. Mayor Rolph, of San Francisco, signs a new Good-Will Scroll addressed to Mayor Walker and the people of New York City.

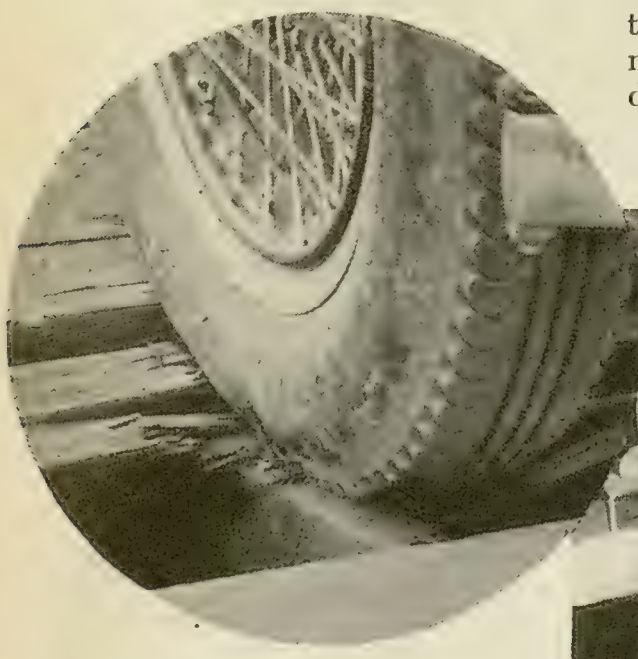
In terms of mileage, the 16,000 figure on the speedometers tells but part of the story. Remember that 16,000 miles is the accomplishment of 5 dozen tires. All told, the Fleet has piled up a grand total of a million tire miles . . . with no major troubles in that amazing distance.

When you consider the punishment to which these tires have been subjected . . . when you study these pictures and grasp the conditions they have faced . . . the record is a remarkable one. For what owner of any car would not be satisfied with similar service?

But the most important point of all is this: These tires are every one stock tires. Standard casings in every respect, just like your nearest Goodrich dealer has to offer. They receive no care you cannot give them yourself . . .

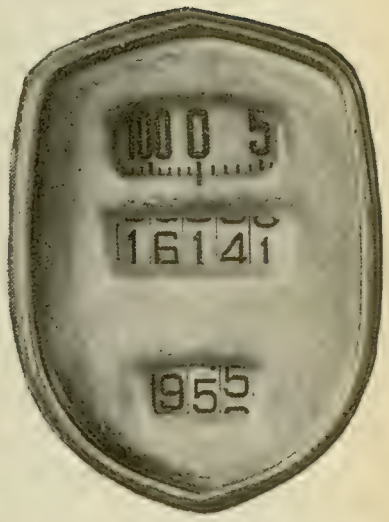
By all means, see the Fleet, if it has not passed your section of the country.

In the meantime, visit your nearest Goodrich dealer. Surely, you need no further proof of the greater value, the superior mile-for-mile economy of Goodrich Silvertowns. The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Est. 1870, Akron, Ohio. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, Calif. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ont.

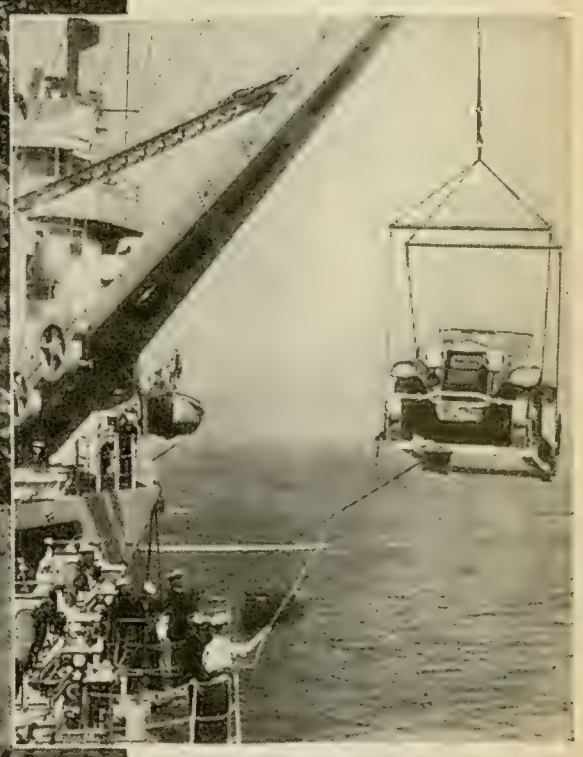


CLOSE CALL, THIS! The camera caught this tire in a tight place, but no damage was done. Such incidents and roads like those in the picture at the right have been common occurrences on the Silver Fleet's tour.

Goodrich Silvertowns



16,000 MILES, PLUS! The photo above, delivered by air mail, shows the mileage of the Silver Fleet as this page was sent to press.



FLEET VISITS FLEET. Here you have one of the cars of the Silver Fleet being hoisted aboard the Airplane Carrier *Saratoga* when cars and pilots visited the Pacific Fleet off the coast of Southern California.

THROUGH THE SCENIC WEST COAST. The Fleet rolling northward through one of the West Coast's beautiful valleys. Such roads are welcome relief to pilots, who have become used to back trails.

SILVERTOWN DE LUXE (*Left*) Superlative style and service . . . a tire that outlives your car. Its very lines say "Built to master every road."

THE FAMOUS SILVERTOWN (*Right*) The recognized standard of tire quality everywhere. Stretch-matched cord construction and water-curing have made it famous for service wherever tires are known.

GOODRICH CAVALIER (*Center*) A new tire. High quality at amazingly low prices. Made like Silvertowns, it is the choice of hard drivers and keen buyers.

All in the Family

Some Memories of an American Home

By Theodore Roosevelt

ETHICS

RELIGION is necessary for the average person. By that I do not mean bigoted attachment to a dogma. That, as a rule, is stifling. Ethics and ideals, however, need religion as their base.

This is particularly true with children, who are not abstract enough to be able to understand good for good's sake. Like primitive man, children endow inanimate objects with personalities. It is for this reason that we must make good and bad live as individuals for them.

Religious teaching seems to fall largely to the lot of a mother. The father at best is merely a fortuitous aid in the background. When we were little, and with my children, this teaching started very young with prayers and Bible stories.

I hated to go to bed. The last chance of delaying this inevitable and unpleasant sequel to the delightful day was my prayers. At their end I used to " God bless " the family individually. This was my opportunity. I could not add one cubit to the length of the Lord's Prayer, but I could add to those who received individual attention. Time and again, kneeling in my white " tommies," I added first the gardener and his family, then my cousins, then my boy friends, conscious all the while that Mother could not check me for this pious turn of mind. At last I ventured too far. Running short of people I turned in desperation to the dogs and chickens. Mother interfered and told me that prayers were not to be used to keep me out of bed.

My own children's early taste in Bible stories turned principally to the bloody passages in the Old Testament. David's fight with Goliath was one of their favorites, I suppose because they could put themselves in David's place and because he disobeyed the orders of his elders with most glorious results. In the New Testament, the miracles appealed to them. For a long while we had to touch but lightly on the Crucifixion, for it reduced them to tears.

When they were still quite young we began reading them the Bible. After finishing a chapter we would stop and ask if there were any questions. Otherwise very often we found that the child had either completely lost any idea of the meaning, or decided on some new and strange interpretation.

Two instances of this always stand out in my mind. One is a story of Father's youth. He had been taught the lovely old hymn that runs:

> Teach me to live that I may dread
> The grave as little as my bed.

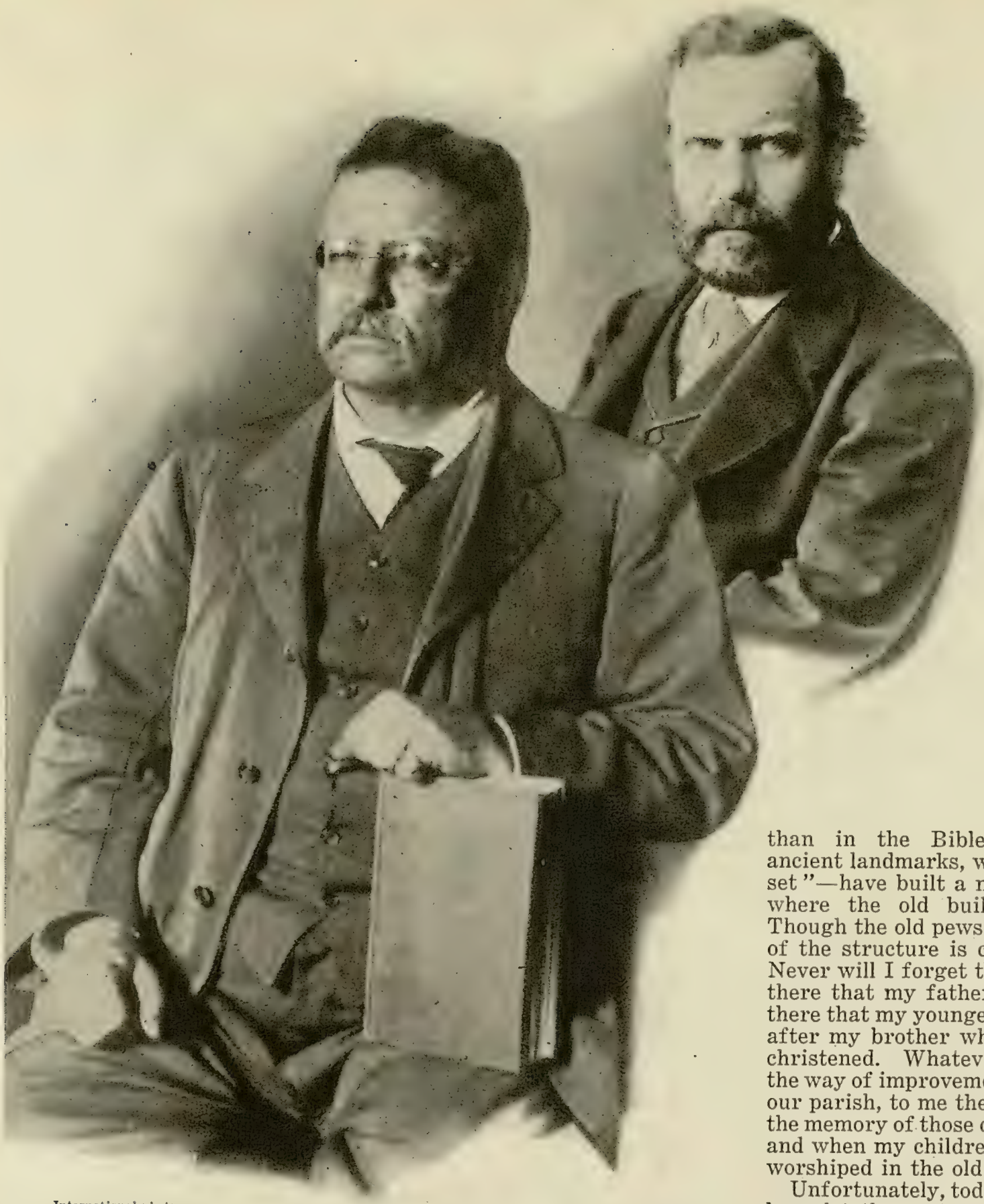
The meaning was never explained, and for years he thought it meant, " Teach me to live that I may dread the grave because it is as little as my bed." He knew how small his crib was, and did not want to be confined in anything of that size permanently.

The other was when as children we were reciting hymns to my mother. Archie had memorized a hymn by Watts on the Nativity. When he got to the third verse we heard him recite, not " Coarse and hard our Savior lay," but " Coughing hard our Savior lay." He did not know what " coarse " meant, but he had suffered from croup and coughing hard had a very vivid meaning to him.

Of course we went to church. I have been in many great cathedrals which " set tall towers against the dawn." But to me church always means the little chapel at Oyster Bay where we went as children, and my children in turn attended.

It was low, wood-built, and rather battered by wind and weather. Around it stood great trees shading some old gravestones, whose moss-grown, crumbling inscriptions dated back two hundred years when Oyster Bay was a frontier settlement. Often as a boy I have picked out laboriously the inscriptions and wondered what " Hepzibah, beloved wife of Jonas," looked like, and tried to picture the country where she lived, covered with forests filled with game and Indians—so different from the cheerful modern village.

Inside, the church was equally modest. Brown varnished beams spanned the nave, the pews were of the same wood. When the prayers were unusually long and the stools on which we knelt unusually hard, we children used to bite the backs of the pews, or scratch our names



International photo

Four generations of Theodore Roosevelts. Above are the twenty-sixth President of the United States and his father, whose namesake he was. On the page at the left are his son, the present Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, and the Colonel's son Teddy.

on the varnish. The stained-glass windows were on a scale with the rest of the building. They pictured little. Many times I have counted the colored panes when I should have been improving my mind by listening to the service.

The sermon, of course, is a difficult period for children. In it they can take no part, and therefore they like it least. I always put a handful of trinkets in my pocket, watch charms, old coins, etc., for judicious distribution to the youngest. My mother used to carry with her a small silver box from which she doled out bits of Maillard's chocolates, which if sucked carefully, not bitten, would last a long time.

In the summer at times we used to walk to church. That meant, of course, that the dogs came with us. Generally it was a hot day. The dust lay in pools on the dirt road. When we arrived in our white collars and serge suits the cool of the arched doorway was very grateful. Once in the cryptlike silence of the church we settled comfortably in the pews.

Not so the dogs. They were not allowed within the building. They knew this, but not that decorum should be observed even outside. It seems as if it were yesterday that I sat in moist patience listening to those dogs.

They lay on the mat at the church door. When a friend came they greeted him with enthusiastic flappings of their tails that sounded as if half a dozen bass drums were being beaten. If some village dog chanced to pass near by there would be a scramble and furious yelps as they drove him away.

ALAS! All is changed now. The parish, more versed in modern improvements than in the Bible—"Remove not the ancient landmarks, which thy fathers have set"—have built a new gray-stone church where the old building used to stand. Though the old pews are within it, the rest of the structure is cold, new, and formal. Never will I forget the old church. It was there that my father was buried. It was there that my youngest son Quentin, named after my brother who fell in France, was christened. Whatever time may bring in the way of improvements to Oyster Bay and our parish, to me there will always remain the memory of those days when I was young and when my children were young, and we worshiped in the old chapel.

Unfortunately, today there are many who have let the custom of church attendance with their children lapse. They are making a great mistake. Let me recommend it to them not only for the spiritual good it may do, but for the genuine enjoyment. There is a special type of pride that comes when you look down the length of the pew at your own brood, cropped heads alternating with curls—"Edwards and Dorothys, all their own." When the children are home I care for church much more than I do at other times.

Next to our church stood the modest parish house where Sunday school was held. When we were old enough we were encouraged by Father and Mother to teach. The classes were composed of six or eight. They were grouped as to age and sex. I fell heir to half a dozen little boys. In their Sunday best, on chairs much too large for them, they used to sit in a fidgety semicircle while I, who was not much older than they, led them through the hero tales of the Bible.

In these later days our children have had Sunday school at the house. We were away from Oyster Bay so much of the year that they drifted into it necessarily. The teacher was my daughter Gracie. When possible she gathered not only her own brothers but her cousins. The curriculum was more complicated than that of our youth.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

The class opened with a march to the music of a piano. Pictorial work was done.

At intervals my wife and I came as guests of honor to see some celebration. Once in Washington I was the audience at a Bible play. The children ranged in age from four years to the austere and ancient twelve of the teacher. The parts of the Biblical characters were taken by toys, the incident was Daniel's sojourn in the lions' den. Three chairs formed the den. Two lions were represented by a woolly teddy bear and a tiger. Daniel's part was taken by a gollywog. The first question to Teddy was, "What are in the den?" Without a moment's hesitation Teddy announced that the bear and tiger were lions. Next Quentin was asked as to the identity of the gollywog. In a surprisingly deep voice for his size—he was all of three feet high—he replied, "Adamaneve!"

There were shocked murmurs, and the next in line with conscious pride answered, "Daniel!"

The scene shifted to the Garden of Eden. A plant from the drawing-room table was the tree of knowledge. The teddy bear and tiger became just animals. A wooden snake appeared in the role of villain. The gollywog was Adam, and a doll dressed as a little girl impersonated the shameless undraped Eve.

Again Teddy led off, replying to the lead question that the place was the Garden of Eden. Again Quentin's turn came, and he was asked who were the people. He had learned his lesson. No one would catch him twice in the same way. "Daniel!" he announced in sepulchral tones.

The present Colonel Roosevelt in boyhood on his pony Grant.

Never be shocked at children's familiarity with God. It is the most natural thing in the world, and implies confidence. After all, it is far better to have them think of God as a kindly person than to be like

> John Calvin, whose peculiar fad
> It was to call God murderous.

Of course all ethical teaching should be translated into the terms of everyday life. Parents must try to make the child understand what decency means in actions. Children must be shown that to be good is not namby-pamby—far from it. It is one of the most exciting adventures there are.

For instance, "Ye shall not oppress one another" is but half, and the least important half, of the commandment. The other half is the positive—namely, stop others from oppressing the weak. That means for a child to stop the school bully when he is tormenting some little boy—an undertaking fraught with danger, as I have found out to my own cost.

I CAN remember the sinking in the pit of my stomach when Father explained to me that I must lick "Greenie," a boy who went to the public school with me in Washington, for throwing apples at my sister Ethel. I did my best, but weight and age were against me. The results were not all I could have wished for. No one, however, could have accused my attempt to practice virtue in this instance of being either namby-pamby or dull.

Once at an earlier age I had a more happy adventure in this pursuit of robust righteousness. Father had told me that I must resent any insults to my personal honor. When he got back to the house one evening he found me awaiting a court martial, charged with assault and battery on my smaller and younger brother, whom I had beaten over the head with a mechanical rabbit. When called on for an explanation I stated, "Kermit insulted me!"

We always try to do unto a child as we would be done by. That was Father's policy also. Indeed, he observed it so strictly that when we were young we sometimes took advantage of it. A confidence from a child was just as carefully kept by Father as a confidence from a President.

Once, when six and eight respectively, Kermit and I were going on an exploring trip. The territory to be traversed was the second and third stories of our house in the country. Like all good explorers we decided we should have caches of food for this dangerous expedition. With a good deal of difficulty we collected from the pantry and kitchen an assortment of supplies: a few prunes, some maple sugar and candy, a few cookies, and some crackers. The next step was to find a hiding place. After much debate we decided to put them under the pillow in the spare-room bed.

When we had done this we took counsel and decided that if we were found out there would be trouble—even Mother was not broad-minded enough to allow food to be kept in the spare-room bed. At once we went to Father and under promise of secrecy told him all about it. That put him on his honor. We finished our expedition and embarked on some other enterprise. The question of the cache slipped from our minds.

A guest came to stay. Our hoard was discovered. We were called to the bar of justice. When charged with the crime we made no denial, but shrilly protested that Father had known of it all along, thereby "averting the whip of calamity" from our heads and diverting it to him.

ANOTHER time at a somewhat older age I employed the same stratagem to advantage. George and Jack, my cousins, and I invented a new and very exciting game. We gathered at the turn of the main road where there were a cluster of apple trees and threw green apples at the vehicles that passed. It was more exciting than it would be today, for as it was before the days of automobiles we had as targets not only the occupants but the horses as well.

The afternoon passed with pleasing incident, altercations with wagon drivers and threats of pursuit. Finally a fly from the station hove in sight, bearing a single passenger. The old horse shambled along, kicking up puffs of dust. The even older driver encouraged him with clucks and an occasional flick of the frayed whip.

As one, we let fly. An apple hit the horse, which gave a startled leap. Another caught the passenger in the middle. A third knocked off his new straw hat. Without a word he leaped from the vehicle and ran toward us. Startled as we were, we knew our country far too well for any outlander to catch us. In a few minutes, from a clump of bushes on a neighboring hill, we were breathlessly watching him as he scrambed back into the trap, whose jehu had his horse under control again. They started down the road and, to my horror, turned into our entrance. By a circuitous route I hastily made my way home, only to confirm my fears—a guest, Colonel Andrews, had come to spend the night!

It was time for drastic action. I went to Father's dressing room and in confidence told him everything.

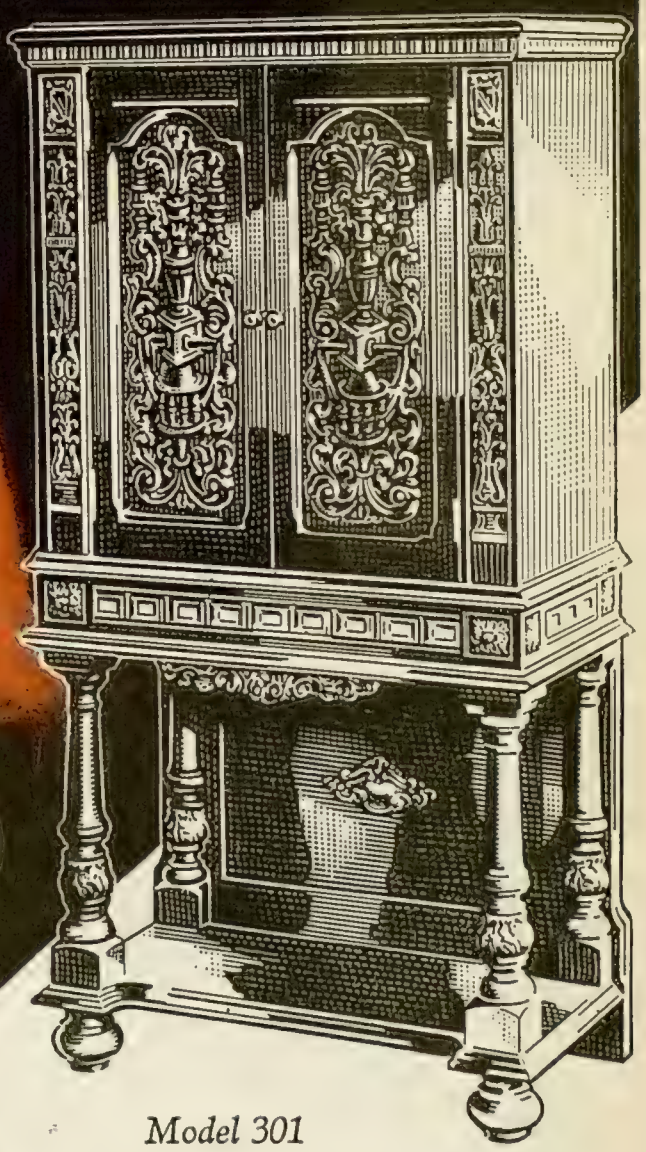
It was fortunate I did. When dinnertime came and we were all assembled at table, Colonel Andrews said, "You know, a very odd thing happened to me today. Some village urchins threw green apples at me just before I got to your entrance."

With one accord the eyes of the entire table turned toward me. Colonel Andrews gallantly protested that I could not be concerned, but it did no good. I stood convicted. At once I threw myself on the mercy of the court and called Father as witness for the defense.

All these incidents may seem very small and inconsequential. They formed for me, however, the code of ethics to which I have tried to hold in after life. I am sure that many men and women have played the game when difficult situations confronted them because of some half-forgotten happening of their childhood. The tragedy is that through laziness or indifference many parents have failed to give their children these memories.

Another "All in the Family" sketch by Colonel Roosevelt will appear in an early issue.

The Listening Test ...



Model 301

ANOTHER SPARTON TRIUMPH . . . "FACE-TO-FACE REALISM"

Only actual LISTENERS can know the marvel of it. Radio's Richest Voice takes on a new "something" that permits you to almost SEE your entertainers . . . to FEEL the thrill of their personality. At the Chicago Radio Show the new Sparton *EQUASONNE* instruments scored sensationally. They are easily this year's major radio development. Your Sparton dealer has them now. Call on him . . . experience the thrill for yourself.

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON COMPANY, *(Established 1900)* JACKSON, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.
Pioneers of Electric Radio without batteries of any kind (338)

The NEW SPARTON
EQUASONNE

Show Girl i

A New DIXIE D

By J. P. M

Pictures by

DIXIE DUGAN of Show Girl fame has arrived in Hollywood with a contract from Colossal. Posing as a newspaper woman, she interviewed Fritz Buelow, a celebrated director, and through him obtained a screen and sound test. Meanwhile Jimmy Doyle, her sweetheart author, also has been pursuing Buelow without success, and Dixie has added another admirer, Mickey O'Keefe, a song writer.

Part Four—On the Lot

(From the Hollywood Daily Screen World, July 4)

BROADWAY STAR ARRIVES FOR SINGING-DANCING ROLE—DIXIE DUGAN OF GET YOUR GIRL HIT SIGNED BY COLOSSAL

That the movies are continuing their raid on the legitimate stage is evidenced by the daily arrival in Hollywood of more Broadway singing and dancing favorites. The latest to come to the golden west in search of fame and fortune is Dixie Dugan, petite brunette star of Get Your Girl, a Broadway hit of last year. She has signed a five-year contract with Colossal, the first two years subject to options of three months to be exercised by the studio with generous salary increases. We hope Dixie will be given the right kind of opportunities, so that when her first three months have expired Colossal will find it to their best interests to retain her. It is said Miss Dugan is a protégée of Fritz Buelow, the directing genius, who discovered her in New York. He has found and made a number of our biggest stars, and Dixie can consider herself fortunate that she attracted his attention.

. . . . . .

SC448 17 DL NEW YORK NY 107P JULY 5
DIXIE DUGAN
CARE COLOSSAL FILM CORP
HOLLYWOOD CALIF
MET BUELOW TODAY A THOUSAND PARDONS FOR ACCUSING YOU OF TAKING SAME TRAIN TO COAST WITH HIM JIMMY

NA224 6 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 702P JULY 5
JAMES DOYLE
ALGONQUIN HOTEL
NEW YORK CITY NY
SEE YOUR THOUSAND RAISE YOU TEN DIXIE

SC439 3 NEW YORK NY 903A
DIXIE DUGAN JULY 6
CARE COLOSSAL FILM CORP
HOLLYWOOD CALIF
AM I FORGIVEN JIMMY

NB734 14 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 247P JULY 6
JAMES DOYLE
ALGONQUIN HOTEL
NEW YORK CITY NY
DO YOU THINK MY HEART IS A REVOLVING DOOR STOP GO LAY AN EGG DIXIE

SC558 19 NEW YORK NY DL 1045A JULY 7
DIXIE DUGAN
CARE COLOSSAL FILM CORP HOLLYWOOD CALIF
SO THATS THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT MIGHT HAVE KNOWN A LITTLE SUCCESS WOULD GO TO YOUR HEAD JIMMY

Hollywood, California.
July 7.

DEAREST JIMMY DARLING:
I don't mean a word of it. I don't want you to be mad at me. I'm so lonesome out here without you. I even read and re-read your wires just to

JIMMY DARLING:
I got your nasty wire and think it was pretty mean of you in view of the way you talked to me before I left when I

JIMMY:
What's the big idea anyway of us scrapping when

DEAR JIMMY:
Your wire received. Will say you certainly have a nerve to

DARLING LOVER:
I miss you so, I wish you were out here. I look at your picture and, God, darling, I love you so. Why are you so mean to

DEAR MR. DOYLE:
I think perhaps under the circumstances it would be better if we did not write to each other any more, because I feel there can never be complete trust and confidence between us after what you said to me in New York before I came out here with the first real oppor

Mickey took me all around the lot one day.

n Hollywood

UGAN Adventure

cEVOY

H. STRIEBEL

NA355 11 HOLLYWOOD
CALIF 19 430P JULY 8
JAMES DOYLE
ALGONQUIN HOTEL
NEW YORK CITY NY
YOU KNOW WHAT YOU
CAN DO STOP WITH SOUND AND EFFECTS
DIXIE

SD785 1 NEW YORK NY 10 1106A JULY 9
OKAY
JIMMY

NC448 1 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 9 533P JULY 9
JAMES DOYLE
ALGONQUIN HOTEL NEW YORK CITY NY
NET
DIXIE

Hollywood, California,
July 16.

DARLING NITA:

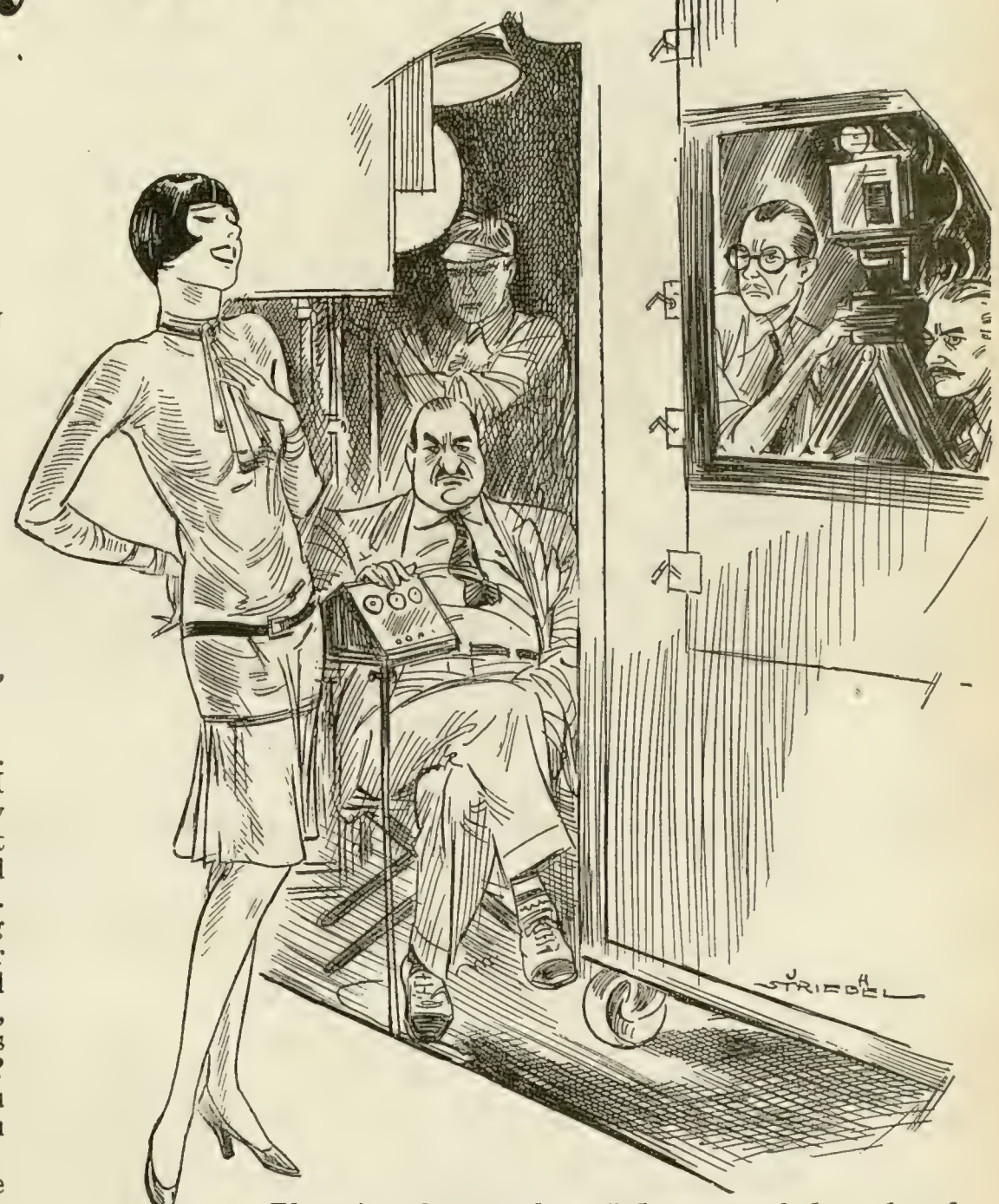
I'm in Hollywood. I have a movie contract. Tomorrow I start making faces at the camera. I will be what they call out here a lens louse. I know I should have written sooner and kept you posted, but I was going places, seeing people, doing things, and building character. I told you about Fritz Buelow. He's the director who got me my screen and talking test. He honestly thought I was one of those chatter sisters who write movie malaky for the mags, until I went into my routine, and then his eyes got this big, and he says, but you told me, and I says, that was just a rib to get to you, aren't you glad I made it? I'll tell you after I hear the playback, he says. You may be God's gift to the industry and then again you may be a pain in the neck.

And then I learned the playback is when they have recorded your voice in a scene, you can go into the next room and almost immediately they reproduce it through the loud-speaker just the way it will sound in the theater, so the director can tell whether you're piano or forte. First I did some silent versions. I laughed heartily at imaginary jokes, cried just bitterly enough not to mess the mascara because my lover had gone to war or had come back or something, and then I opened letters and looked surprised and walked in and out and around and sat down and looked out windows and crossed my legs and a lot of other dramatic things.

Then for the sound stuff I sang and danced and recited Mary Had a Little Lamb and screamed for help and pleaded for love and then Buelow told me I could go home. I asked him what he thought of it, and he said, lousy, but just the same they called me into the office a few days later and told me I had promise and they would give me a contract and would start me modestly at a hundred dollars a week for three months with an option to renew at the end of that time for three months more for twice that, if good, and with further options every three months for the first two years, and every six months for the next three, so that at the end of five years I would be making two thousand dollars a week.

I tried to see Buelow before I left to get in a couple of gloats, but he was out on location somewhere with the company shooting Sinning Lovers, but he called me up just before I left and told me he'd see me out in Hollywood soon. I hope so. He's an exciting devil, and, if he wanted to, he could push me along faster in this racket than I could ever go on foot or horseback.

Meanwhile, Jimmy is off me for seeing Buelow and getting a test. And did he burn when I showed him the contract? Said I would go to hell sure in Hollywood, and I told him not to be



Then for the sound stuff I sang and danced and recited Mary Had a Little Lamb.

putting ideas into my young head. After all, I says to him, there's nothing to stop you from coming out and going to hell with me. How would that be for a title, Hell Bent for Hollywood? Don't tell it, sell it.

I left him frothing, and he has been pelting me ever since I got out here with wires trying to make up. After what you said to me, I says to him, you can scram. So we left it that way. But just the same, Sis, whenever I think of him I get a toothache in my heart. Whatever it is he needs, he's got.

However, I've met some cute kids out here. One of the first to look me up and trot me around was my theme-song writer, Mickey O'Keefe. He's working for my outfit in a bungalow full of theme-song writers. It used to be the hospital. Mickey took me all around the lot one day—acres and acres of western towns and colonial mansions and streets in Venice and a dozen huge buildings they call stages. In some of them as many as two or three companies were working at once, each with a little orchestra to play music for them while they emote. An orchestra usually consists of a dog house—one of those big fiddles—a little fiddle and a groan box or organ. They play all day long and keep the actors' minds off their work, because if they had to think all day about the silly things they do they'd go nuts.

Over on my lot, the Colossal outfit, they have two big new sound stages where they shoot all the talkie stuff. Nobody can get near the place when they're working. They even have watchmen out with lanterns and red flags to stop trucks from going by. Sometimes funny things happen. The other day

[CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE FOLLOWING]

SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES

'Mid cries of "Speech! Speech!" . . . Julius Caesar rose and faced the folks

"Friends, Romans, and Country Boys," stuttered Julius, "you are here today . . . that is to say I-er-am pleased to be here, ah, er . . . "

The greatest Roman of them all was flopping. He who had faced a thousand foes was plainly scared stiff. The Program Committee was fervently wishing that they had put on the Trained Seal act after all . . .

And then Caesar's wavering hand struck something solid . . . a bottle. In desperation he lifted it to his lips and gurgled a refreshing gulp . . . then another . . . and another. The day was saved. Inspired eloquence poured forth from the throat of the mighty warrior.

And when he had accepted the plaudits of the multitude, Julius sought his orderly. "Boy," said he, "fetch me another laurel wreath, this one is a size too small."

* * *

And that, Dear Reader, is how the Gift of Eloquence came to the brave but bashful J. Caesar. When you're a little older you will read all about it in your history book.

"What was in the bottle?" Now, don't be foolish; why a zippy, sparkling bottled carbonated beverage of course . . . which reminds us to remind you to check your household stock of these delicious drinks.

Free! *Write today for a copy of this new recipe book. Frozen salads, delicious punches, dainty desserts. American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, 726 Bond Bldg., Washington, D.C.*

Bottled beverages *Carbonated*

AMERICAN BOTTLERS —OF— CARBONATED BEVERAGES

THERE'S A BOTTLER IN YOUR TOWN

[CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE PRECEDING]

Eric von Stroheim was working on one of the sound stages making one of the dialogue sequences with Gloria Swanson for her new picture, Queen Kelly.

The scene was in a jungle hut away off in Africa and Kelly's aunt was dying. Between gasps and coughs she was calling out for the priest. Gloria Swanson, who plays the part of Queen Kelly, was crying and explaining the nearest civilized post was a hundred miles away. They rehearsed the scene very carefully with dialogue a number of times, and then began to shoot. Just as they got going good an airplane came over the lot and a tremendously amplified voice from the clouds began to advertise Old Gold cigarettes. Of course the microphones on the set picked it all up and the playback sounded something like this:

Darling, it's terrible to die . . . away out here in the jungle . . .
HELLO EVERYBODY
Get me the priest . . . quick . . .
THIS IS OLD GOLD SPEAKING
Auntie dear, there isn't a soul within a hundred miles
NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD.

I HAVE to be all made up and on the set by 9 o'clock tomorrow morning. I'm getting a test for the part of Tessie who runs away from a reform school and winds up as hostess in a hook shop, but she has a heart of gold. It's practically the second lead part. Chiquita Tortilla; Buelow's Mex weakness, is going to play the lead for her next picture after she gets finished with Sinning Lovers. Gee, I hope I smack 'em.

Mickey says I've got a great chance if Chiquita doesn't have me knifed in the cutting room. He says if you're too good you stand a fair chance of finding all your best footage on the cutting-room floor. This is a familiar beau geste in Hollywood. I haven't been here very long, but I've learned a few things. One is, there isn't any more professional jealousy here than there is in the Lambs Club, New York, and if you come out here from the East and put your toe in the door the chances are you'll have to have your foot amputated.

When do you finish your buying spree over there for Waffleheimers? I wish you were here.

Have no one to tell my troubles to. Well, maybe better luck tomorrow. Kiss kiss

DIXIE.

P. S. One of the gags out here is a producer is a guy who was born with a silver snipe in his mouth.

. . . . .

New York, N. Y.
21st July.

Mr. Kirk King,
Scenario Department, Colossal Film Corporation,
Hollywood, California.

DEAR KIRK:

I finally got to your Buelow by the simple process of reversing the field and running the other way. I dug in and became exclusive. Wrote a signed story for one of the local papers saying the talkies were a menace and a bore, that none of the directors up till now knew what they were doing, and there was only one hope left and that was Fritz Buelow. If he couldn't put competent talking sequences in his new film, Sinning Lovers, they would have to go back to making their pictures beautiful and dumb. And a lot more out of the same bottle.

Well, it worked. Buelow's manager got in touch with me, Buelow took me to dinner and bared his artistic soul. When I told him I had never written for the movies and never would, he was interested. When I told him I had a number of offers from other companies, he was aroused. When I told him he was the only director I would ever consider allowing to touch my stuff, he was astounded at my intelligence. But when I sat for two hours entranced while he told me how tired he was of making commercial pictures and wanted to do something big and inspiring—yessing him at discreet intervals—he admitted I was the most interesting writer he had ever met. The rest of it was easy. I answered no letters, was out when he telephoned, had small items planted in the various gossip columns stating I was considering this offer and rejecting that. Finally, of course, I allowed him to talk me into signing a Colossal contract.

So now, Kirk, I'm coming into your brothel. The Broadway racket is all shot and I will be glad to leave the gyps fighting over the corpse.

Here's a clip from Variety which will give you an idea:

HEAT WAVE CURLS LONG RUN PIPS

Heat and Humidity, the old summer-run team, is in and pretty along the Rialto these days. A lot of palookas curled up quick with the first hot blast, and now the tried and true ones are turning their faces to the wall and picking feverishly at the coverlets. The North Atlantic is congested with Tyson's best customers doing a Lindy to Ciros, and even the Legion of the Condemned who storm Leblang's bargain basement at curtain time to pick cut rates off the quivering carcasses of old hits and new flops have fled to the Far Rockaways or the kosher heights of Sullivan County, leaving Broadway—it's toasted—to the refrigerated mercies of Roxy and Nedicks.

When I told him I had never written for the movies and never would, he was interested.

I don't know just when I start West, but will let you know. I wonder if you would do something for me. Remember Dixie Dugan I used to write to you about—the girl I was all het up over and who starred in my show? Well, she's out there in Hollywood with a contract from your outfit, and though we had a battle before she left, I'm still That Way. I wish you could kinda keep an eye on her for me until I get out there and can take the job over myself.

And remembah! You can look, but you mustn't touch.

JIMMY.

. . . . .

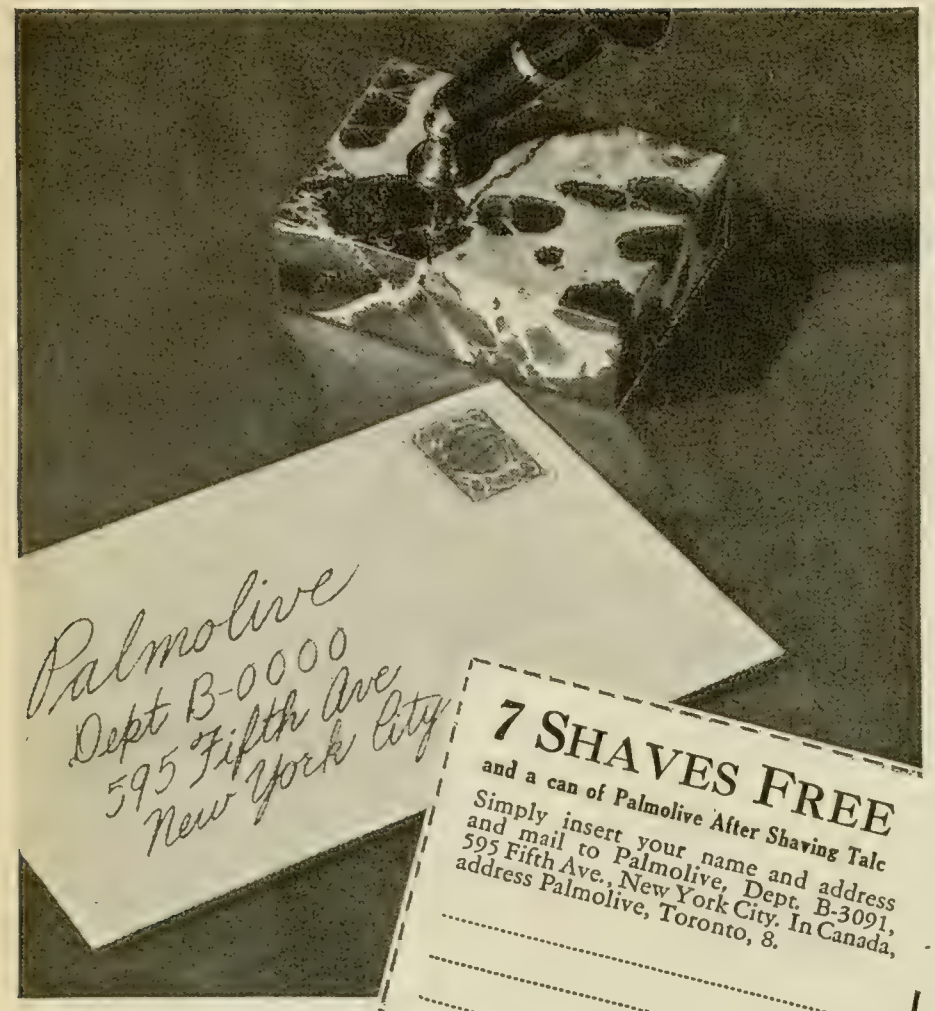
(From the Los Angeles Examiner, July 27)

Snapshots of Hollywood, collected at random: Mary Pickford, her most entertaining self, writing fake headlines for this columnist. . . . Renée Adoree in a blue ensemble and hat to match walking across the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. . . . Carl Laemmle, Sr., giving a few valuable hints on the philosophy of living. Carl Laemmle, Jr., listening to his dad. . . . Dixie Dugan, new Colossal acquisition, and Kirk King, producer on the Colossal lot, having lunch at the Montmartre.

DEAR DIXIE:

I called the Ambassador today and they said you had moved, so I'm hoping they will forward this. I can never find you on the lot and they don't seem to know where

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Detach and mail this coupon now

They knew what they wanted

1000 men wrote the specifications—130 formulas were tried to meet these requirements. Now try the result for a week at our expense.

GENTLEMEN: Men revolted at the shortcomings of old-fashioned shaving methods. So we set out to achieve the ultimate. We asked 1000 typical citizens their ideals in a shaving preparation. *They* wrote our specifications.

Our method of introducing it has been unique. We do not ask you to buy. Rather we say "Wait! Try it first and see if you like it."

86% of men, we find, who try Palmolive Shaving Cream are suited so they never return to former methods. Now to you we say: *Let us send a week's free test to prove, on your own face, the satisfaction we have given millions.* Just mail the coupon. We think that we will win you.

5 outstanding features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

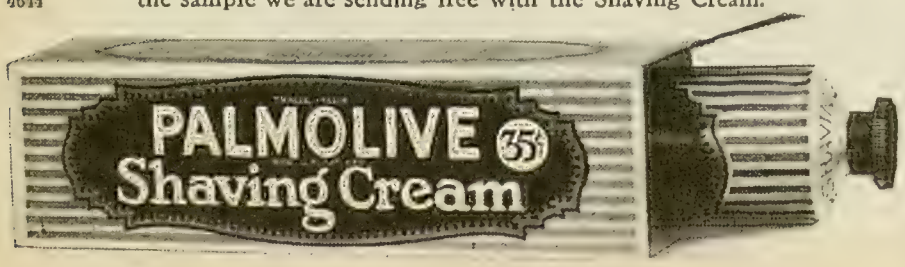
Now mail the coupon, please

Even though you are suited with your present method, *try* ours, please. We take the risk—not you. Just mail the coupon.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 37 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Try the sample we are sending free with the Shaving Cream.

4611



[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD Continued from page forty-three]

you live. I suppose you forgot you had a luncheon engagement with me yesterday? I was terribly disappointed. When can I see you again? I was thinking about you last night and I did a peach of a lyric. The idea of the chorus is: Put me in your heart, take me in your arms —not bad, what? I'll sing the whole thing for you when I see you. MICKEY.

(From the Los Angeles Examiner, July 28)

. . . Lupe Velez turning handsprings on Hollywood Boulevard. . . . Lila Lee practicing vowel sounds for the talkies. . . . Dixie Dugan and Kirk King coming out of the Carthay Circle Theater together. . . .

(From the Los Angeles Examiner, July 29)

. . . Dixie Dugan and Kirk King sharing a Hamburger de Luxe at the Brown Derby. . . .

DEAR DIXIE:

I don't want you to think I'm a knocker, but it's only because I'm crazy about you I want to warn you not to believe everything this Kirk King tells you. He's been out here a long time and he's a smooth article—as a lot of girls out here who believed his promises could tell you—but of course you'll think I'm just jealous, and won't listen to me. You stood me up again last night. Is that fair? You treat me like I was a rag doll. I'll make a song out of that some day. It's a good title—Rag Doll. Please have dinner with me tomorrow night. I'll call you at 5—the studio finally gave me your telephone number. Why didn't you tell me you had taken an apartment on La Brea? MICKEY.

. . . . . .

(From the Los Angeles Examiner, July 31)

. . . Dixie Dugan and Kirk King eating bacon and eggs at Henry's at three o'clock in the morning. . . .

(From Variety, week of August 1)

FROM N.Y. TO L.A.
Fritz Buelow
Chiquita Tortilla
Jacques Goldfarb
James Doyle

More of this in next week's Liberty—more than you expect. With Jimmy headed for Hollywood you might think there would be complications. There are.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of Rhode Island; South Carolina; South Dakota?
2—What is the Maelstrom?
3—What is a jingoist?
4—Who were the legendary founders of Rome?
5—Who were called the Big Four of the peace conference which followed the World War?
6—In what novel does Dolly Varden appear?
7—Is Greece east or west of Turkey?
8—What is nostalgia?
9—What is the aurora australis?
10—What god in Roman mythology corresponds to the Greek Zeus?
11—Who recently was appointed Prime Minister of Great Britain?
12—In what constellation is the Big Dipper?
13—What is sabotage?
14—What is called the Land of the Midnight Sun?
15—Between whom was the Battle of Marathon fought?
16—What once were known as love apples?
17—What is the complement of a druggist's mortar?
18—In what country did the Boxer uprising occur in 1900?
19—Who was the author of the best-known diary in the English language?
20—What is the Galaxy?

(Answers will be found on page seventy-one)

Office Etiquette

What Business Expects of the Girl on the Payroll

By
HELEN HATHAWAY

an authority on the etiquette of today who has written a book, American Manners, and contributed to leading magazines. She has lectured on her subject at business schools and others.

Pictures by
R. G. JONES

TRY to cultivate a pleasant telephone voice. Don't let it be heard all over the office.

JUST as one does not go to the subway station to learn good manners in the social world, but goes to Park Avenue and Lake Shore Drive or to cultural university centers, so, to learn of business etiquette in its highest, finest aspects, I sought out the most successful organizations in New York—offices where rudeness and discourtesy jar as they would jar in Buckingham Palace and, perhaps, with more serious results.

Let us step inside one of these offices. It is housed in a many-million-dollar building which the American business man has thrown to the sky. As you push through the heavy revolving doors the vista and pillars inside are suggestive of the Congressional Library or the Milan Cathedral. An elevator starter, rigid and faultlessly uniformed, motions you toward a cage. Step lively if you would enter or you'll get your tail feathers caught. Speed and efficiency is his motto. You gasp out your floor number as you shoot upward one hundred, two hundred feet with the speed of a projectile from a cannon.

If perchance you make an error, the elevator boy does not swear. He says, "Pardon me, madam!" and if his cage is not full he will carry you back to the right floor.

You emerge on the eighteenth or thirty-fifth story into what is called not a lobby but a reception room. It is deep-carpeted and richly furnished by a specialist in office decoration. Its walls are frescoed, its lighting soft, its colors harmonious. Everything bespeaks an atmosphere of refinement to which those who work there have grown accustomed—but the newcomer cannot fail to be impressed.

As for me, I found myself wishing that I had had time to powder my nose. I was not in Mrs. Vanderbilt's drawing-room, I was in an American office; yet the standards of deportment (of their kind) seemed almost as exacting. Was my costume suitably businesslike? Why hadn't I worn my new hat? Were my gloves immaculate? Unconsciously I found myself drawing on all my reserve of courtesy to meet the attractive, soft-voiced girl who smiled up at me and said, "Yes? What may I do for you, madam?"

She was hostess in this business drawing-room. A strategic position, hers, since she gave the initial impression of the people who worked in this place. I was not conscious of just how she was dressed, but I was aware the result was pleasing and I suppressed a burning desire to ask who her hairdresser was. But undoubtedly it was her manner that qualified her for the job.

And what sort of people do work here? Especially, what sort of women? Genteel ladies forced into business? But they don't call them that any more. They are all American business women—a sweeping, far-reaching term that in its wide ramifications includes the brain and charm of the world. College women, society girls weary of leisure, married women with families, other women so efficient in their lines that no one stops to question whether they are married or not—these and dozens of other girls, file clerks, typists, stenographers, who must be good or they would not be here, are all part of the force of this office. For no woman is ashamed to work today.

IT is the entrance into the working world of women of this caliber which has changed the standards of business, originally a man-made régime, until everyone, men and women, has come to realize that courtesy and efficiency go hand in hand.

"What standard of manners do you demand of the employees of your organization?" I asked the man at the head of this firm. "Or, rather, what is good etiquette in a business office?"

He answered my question by asking another: "What's good etiquette in the social world?"

"Anything that makes social contacts pleasanter," I promptly replied.

"Exactly," he flashed back at me. "The same thing goes in an office: anything that makes business contacts pleasanter. Drawing-room etiquette and business etiquette have this one fundamental in common. The

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[OFFICE ETIQUETTE
Continued from page forty-five]

guiding principle of both is consideration of others.

"But there is this essential difference: people meet in the business world to work; they meet in the social world to play. Time in business must be conserved. This eliminates certain formalities essential in the drawing-room but ridiculous in the office. Here we ask only courtesy to our customers and among ourselves. We don't want Chesterfieldian manners; they are too obvious. They would be merely hindrances to the transaction of important matters."

"For instance?" I begged him. "Just what do you mean?"

"Well, this. A business woman should not expect drawing-room courtesies from men. Why should a man rise from his office desk when a woman worker enters the room? Offer her the preferable chair? Ask her permission to smoke? In his own home he would do all that, but it is out of harmony with the spirit of an office, which is, primarily, a place to work. If she is an unusual visitor or one of the heads of the firm, their meeting may demand it, but no man can be bowing and scraping to each girl worker who enters his door. A clever business woman will remember that business is a man-made régime. When she enters it she will expect only that type of courtesy which one high-grade business man accords to another.

"Hence, at least I can tell you what a courteous office is not. First of all, it is not a drawing-room."

"And what else is it not?" I asked him.

"Just as emphatically it is not a matrimonial bureau. Too many women enter business with one idea their guiding star—to meet men. Every man is a potential husband in their eyes. From a biological standpoint this may be normal enough, but from a business standpoint it is fatal. If a woman's desire to charm the men is keener than her desire to work, it is bound to react in her attitude and spread an influence we do not like. And don't think the men are blind to it. What man, in a pause of dictation, fails to recognize in the eyes of his stenographer that look of the eternal feminine: 'Does he really think me attractive? Will he invite me to lunch?'

"If his letters are important, it's distracting. And if he doesn't choose to be her social prey, he's apt to tell her so—not in so many words, but in a note tucked inside her weekly pay envelope. She may continue her man hunt elsewhere. We have no time for it.

"Please do not misunderstand me. Certain marriages made through business contacts are among the happiest I know. But the young woman should use—shall we call it finesse? She should not make her intentions too obvious.

She looked like something left by mistake by the interior decorator.

"THIRD, a business office is not a boudoir. Frankly, it annoys me to see a girl at her desk pull out her vanity case, study her reflection in the mirror, bring her complexion up to date, comb her hair, apply her lip stick, shape her mouth to a Cupid's bow, and then commence on her eyebrows. Maybe women can tolerate this, but to a man it's disgusting. What if men kept their shaving equipment in their desks and with the first faint shadow of whiskers began lathering their faces? It's no more undignified.

"Fourth, a business office is not a fashion parade. Good clothes, pretty dresses, yes—but not the kind that hit you between the eyes. When a girl thinks more of what she is wearing than of how she does her work, unconsciously it annoys the man who is paying her for her time. I've spared neither time nor money to make this office an attractive place and I like our girls to be well dressed, to fit into the landscape, as it were. But when I want a peacock I'll buy one.

"Once we had a young file clerk who loved green sweaters and dangling things. They clanked on her neck as she went by and caught on the chairs and door knobs. Her hair was always wild and she had a passion for rainbow hues. She looked like something left by mistake by the interior decorator. Please notice I said we *had* her here. She didn't stay long.

"Fifth, an office is not a place to air one's small talk and clever repartee. Girls who chatter incessantly leave by request."

SO much for office etiquette as prescribed by the big business man. What of the type of manners the woman employer demands? For she, more often than the man, is the dictator of office conduct, is exacting, hard to please. If the thing we call business manners can satisfy the demands of an efficient woman manager, it will please anywhere.

Hence I picked my business women with care—with an eye to interviewing not the average but the superior ones, business women par excellence, the ones at the top of the ladder. Each one whom I interviewed had arrived, was leading in her line of work.

One was personnel manager of the largest corporation in the world. Another was known as the "office mother" of a great insurance company. A third was an executive in a Fifth Avenue department store. A fourth was assistant to the acting president of a New York bank. Another was editor of a national magazine.

How shall I describe these women? Any fashionable society hostess would be fortunate to secure any one of them as her guest at an exacting dinner party. Charm, good looks, ease of manner, mental alertness, poise—all this would be contributed by each one to any function she graced. And all of them, I observed, were beautifully dressed, in faultless taste.

"Here," I explained to each of these women, "are some of the questions I am most frequently asked by ambitious girls in business. What are the proper answers?" They gave them as follows:

Q.—First, as to this burning matter: should women smoke in an office? Hotels and railroad companies have argued this question; what is your decision?

A.—No, emphatically no! Unconsciously it lowers the morale of an office. Women's smoking in public has become an accepted fact. In cosmopolitan circles it is no longer censured. But in an office it becomes a different problem. In the first place, it would retard work. What if every worker, following her whim, pushed back from her desk, left her typing or filing or whatever is her job, to light a cigarette? How much time would be lost?

And smoking is a dirty habit. Ashes and ash trays everywhere! With the man it is different. He has generations of precedent behind him. But from our girls we ask something else, and high-class offices do not permit it.

Q.—About introductions; do the same rules hold in an office that are accepted in the social world? Is the man still presented to the woman? For instance, the social rule is, "Miss Lady, may I present Mr. Man?" or simply, "Miss Lady, Mr. Man." But what if Miss Lady is the new little file clerk and Mr. Man is the boss of the firm? Must one reverse the honors and say, "Mr. Boss, Miss File Clerk?"

A.—No; in making introductions the same rules of courtesy to the lady hold in the office as in the drawing-room. We assume that every girl here is a lady in the finest sense of the word. One would still say, "Miss File Clerk, Mr. Boss," and if the boss is big enough he will

not resent the slight deference paid her. In fact, he will prefer it.

Q.—If a girl is seated at her office desk and her employer comes over to speak to her, should she rise in deference to him? She would not rise in the drawing-room.

A.—Nor should she here, and if her employer is a gentleman he will not expect it.

Q.—When you are entering someone else's office, should you knock at the door?

A.—This, like many rules of good manners, depends upon circumstance. If you are announced and are expected, it is not necessary. If you are secretary to the man whose office you are entering, and are accustomed to come and go without any great formality, you need not knock. But if someone else is already there or a conference is in progress, certainly it is courteous to knock, just as you would not enter the private room of anyone without some audible announcement. Some men guard their privacy more carefully than others. It depends on the man behind the door and his position in the firm. Know your employer's preference and guide your conduct by it. The best advice is, when in doubt, knock. Remember, a rude interruption is annoying to any business man; the busier he is, the more it annoys him. If you must interrupt, try to do it as graciously as possible with the same consideration you would show in a private conversation in the drawing-room.

Q.—When you are in conference with someone at your desk and the telephone rings, should you excuse yourself to answer it?

A.—Yes. This is a small courtesy but a necessary one. After all, it is an interruption and demands a brief word of apology.

Q.—Should men take off their hats in an elevator when a woman enters?

A.—In business elevators it is not usual nor is it necessary. The elevator may be so crowded it is difficult for the man to raise his arms. In a hotel or apartment house, however, it is required by courtesy.

AND now for a few office Do's and Don't's which these women suggested to me—these women who set standards of office behavior just as a fashionable beauty in Paris or on the Riviera sets standards of dress by her costume; just as a society hostess sets standards of table manners by the service of her dining room. But with this essential difference: styles in dress may be purely arbitrary, the result of a notion, a whim; while business etiquette must always be guided by courtesy and consideration of others.

First, they said, be on time for work in the morning and don't take privileges. Your associates will not want to make up for your deficiencies. Incidentally, it is risking your job to be tardy, slow, or to be any sort of an office slacker.

Second, don't hold office wires for personal telephone conversations. Such conversations are annoying to those with whom you work and the telephone is there for business. You may be using a valuable wire. Personal telephone calls should be limited to making or breaking engagements and should be as few and as brief as possible.

TELEPHONE etiquette in business is an important item and involves a number of essential things. When a telephone call is made through an operator or secretary, the person who desires the conversation should be ready to talk the moment the one called is on the wire. One of the great exasperations of business life is to be called to the telephone and then told to hold the wire while the person who desires to talk to you gets ready to come to the telephone. Countless sales, contracts, positions, opportunities, and friends have been lost in this way. If you are not on the wire before the person you are calling is ready to answer, at least be there when he does answer.

Try to cultivate a pleasant telephone voice. Don't let it be heard all over the office. Few things are more annoying than this. Remember, half the business of the world is conducted by telephone. A customer can be antagonized by a harsh, unpleasant voice just as he can be intrigued by a soft, delightful, well modulated one. Many men will not give a girl a job until they have heard her voice on the telephone. They are asking employment agencies for girls with "telephone personality."

What is telephone personality? It includes, in detail, these two things: the impression you give the person at the other end of the wire, and that which you give the group in the office who must listen to your conversation whether they choose to or not. The less they hear of it, the better they will like it.

A pleasant speaking voice is an asset in every walk of life. The tone in which a phrase is uttered may change its very meaning. A pleasant voice should be cultivated. Every employer stresses this need. The roar of the city is harsh enough; don't let your voice contribute to it.

Attend to your own work; don't interfere with that of others or give any unwanted suggestions. If the exigencies of the occasion demand such suggestions, as from a superior to a subordinate, temper your advice with a pleasant manner, with courtesy and kindness. Let the one to whom you are making them feel they are only suggestions—not reprimands or curt orders. Perhaps this, after all, is the supreme point in business etiquette—courtesy in all contacts you make. Treat everyone who works for you and with you as you would have your superiors and associates treat you. Don't reserve your manners for your friends. Give them an airing in the office and half the bugaboos of drab routine will vanish like thin smoke in the air.

THE END

Rexall

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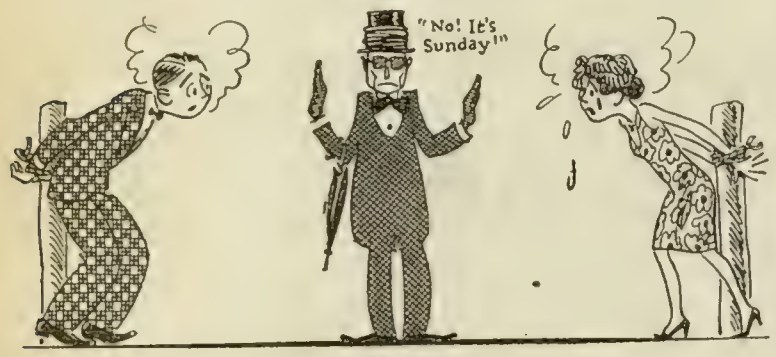
Vox

"Sabbath Day"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Looking back through history we realize what a tough struggle Mr. Average Man has had to win the personal liberty—incomplete though it is—that he now enjoys. Too many clans and cliques and lawmakers and classes are eager to regulate every move of his daily life—the way he thinks, dresses, drinks, eats, worships, and spends his Sundays.



I was reminded by your editorial, "Sabbath Day," that self-styled reformers are still busy meddling in things that they ought to keep out of. The battle for personal freedom must still go on. There's hardly anything that the blue law makers would not like to forbid. I'm now waiting for a law to be proposed that would make it illegal for a man to kiss his girl on Sunday.—*Alex.*

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.—I have read your editorial, "Sabbath Day."

I wish to say that your statements concerning the attitude of those you term Sabbatarians are false in their entirety. Christians do not differentiate between the Ten Commandments and any interpretation of them by Jesus Christ. He interpreted the Ten Commandments by obeying them literally. He recognized the necessities of life as any Christian does.

The Christian recognizes the Ten Commandments to be what they are: the fundamental laws of life. In other words, they are the laws of motion stated in terms of living. They are complete. No necessary things are left out and no unnecessary things are included. To the Christian the idea of "liberalizing" these laws is as preposterous as attempting to alter the course of the sun.

The Christian recognizes that these laws were made for man—not by man—and man cannot escape from them.—*S. B. Abbott.*

SPRINGFIELD, MO.—Your editorial, "Sabbath Day," was timely. Permit me to say a word also.

When a small town closes its theaters on Sunday, what happens? Do they think they can, ipso facto, stop human nature by closing up theaters, etc.?

No, they can't! The young folks will then take to the autos, and the traveling men in the town for the week-end (caught there on business, because no traveling man in his right mind would be caught dead in such a narrow-minded town) will take the town girls out for auto rides.

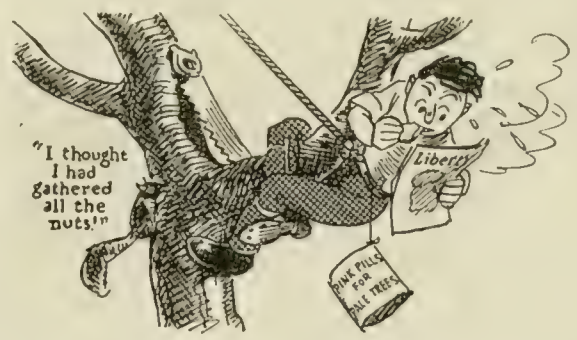
The question is, "Where would you rather have your young daughter—out in a coupé with a town sheik or traveling man, or in the safety of an American crowd, even though it be in a theater?—*George E. Boynton, Traveling Man.*

She's So Sorry

GREENVILLE, S. C.—Have read your magazine in nineteen different states, but never came so close to losing my life over a short story in all my life as I did today.

I was near the top of a tree, doing some tree surgery, when noon hour came. Instead of lowering myself for lunch, I had it sent up to me. Between bites I read Viña Delmar's story, "Tough Luck."

The last paragraph so completely upset me that, if it hadn't been for my



taut-line rope, I would have fallen to a LIBERTY death. If Viña has more stories to write, please insert a warning to the effect that all unbalanced men should "hold everything."—*K. C. Myers.*

Civic Pride Note

AKRON, OHIO—I have been reading the detective articles in LIBERTY written by one Michael Fiaschetti.

It is to laugh when this man tries to tell the world that he is the one who corralled the Borgio gang of murderers that went on a police-killing spree in Akron some time ago.

When it came to corralling them, Eddie McDonald with Harry Welsh pulled the trick. This is what I wanted to call to your attention.

Fiaschetti may be kidding the world about this, but here in Akron he is all wet. True, he was given a medal by a few local men, and I was asked to kick in on it, but declined.—*W. Ed. McCue.*

Happy to Oblige

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I am inclosing a little paragraph which I hope you will print in a future issue of LIBERTY:

"Well," said the groom as he got married, "Liberty is nothing but a good magazine now."—*Raymond Hargrave.*

The Wages of Gin

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—When I read Vox Pop letters about prohibition I wonder if there are any honest people in this world.

I graduated from high school at seventeen—that was in 1919. I got a job in an office at fifty dollars per month. Just think—twelve years of schooling and only get fifty dollars per month! In two years I was getting sixty-five per month. My clothes were poor and I ate in the cheapest restaurants.

So when a pool hall friend of mine offered me five dollars to help him deliver some stuff, my heart jumped with joy. Gee! Just think—an extra five. The first extra five I had had since my dad died.

A month later I quit my job in the office for the racket.

In the next six and a half years I cooked about 30,000 gallons, and transported about 100,000 gallons of booze—all for dry America. I was hijacked about twelve times in all, and it's no joke to have some novice sticking you in the ribs with a gun. He may get nervous and shoot. I myself never carried a gun. I paid a little over fifteen months behind the bars to society—society that I had given what it wanted. And last, but not least, I saved $10,000 and got married.

Now it is almost a year since I bought a farm—a little love nest all our own. And in the city the lad who got my job is still working for twenty dollars per week.

Do you think it was worth it?

As long as coppers are crooked, as long as dry senators with wet ideas receive damp money, so long will America be as is. As long as corn sugar is sold to the public, to make either booze or corn syrup—and nobody cares to make corn syrup—so long will America be as is.—*A Retired Bootlegger at Twenty-six.*

Pop

Thanks. But We Can't

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Why not solve your "he-man's problem" of where to put your index by using the lower left-hand corner of the front cover for the index?

The cover designs would, of course, have to conform to it, just as they do at present to the space required for the name LIBERTY. It would, however, be where your impatient readers, who cannot wait for a single moment to begin their pet departments, would see it at once. They could not escape seeing it unless they read their magazine backwards, which I suppose you, being an editor, are pessimistic enough, at times, to believe not only possible, but probable.

Your humorous editorial wail made me think of the famous story told of Senator Hoar of Massachusetts (which probably you have heard) who said, when a member of his family was very ill: "I am relieved to hear that the trouble is with his table of contents, and not his appendix."—*Lucy Throop.*

A number of correspondents have suggested this. We cannot do it because, for mechanical reasons, the printing of the cover must be started four weeks before the make-up of the inside pages is completed. And we cannot foresee, that far in advance, exactly where everything is going to be.

They're Still Here

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Use your own judgment and put the index any old place where there is room to squeeze it in. But, whatever you do, never leave out the Vox Pop pages.—*R. M. K.*

Oh Well, If You Think So

TRENTON, N. J.—Have just finished reading your editorial in the issue of June 15, about your table of contents. The heading itself is a misnomer. It should have been "Much Ado About Nothing."—*C. L. Broughton.*

Are You Being Sarcastic?

CHICAGO, ILL.—People have a notion that artists are a little queer, and that story by Inez Sabastian, "Puzzles," will

convince 'em that artists are completely what the cross word puzzlers call "the fruit of a tree."

Of course, there are a great many painters just as temperamental as the Kirby Laird of Miss Sabastian's clever tale. But, on the other hand, you'll find a lot of paint-slingers who're just as hard-headed as business men.

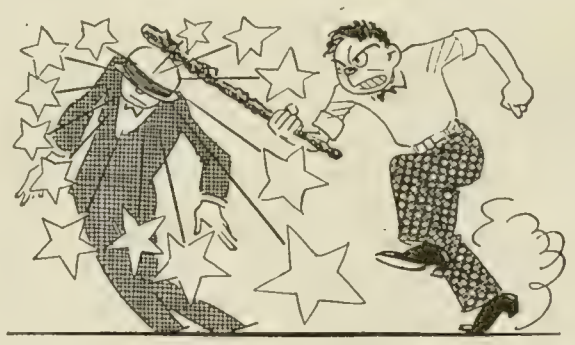
Tell Miss Sabastian to give us a story, now, about a modernistic, expressionistic painter—the kind that's popularly supposed to tie a brush, with paint on it, to a cow's tail, back her up against a blank canvas, let her slap at flies, and at the canvas, and call the result Old Lady Polishing Her Nails.

What a lot of fun Inez Sabastian could have with a painter like that!—*A Commercial Artist.*

Plan for Improving Mr. Green's Conk

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Just what species of narrow-backed A. P. A. is this Bert Green who writes "Love Letters of an Interior Decorator"? Is it because of bitterness that his name is synonymous with that of the national color of Ireland that he is always belittling the Irish people?

Who is he to ridicule a race whose history is replete with the glorious



achievements of such noble houses as O'Neil, O'Sullivan, MacCarthy, O'Donnell—to mention but a few?

The Irish have their faults, but so have all other races. His continual slurs in his articles and pictures make me get my Irish up. Believe you me, I'd like to bounce a shillalah on this Green person's conk.

Then, maybe (?) he'd get some sense knocked into it and lay off a proud people. —*Irate Gael.*

Sometimes They Like Us

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Two minutes ago I finished reading John Galsworthy's "Soames and the 'Flag,'" and the impressions that it has left are so real, so vivid, that I hasten to congratulate you upon publishing the finest condensed war story it has been my privilege to read.—*W. F. Burnside.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—That article by Richard Carroll, "The Flying Governor," was a fine picture, by a fine writer, of a fine man. I wish there were more like Trumbull—then young men would have more models to imitate.—*Pat.*

Let That Be a Warning

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Thank God for Floyd Gibbons! I used to send my laundry to a villainous, slinking Chinaman. Until lately I did not realize my peril. Then I read Mr. Gibbons' serial, "The Red Napoleon," and the whole truth of the thing came upon me.

I went right over to that Chinaman's and entered through the back door. As I brushed the fumes of opium out of my way, what do you think I saw? I found that devilish yellow man actually *wringing* my poor shirt, with murderous intentions.—*W. Davey.*

Should We Have Edited This?

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—If only Viña Delmar's work didn't appear in it, I'd never waste another nickel on LIBERTY. No, damn it all, I mean it. The occasion of this wail is your printing of Robert Horwith's letter in the incorrect grammar and spelling.

Since he is obviously a foreigner, it would have been only decent courtesy to edit the letter into good English, so that it would appear as he meant it to. But no—you have to create the impression that only the illiterate object to Floyd Gibbons' boring red-blooded twaddle, and so you resort to this cheap and nasty editorial hocus-pocus. Yes ma'am, I'm ashamed of you. Or, rather, I wish wearily that you knew how to be ashamed of yourself.

If there is a war with Russia during the next thirty years, this childish 100 per cent American Bolshevik-baiting will be responsible, and solely responsible. But that is probably what you and other blood-starved gentry really want. If you could get it through your skulls that more civilians than soldiers will be killed in the next war, would you bang the drum and flap the flag a little less, I wonder? I doubt it. Oh, well, well—run along and ease your middle-aged blood lust in your own way. After all, I *can* read Mrs. Delmar's novel without looking at the rest of the penny dreadful.—*Edgar Wood Pangborn.*

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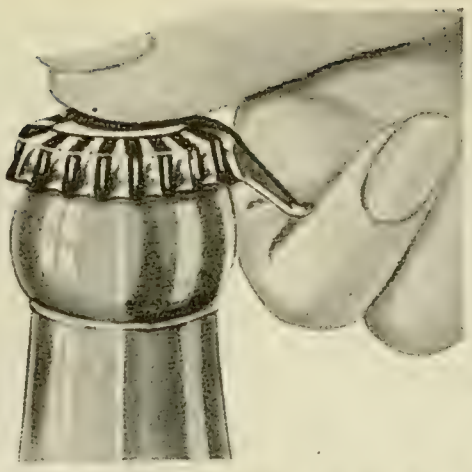

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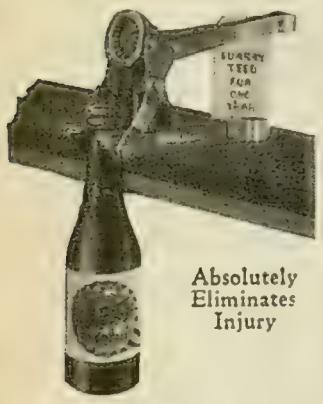

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REMEMBER—THE $500 PRIZE CONTEST CLOSES JULY 15

"Oh, Don't Be Silly"

A New For the Love o' Lil

THE soft top sand tobogganed down the dunes and slid past pink pebbles and shells. In undulating, miniature hills it slowly spread an alabaster layer over the ash-gray driftwood, coconut shells, dried spider-web patterns of seaweed—and perhaps a deep-sunk keg of pirate gold. The wind tickled the tips of the dune grass so the butterflies could play. And every little sandpiper picked a peck of peppy sand fleas!

Down the beach, a mile as the gull flies, Lil and Sandy strolled on that immaculate stretch which was the season's special pride of the swanky Breakers Inn. The white soup-plate curve of the shore, bitten out by a gluttonous leviathan, was dotted with rich vacationists in jazzy bathing suits. Only an Alps mountainside in summer could vie with that riot of color. Fat women under striped umbrellas complained about the hotel canned peas, slamming shutters, and sun glare.

This week's cover picture.

"Tell me where to walk, dear," Lil was saying. "I don't want to get sand over my shoe tops. Is my neck very red?" The fashionable sun-back of her suit displayed a sore, burned area resembling a strip of bacon.

"If any more of you showed," Sandy told her, "you'd be sick. I read an article once about that. Short, sleeveless, low-neck clothes might mean your death." He read an article on something once a month, always hoping he'd have a chance to air his information.

There were no shells on the Breakers Inn beach. Just sand, smooth as an iced cake. Even sandpipers kept away. They were timid about flying over the social barrier.

"I'm thankful your vacation came when it did," Lil said. She pressed back the hot tabs of her new green cap, hoping her ear lobes would get tanned. "You were worn out, pale and peevish."

"Worn out?" Sandy asked. "Five-day week. Conference Tuesday. Golf Wednesday. I won't get a breakdown. I took a vacation to give you a rest from the housekeeping and ordering breakfast, lunch, and dinner."

"A new day would dawn for woman," she said dramatically, just as though she were talking into the microphone at the Housewife's Hour, "if all husbands had that idea." She threw him a coy kiss.

Sandy didn't catch it. He was turning a queer, lopsided pin wheel at the moment which he thought was simply grand! Then he tried his athletic prowess on a froggy handspring, and received a free mouthful of sand. Since coming to the inn, that was the first thing he'd put in his mouth without charge—except his toothbrush!

"I bought eight hanks to make a porch mat," Lil said. "I thought I'd put it in front of the swing hammock where your heels always scrape. That rich Mrs. Whitehog's promised to teach me."

"How does she spell her name?" Sandy asked, wondering if a hank had anything to do with a handkerchief.

"The same as pork, dear, but she calls it Hooooog."

Blue sky. Gurgle of waves as they slid back from their curling foam line. Slap of canvas as a sloop came about just offshore. Lil did a fancy dance. She didn't see Sandy squat to splash her with ice water.

"Oh, don't be silly," she told him, intuition telling her that he'd *soak* her from head to toe until she actually screamed for mercy!

(Next week's cover adventure: Pirates)

Nude Stockings

Pictures by
RAYMOND SISLEY

The Story of a Beauty's Last Mistake

By

MARK LEE LUTHER

whose short stories occasionally appear in Liberty, and whose novels you probably have read, since he has published many—enough to fill a shelf in a reasonably commodious bookcase. Among his latest books are The Booster and The Clean Up. Like so many authors, he is a lawyer by education if not by practice, and he once took a hand at magazine editing, doubtless to find out how editors get that way.

BRADY rummaged to the bottom of the suitcase and came upon a stocking without a mate.

EVEN in Reno, which has watched many striking apparitions come and go, her arrival for the moment made life more exhilarating. Nature had dealt lavishly with Ada Crawford. Though well past girlhood, she evoked the days when chorus girls looked their sex, and plumpness was no handicap. She was ripely beautiful and convincingly blonde. Her violet glance had the roving challenge of the incurable flirt.

The brunette young woman who followed her into the hotel lobby was more than pretty, but in such radiant company few heeded her. There is one glory of the sun and another of the moon, and nobody could doubt which glory was Ada Crawford's. Her clothes, her luggage, her manner bespoke opulence and soft living.

It pays her merely the sort of tribute she relished to dwell thus upon her effulgence, her blandishments, her sheer vitality. Besides, poor siren, this was her last public triumph. Before another sun rose over Nevada she would be mysteriously dead.

Because this was in a sense her final exit, all that she now said or did became important.

She registered "Mrs. Ada Crawford, Miss Pryce," and, after slight hesitation, gave Detroit as her place of residence. The clerk on duty—and never did duty wear a brighter face—assigned her to a third-floor suite of two bedrooms with baths and a connecting sitting room. The chauffeur, standing a little behind with her jewel case, coughed.

"My quarters, madame? Am I to sleep elsewhere?"

"And a comfortable room and bath for my chauffeur," she said without looking at him, and, bringing the full candle power of her smile to bear on the desk clerk, she archly besought, "You *won't* let us be disturbed in the morning, will you? That's a dear boy. We've driven from San Francisco today and are frightfully done up. We'll dine upstairs, of course." Then, over her shoulder, she added negligently to the chauffeur, "I've an appointment tomorrow forenoon. Come at a quarter to eleven. In the meantime, have the car washed. It's a sight. Come, Elsie."

She bestowed one of her dazzling smiles on her companion, but, unlike the desk clerk, Miss Pryce did not melt under its spell. The two women vanished in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Here's what I want to ask you about," said the plain-clothes man, shoving him across the threshold.

[NUDE STOCKINGS
Continued from page fifty-one]

elevator. The chauffeur returned to the street. And Scott, the house detective, who had observed the party from behind the pages of the Evening Gazette, sauntered to the desk and scrutinized Ada Crawford's ill-formed signature.

"What a peach!" said the clerk with youthful gusto. "Here for a divorce, I'll bet a month's salary. That morning appointment is with a lawyer, of course. I can't understand some husbands. Did you ever see such glorious eyes?"

"Yes, my child," drawled the older man. "Hollywood is full of them."

"I hope I never get like you," said the clerk. "Do you know anything about the Crawfords of Detroit?"

"I've heard the name," said Scott.

It was another desk clerk that Ada Crawford next perturbed. Jameson, at the switchboard, drowsily plugging in calls for transient motorists who had planned an early start, was checked in the middle of a yawn by a chambermaid who reported breathlessly that water was flowing from beneath the door of 309. The carpet in the corridor was a mess. No one paid any attention to her knock. The door was locked with the key on the inside.

Jameson, rather bored, suspected a midnight gin party. He tried the telephone, and, getting no response, hurried up and with a pass-key and no trouble entered the connecting sitting room. The real trouble lay beyond. The room was choked with steam, the rug drenched, the furnishings were sodden.

He threw up windows and without ceremony went into the bedroom, the door of which was open. Whereupon, through the haze, he beheld Ada Crawford. Clad only in a nightgown and a filmy negligee, she lay on the floor near the bed. A silk stocking of the shade known to the trade as French nude was twisted about her throat. In her eyes was the enigmatic stare of death.

JAMESON told himself that he must be cool. He indeed felt cool and highly capable as he shut off the hot-water tap in the brimming bath adjoining, flung up the bedroom windows, and, crossing the sitting room, knocked at the closed door of the other bedroom of the suite. Hearing no sound, he turned the knob.

No one was within. No one had slept there. The bed was precisely as the floor maid must have left it for its occupant, the counterpane neatly folded back. The key of the door leading to the corridor was in the lock. The door itself was fast.

Still conscious of his poise in a drastic test, the clerk went out as he had come, and, steady-voiced, roused the manager and the house detective.

The manager was horrified. He was also annoyed. This was the first murder that he had personally encountered in the hotel business. Such things were not done in the decorous establishments with which he had been associated. They had not catered to the violently criminal classes. Yet, with a lawless impulse hitherto strange to his breast, he wondered if there was no way under the sun whereby this blot upon his managerial record might be hushed up. An inquest, newspaper ado, a sensational trial—all most distasteful, but seemingly inevitable. He called police headquarters while he dressed and a plain-clothes man and two officers reached the scene of the crime almost as soon as the house detective and himself.

Brady, the plain-clothes man, briskly took charge and led Jameson over his sad discovery. This was illuminating to the night clerk, who now realized that he had been less calm than he supposed.

He had failed to lock the door when he went out. He could not recall whether any of the windows he so efficiently opened were fastened. He had not noticed that Miss Pryce's hand luggage was missing. He had quite overlooked a photograph, torn in four parts, which lay on the floor close to the dead woman.

The investigator from headquarters clearly deemed the photograph a significant piece of evidence. With a clean handkerchief he collected the fragments and assembled them on a table, where they revealed a naval officer in uniform. From the point of view of looks he brilliantly upheld the lofty standard of that branch of the service. Even with a jagged rent across his face he triumphed.

BUT Brady was more concerned with possible fingerprints than manly beauty. There were no visible marks, and Scott suggested that the steam-saturated atmosphere might have obliterated them.

It was the house detective's first suggestion. Scott was a neutral sort of person, quiet in speech, manner, and dress. He had gazed intently but briefly at the victim when he entered and left minute inspection to the police. Like the manager, he seemed to have a profound distaste for the whole affair.

"It's plain enough to me," said Brady. "The motive wasn't robbery. Over there is her jewel case and all her trinkets. No; it was jealousy. These women had a row over the sailor. The girl is guilty. Otherwise, why did she beat it? Who has her description?"

Scott, it appeared, was the only one present who had witnessed her arrival. He sketched her tersely.

"As good as a photograph," commented the plain-clothes man. "Well, it's up to us to find her. A man, in her shoes, might leg it for the sagebrush, but probably she'd head back to Frisco. If she didn't catch the four forty-five she may board the eight o'clock either here or at the next stop down the line. I've a hunch she's still in town."

He turned to one of the officers. "Hop over to the station, Joe, and keep your eyes peeled."

"Meanwhile," said Scott, "why not question the chauffeur?"

"What else would I be doing?" retorted Brady. "What's more, I'm going to fetch him right in here before he hears what for. That will loosen his tongue. That's all now, Jameson. You'll be wanted at the inquest."

"Must I appear, too?" asked the manager.

"I don't think so."

"Thank God for that!"

The second policeman, left on guard, stretched himself phlegmat-

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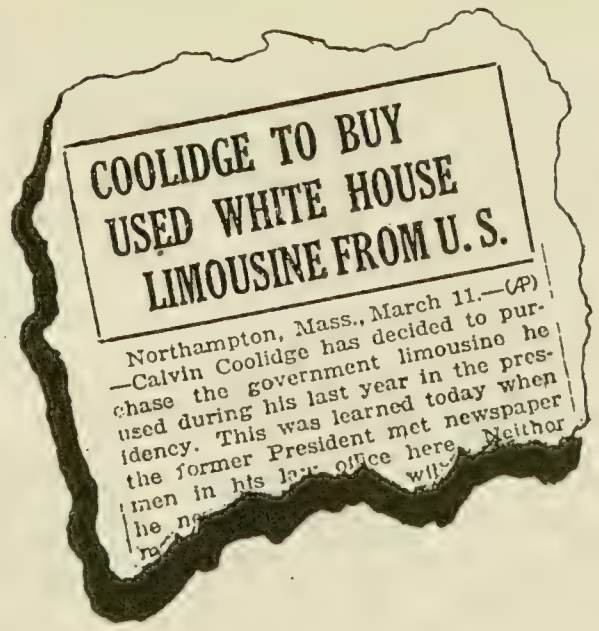

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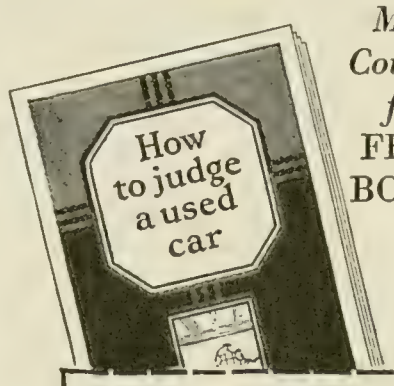

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[NUDE STOCKINGS
Continued from page fifty-three]

ically in an easy-chair. It was all in the day's work for him. Scott quitted the bedroom for the sitting room and, crossing to a window, gazed out over roofs and tree tops at the bleak mountain barrier of the horizon. The manager joined him.

"The publicity," he sighed. "That's what gets me. The country has a wrong impression of Reno, anyhow. It doesn't realize that we have a lot to offer besides a divorce mill."

"Murder is news," said Scott. "The local papers will be considerate. As for the others—well, nothing stays on the front page long."

"Mysteries do."

"If you can believe Brady there's no mystery here."

"You don't agree with him?"

"I don't jump at conclusions. He's like many police officials when he confronts a crime. He forgets that it's his main job to gather the facts. He wants to be prosecuting attorney, too."

Hardly ten minutes elapsed before Brady returned with the chauffeur. Like the dead woman, the missing girl, and the original of the torn photograph, he possessed good looks above the average. His gray eyes contrasted strikingly with his dark sleek hair.

"Here's what I want to ask you about," said the plain-clothes man, shoving him abruptly across the bedroom threshold.

The man stared at the prone figure.

"Dead!"

"Not only dead—murdered. See for yourself."

ALL watched him closely as he strode toward the body and dropped on his knees beside it.

"Madame!" he cried dramatically. "Speak to me! Speak to Arturo! You will not? You cannot?" His shoulders heaved and he gave a deep-throated sob. Then, springing to his feet, he faced them, his eyes glistening with tears. "Who has done this awful thing?"

"What's your idea?" asked Brady.

"Mine! How should I know? How can I think? I am overwhelmed with grief."

"Pull yourself together and try to help us clear this up. What is your name?"

"Arturo Naldi." He dabbed at his eyes with a gaudy handkerchief.

"A foreigner?"

"I am Swiss—Italian-Swiss. I was born in Lugano."

"How long have you worked for Mrs. Crawford?"

"In this country—three months."

"Do you mean you drove her car in Europe, too?"

"No, sir. I was her courier."

"Courier! What's that?"

"A guide. I speak four languages. Madame knew only English. I showed her the antiquities, the galleries, the theaters, the restaurants of beautiful Italy."

"For pay?"

"That is understood."

"Sounds like a soft job," remarked Brady. "And then she brought you over here to the States?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where have you put in the time?"

"We drove across the continent and—"

"One minute. Do you mean that you and Mrs. Crawford made the trip alone?"

"No, sir. Miss Pryce, her niece, accompanied us from New York."

"All right. Go ahead."

"WE came by way of the southern cities to California. Madame liked Coronado. We remained there for some weeks and then drove slowly up the coast to San Francisco."

"Did she come to Reno for a divorce?"

"That is my impression."

"Where is her husband?"

"The present husband? He lives, she has told me, in the central part of your country. He is an industrial."

"A what?"

"He manufactures. Automobile parts, I believe."

"So she's taken more than one chance?"

"Sir?"

"If I get you, she's been married before?"

"Yes, sir. Once."

"Did she tell you anything about the other man she married?"

"Simply that, years ago, she obtained a French divorce from him. I have never heard his name. Madame—she had humor—called him her first mistake."

"Her first mistake, eh?"

"Yes, sir. That was how she put it. He had, I infer, no *esprit*. In a word, they were incompatible."

"Do you think she had a third husband in mind?"

"It is possible. She was, as you see, beautiful. And very charming. How terrible that she should end like this!" His tears welled afresh.

"She seems to have talked a good deal to you about her private affairs."

Naldi drew himself up.

"She was, I am proud to say, my friend."

Brady went to the table where lay the pieced fragments of the handsome naval officer's photograph.

"Ever seen this before?"

The chauffeur merely glanced at the portrait.

"I have seen the man himself."

"Where?"

"In San Diego. He is Lieutenant Commander Draper of the United States Navy."

"A friend of your employer?"

"Yes, sir."

"With her often?"

"He was often at the hotel."

"Do you think he planned to marry her after her divorce?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"Because—this is merely my impression—I fancied that he was more interested in Miss Pryce."

"You did, eh? And was she sweet on him?"

Naldi spread his hands.

"I was not in her confidence. Why not ask the lady herself?"

"I may," said Brady. "How did she get on with Mrs. Crawford?"

"They have lived together three months. For women—" He completed his meaning with a Latin shrug.

"And all that time you never heard them quarrel?"

"I cannot say that I have *heard* them quarrel. But yesterday, as they lunched in Auburn, they did not seem wholly content with each other's society. However, I was in another part of the dining room. It had been a hot ride across the valley and it was still hot. It would be perhaps unfair to call that scene, of which I caught no word, a quarrel. I wish to be exact."

A TELEPHONE trilled in the sitting room.

"I'll answer it," said Brady quickly.

He closed the door behind him and nothing of his share of the talk penetrated paneling or wall. It was a well built house.

When he reappeared his face betrayed no hint of his thoughts.

"You've thrown all the light you can, Naldi, on this affair?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, then. You'll have to make a sworn statement by and by. I'm going to put you in charge of this officer until the inquest." He turned to the manager. "Is there a vacant room handy where they can wait?"

"I'll see," said the manager, and they filed back into the sitting room while he called the office. "Just across the hall," he announced. "They're sending up the key."

With Naldi out of sight and earshot, Brady's mask relaxed.

"That was Joe who rang up," he said. "He's got the Pryce woman. Nabbed her at the station as I figured he would. He's bringing her here. I'll grill the truth out of her in short order."

The hotel manager started.

"Surely," he protested, "you won't repeat the gruesome experiment you tried on the chauffeur? You wouldn't thrust her—a girl—suddenly into that terrible room?"

Brady grinned as he again shut the bedroom door.

"You'd never stand the gaff in my job," he said. "However, I intend to handle her in a different way."

Soon Elsie Pryce, frightened but voluble, stood before them.

"What do you want of me?" she cried, her glance darting nervously from one to another of the group. "This officer would tell me nothing. What have I done that he should bring

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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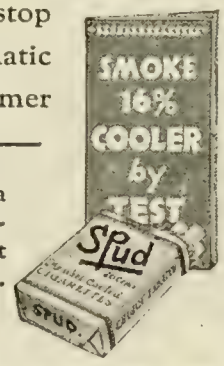

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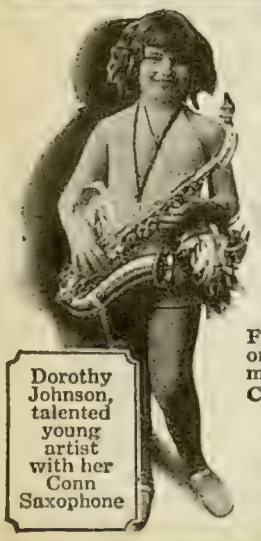

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[NUDE STOCKINGS
Continued from page fifty-five]

me back here? Who are you? I have a right to know."

"Sure you have," said Brady suavely. "Take a chair. The gentleman in the corner is the manager of this hotel. The other by the window is the house detective. I'm from police headquarters. Now, to get down to brass tacks, Mrs. Crawford has lost something valuable."

"Are you accusing me of taking it?"

"No one accuses you of anything yet. Why are you so excited?"

"I've been humiliated," she declared. "Dragged back here by a policeman—stared at in the street. It's outrageous. Is it with my aunt's knowledge and consent that I am treated in this manner?"

"Get this straight," charged Brady, his tone changing. "I'm doing the questioning. As I just told you, Mrs. Crawford has lost something valuable. Now, some time during the night you cleared out. Why did you go?"

Her pale face flamed.

"It's none of your business."

"That line of talk won't help your case, Miss Pryce."

"I mean it's nobody's business. It's a personal matter."

"You refuse to explain?"

"I certainly do."

"What time did you leave?"

"I don't know exactly. I think it was past midnight. It must have been, for I remember that it was after one o'clock before I got to bed in the other hotel near the station."

"You took all your luggage with you?"

"I had only one suitcase, my shopping bag, and a coat. Aunt Ada didn't care to have the car crowded. My trunk was shipped here by express with hers. I took nothing away that wasn't mine. Nothing. That I should be suspected of stealing—oh, it's infamous, it's cruel! Search my luggage. I demand it."

"I'll oblige you," said Brady.

HE opened her shopping bag. It contained a purse and money, a ticket to San Francisco, a handkerchief, a little bottle in silver filigree, and the usual feminine kit for first aid to the complexion. Coming to the suitcase, its disarray seemed out of character, for its owner was fastidiously neat.

"Packed in a hurry, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"What was your rush?"

"I wanted—no; I'll not answer that."

"Did your aunt object to your leaving so suddenly?"

"No."

Brady rummaged quite to the bottom of the suitcase and was replacing a heap of lingerie when he came upon a stocking without a mate. He scanned the maker's trademark and then carelessly dropped the stocking among the other clothing.

"And now," announced Miss Pryce, her voice vibrant with feeling, "I want you to call a maid or some woman and have her search me."

"No need for that," said Brady grimly. "The fact is, young woman, what your aunt lost was her life. She lies in that bedroom as dead as Moses. Somebody throttled her with a silk stocking, a flesh-colored silk stocking. And there"—his voice deepened to a growl—"there, in your suitcase among your things, is its mate!"

THE girl stared at him piteously, her face blenching, and then, with a sigh, crumpled in her chair. The officer behind caught her before she could pitch to the floor.

"Smelling salts in her shopping bag," he said laconically.

"Right," said Brady. "Lower her head."

She revived with a shudder as he held the hartshorn under her nostrils, and, with consciousness, shrank from his probing stare.

"Oh, surely," she gasped, "you don't think I killed Aunt Ada!"

"Come through," he commanded, pressing his advantage. "You've stalled long enough. This is murder we're talking about. Murder that they swing folks for. It's up to you to tell all you know."

She struggled for self-control.

"But what is it you want of me? I know no more about it than you. I know less than you. It's you who tell me she is dead. How can she be—she who loved life so much!"

"This is what I want," said Brady. "I want you to quit holding out on me. I want you to answer all my questions."

"I will," she promised. "Oh, I will! But I just can't realize that she is dead."

"Fond of her, were you?"

"Of course. And grateful for all she did for me."

"What did she do for you?"

"She gave me my chance to travel—pretty clothes—a rest from hard work."

"What kind of work?"

"I am a trained nurse."

"Where were you trained?"

"In New York City. I graduated just before she came from abroad and she thought I needed a change after the long grind in the hospital. I'd seen almost nothing except New York and the town in New Jersey where I was born. It was all so wonderful—the fine new car, the strange hotels and cities."

"Mrs. Crawford was rich?"

"Yes."

"How did she come by her money?"

"Her father left her some of it.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

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[NUDE STOCKINGS Continued from page fifty-six]

And Mr. Crawford—I believe he gave her a large sum when they were married. But I really know very little about her affairs. I had not seen her for years—since I was a child—till she hunted me up in New York."

"She had a new car, you say. Did the chauffeur help pick it out—get a rakeoff, maybe, from a dealer?"

"Naldi? No; she bought it before she knew he was in America. When he heard that she wanted a chauffeur he offered to take the place. It wasn't his regular work, but he can turn his hand to anything. He's very clever. My aunt knew him in Europe. He conducted tourists."

"Couriers." Brady could not resist parading his new knowledge. "That's what they call those birds. So, thanks to your rich aunt, you bowled across the country in style, putting up at swell hotels, living on the fat of the land?"

"Yes."

"What happened after you hit the Pacific slope?"

"California, you mean?"

"California isn't all of it. We're on the map, too. But let that pass. Where have you spent your time out here?"

"Mainly at Coronado."

"Nice place, eh? Handy to Tia Juana and unlimited booze. You went across the Mexican line, I suppose?"

"To the races once or twice."

"And naval officers," he pursued. "Plenty of them around town, weren't there?"

"Everybody knows that San Diego is a naval station."

A telltale wave of color suffused her face.

For a moment Brady let her burn in silence.

"Lieutenant Commander Draper," he said, deliberately spacing out his words. "Don't you think it's about time you told us where he comes in?"

THE girl bit her trembling nether lip.

"It—it isn't fair," she stammered. "I can't—oh, I can't—let him be drawn into this!"

"He's in it already. Anyhow, his picture is. Who tore it up—in that room there—and threw it on the floor?"

"My—my aunt."

"Why did she do that?"

"She was very angry."

"At him?"

"At both of us. You see—this is so hard to explain—you see, she imagined that he cared for her. There was no reason why she should, except that he came frequently to the hotel. She liked attention from men, expected it, and when she found that—well, that all along it was I he wanted and that I'd promised to marry him, she was furious. That's why I left her last night as I did. I had to go after the cruel things she said."

"You had a row, eh?"

"Yes."

"Was it your first?"

"Yes."

"You're positive that up to last night there had been no bad feeling?"

"There had been none on my side, certainly."

"When did the scrap start?"

"Quite late. We had meant to go to bed early, but Aunt Ada felt rested after dinner and wanted to play Russian bank. When she was winning she liked to play for hours and last night she won nearly every game. I could hardly hold my head up, I was so sleepy. And then, when finally I thought I could go to bed, she came into my room.

"I HAD partly unpacked and Commander Draper's picture, that he'd given me as I was leaving Coronado, lay face up in my open suitcase. Aunt Ada snatched it and asked what I was doing with it. I won't repeat—I can't remember—all she said. She was beside herself. She carried the photograph into her bedroom and before my eyes tore it to pieces. I told her that after abusing and insulting me as she had, I should have to go. She said: 'The sooner the better. Get out of my sight.' So I bundled my things together and left."

"Which way did you go out—into the hall, I mean?"

"Through my own door."

"You're sure it wasn't by way of this room?"

"Absolutely."

"Did you lock the door after you?"

"No. There was no reason why I should take the key to the office or, for that matter, tell anyone that I was leaving. I was not responsible for the bill. Besides, I wanted to go quietly. Though I felt that Aunt Ada had treated me shamefully, I did not want to embarrass her. That's why I did not ring for the elevator. I simply walked downstairs and out and met no one on the way."

"Let's go back a bit," said Brady. "What took Mrs. Crawford to your room, as you state? What was her errand?"

"She had some mending for me to do. I'd often done little things like that for her. She detested sewing of every sort. At any rate, she was showing it to me when her eye lit on the photograph. It was a run in her—her stocking." A look of bewilderment and fright seized her as she uttered the last word. "I must have caught it up when I packed. I hardly knew what I was doing."

He thrust his face close to hers.

"Are you sure, dead sure, she didn't bring the mate to that stocking to your room?"

The girl recoiled. "I—I think not. I can't be sure. Yet—why, how could she if it was with that—oh, what are you trying to trap me into saying?"

"I'm trying to get at the facts, Miss Pryce. What do we find? You shared these rooms with Mrs. Crawford. You are, so far as we know, the last person who saw her alive. You admit that you quarreled with her over a man. In the middle of the night, without notice to anybody, you disappear. In your suitcase is the mate to the stocking twisted around her throat. All this is what the law calls circumstantial evidence. It's what lawyers bring out in court and jurors weigh in the jury room. You're in a serious fix. The straighter the story you tell the better."

She wrung her hands.

"What can I say that I haven't? If you had been in my place, a woman, you'd have gone as I went. I couldn't stay and keep my self-respect. But how can you understand my feelings? Aunt Ada spared me nothing. She called me abominable names. She said that I was man-crazy, that I threw myself at Commander Draper's head. It wasn't true. I did not try to make him care for me. It seemed a miracle when I found that he did care.

"His love is the finest thing that has come into my life. And I haven't had an easy life—I've worked hard. And now this beautiful thing, this sacred thing, is being dragged in the mud. Perhaps now he won't want me. He may—he may think as you think." She cast a frantic glance round the group. "Don't you believe me? Won't anyone believe me?"

SQUARING his shoulders, Brady abruptly left the room and a moment later returned with the second officer and Naldi.

The chauffeur's eyes narrowed as he came upon Miss Pryce, but he bowed to her with grave dignity.

"Now, Naldi," said the investigator, "didn't you state that Mrs. Crawford and her niece had an angry dispute yesterday at lunch?"

The chauffeur's eloquent hands protested.

"I said, sir, that I heard nothing. It was only that they seemed to be not on the most amiable terms."

"But it was an angry dispute? You're clear on that point?"

"It had that look."

"Well, Miss Pryce," said Brady sternly, "this doesn't jibe with your testimony that, up to last night, you and your aunt had never had a difference."

"Oh, that!" she exclaimed. "Why, it was so trivial that I'd forgotten it. It was just a silly discussion over cards. Aunt Ada was criticizing a lead I made at bridge the night before in San Francisco. We played, you see, with two women at our hotel. I don't suppose I'd have argued about it at all, if it hadn't been so hot. It was of no importance."

She rounded indignantly on the chauffeur. "How contemptible of you to have mentioned it!"

Naldi flushed darkly.

"Is this my reward for shielding you?"

"What's that?" demanded Brady. "In what way have you shielded her?"

"I have said too much."

"Not for me, you haven't. It isn't going to be a bed of roses for you if you keep anything back. Out with it. How have you shielded her?"

"Last night I saw—" He broke off with a sigh. "Ah, this is too painful!"

"Come across!" ordered Brady. "Come across!"

"If I must speak out—last night, after twelve, I saw Miss Pryce hurry away from the hotel."

"What of it?" she cried. "It's no secret. They know why I left. Why are you trying to cast suspicion on me?"

"I owe it to Madame Crawford's memory to do what I can."

"Her memory! Why didn't you show more of this precious loyalty when she was alive? You've been impudent to her lately. She told me so only yesterday morning. She said that she intended to let you go."

Brady turned to the chauffeur.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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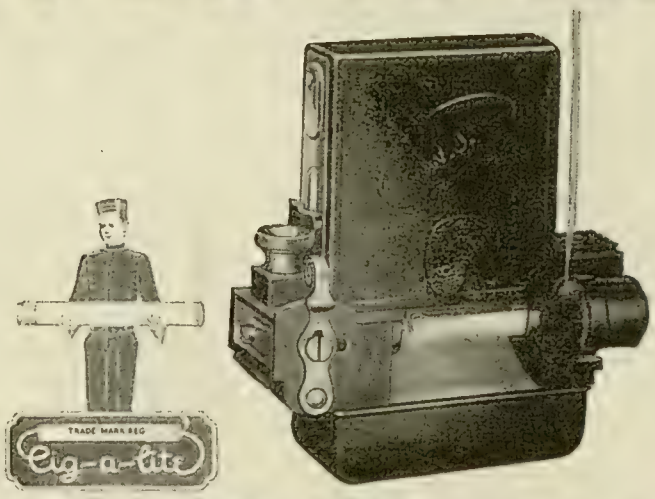

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[NUDE STOCKINGS
Continued from page fifty-nine]

"How about it, Naldi?"

"This is news to me," he replied.

"Where did you see Miss Pryce last night?"

"Just outside the hotel. I was across the street."

"Where had you been? How did you spend the evening? Tell the whole story from the time you reached Reno."

"Madame had directed me to have the car washed. I saw to that first. After I left the garage I had dinner. After dinner I went to a cinema."

"Go on. The picture show couldn't have kept you out till past midnight."

"Then," said Naldi, "I visited an establishment where games of chance are permitted."

"Lose any money?"

"A little. It was for the pleasure of it that I played."

"What next?"

"I came back to the hotel and went to bed."

"At once?"

"Yes, sir. And slept until this morning when you knocked at my door."

Brady's hopes had vaulted when these two associates of the dead woman were brought face to face. But, so far as he could perceive, nothing vital had issued from their recriminations. Short of certain station-house methods, which were inadvisable here, he was at the end of his resources. Then, his eyes meeting Scott's, he crossed the room to him.

"Any questions occur to you?" he asked in an undertone.

"Several," said the house detective.

"What are they?"

"I should have to put them myself."

"Fire away," said Brady. "I don't want to crab your stuff."

Scott strolled over to Naldi.

"There is one point," he began gently, "that I should like to clear up. You said, I believe, that Mrs. Crawford brought you to America?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what capacity?"

"As a chauffeur."

"But Miss Pryce says you volunteered to act as chauffeur when you learned that Mrs. Crawford had bought a car. Which one of you is mistaken?"

HE pondered a moment.

"Possibly myself. Yes; that was the way of it."

"I see. But surely Mrs. Crawford did not bring you over to her own country as a courier?"

"No, sir."

"Did you cross on the same boat with her?"

"No, sir. I took a later boat."

"You were in her service for some time abroad?"

"Yes, sir."

"Going from hotel to hotel?"

"Yes, sir."

"She wanted you to have the best—treated you as her equal?"

"Always. Madame was most kind."

Scott peered at him.

"How kind?"

"I don't understand."

"Yes, you do. Weren't you her lover?"

Naldi's face blazed.

"Would you slander the dead?"

"If this woman was none too particular as to her good name when alive," said Scott, "a little plain speaking won't matter now. Answer me: wasn't she your mistress?"

"No—a thousand times no!"

"Would you take your oath to that?"

"Yes, yes."

"Then you'd be a perjurer. She was your mistress. The affair began in Europe. When you followed her to America it continued. As you could not pass over here as a courier you drove her car. For the sake of appearances she invited Miss Pryce, her niece, to travel with her."

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl sharply. "I never dreamed—why, it can't—it simply can't—be true!"

"It is true. Look at his face! Guilt is written all over it. You said he was clever. He is. It was child's play for him to hide the liaison from you. What do you know of the world?"

"Aunt Ada snatched it and asked what I was doing with it."

HIS gaze returned to Naldi. "It's true. You got away with it. But, clever as you are, you couldn't hold that woman. No man could for long. She grew tired of you. After she met Draper she began to show it. You knew why she came to Reno. You saw your grip slipping. Last night you stole down to her room to have it out with her.

"She was ready for a bath, but she let you in as she had let you in many a time before. You tried to blackmail her. She wouldn't be intimidated.

"She told you she was through with you. That enraged you—to be cast off by a woman. You killed her."

"No," denied Naldi, his voice rising shrilly. "No, I say! It is a lie. I am innocent."

"You killed her," persisted Scott. "You strangled her."

"No, no."

"Strangled her with her own stocking—just as, five years ago in Genoa, your brother strangled his unfaithful wife."

A look of superstitious fear convulsed Naldi's face.

"Are you the devil?" he gasped. Then, his nerve breaking, he cried, "I was justified. She brought it on herself. She was unworthy of my love."

. . . .

Four days later Brady entered the lobby where Ada Crawford had enjoyed her final exit and glanced about for Scott.

Once again the house detective was screened by the pages of the Evening Gazette.

"Got as far as the marriage notices?" queried the man from headquarters.

"Yes," said Scott dryly. "I thought that the navy, as usual, would cope with the situation. Nice girl he's got. You don't meet her breed every day."

"Yours isn't so common," said Brady. "I've been mulling over your handling of Naldi. Of course I know you were in the Intelligence Division during the war and went afterward with a private agency. You told me when you came out here for your lungs. But even that doesn't explain some things. On the level, hadn't you seen that courier bird before?"

"Never."

"Or the dame he bumped off? You can't make me believe that you picked certain facts out of the air like the highbrow sleuths in novels. Somewhere you must have got the goods on that dizzy blonde."

The quiet Scott permitted himself a quiet smile.

"Oh, yes," he said. "In one way or another I've checked up her doings for years. I took a personal interest in her case. You see, Brady, I was Ada Crawford's first mistake."

THE END

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Character in CHIFFON

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris.

CERTAIN mighty sources of Paris fashions accuse chiffon of having no character. Now, as styles are going, character is the quality that everything smart simply must have. Some of the couturiers come right out in meeting and tell the world that *they* have abandoned chiffon. Left this frail, beautiful, womanly material flat! However, as in all good romances, there are knightly rescuers. Other powerful Paris fashion makers are proving in their demiseason collections that chiffon has the most charming of characters. Much wrong has been done to this fabric by bad treatment, but in expert Paris hands it has again this summer proved its right to one of the most important places in fashions and inclusion in every woman's wardrobe.

Printed lace makes the evening gown at the left, from Worth.

Redfern created this midsummer ensemble in black, gray, and white printed chiffon, with gray fox.

Chiffons that are made up in plain, uniform ways are not included in what is smart in Paris. There has to be definite personality and character, and with these present the chiffon dress, suit, or ensemble takes place among the very best of summer fashions.

What *is* character in chiffon? That is the question. I'll tell you what Paris thinks it is. First, chiffon, when treated like the more substantial clothes materials, immediately inherits character. Second, all on its own, chiffon is one of the finest fabrics to interpret the new silhouette of style which is now among us.

This silhouette, with its great length of limb line and its abbreviated waist, is growing more powerful daily in Paris styles. I forewarned you of this silhouette in LIBERTY more than a year ago—in the issue of April 28, 1928, to be exact. Since then it has advanced steadily in Parisian favor.

The new Paris silhouette as developed by Worth.

Worth designed the afternoon dress above of navy and beige chiffon.

Our first photograph shows a Worth gown that reveals the new long-skirted silhouette for evening. This dress is made of nutria-colored lace printed in bright colors, having a deep hem and yoke of chiffon. The moiré belt marks a higher waistline. An important style point of this model is the different kind of dipped hemline. Paris begs you not to have your skirt dipped at the back alone!

Redfern has given the desired character to the ensemble of chiffon shown in our second photograph. This ensemble has a finger-tip length jacket of gray, black, and white chiffon, with a scarf collar, wide sleeves, and a band of gray fox at the bottom. A very simple frock with a high waistline has a fitted hip yoke and a full ruffled skirt with a narrow circular ruffle at the top. This is the kind of ensemble that the Parisienne is wearing for the summer afternoon party.

Our third photograph illustrates a very simple daytime frock in navy blue and beige chiffon from Worth. It has a smart personality, given by the tiered skirt, draped under drooping Cleopatra panels at the front. The blouse is over a lace-topped foundation, which shows in front.

The last picture shows a Worth informal home dinner gown with the new silhouette. This is a printed chiffon frock in the bright autumny tones of orange, red, yellow, and brown. There is a very brief blouse with a modest V neckline. From a normal waistline the skirt is fitted to the knees, and from knees to ankles there is a gathered ruffle. A wide cape panel at the back half covers the arms. Worth makes the foundation slip short. There's no lack of character in this chiffon model.

* * *

Chanel's bright spangled berets with matching spangled scarfs are appearing everywhere around Paris.

When the Parisienne wears Perugia's new heelless and toeless dancing clogs, her toes are brilliantly tinted henna color to match her finger nails.

Alexandrine is making shawls, handkerchiefs, and sunshades of quaint printed chiffon to wear with summer frocks.

Currant red, which is deep and brownish, is a shade that Worth and other couturiers are forecasting for fall.

GRACEFUL LEGS

By

EILEEN BOURNE

"THAT'S the worst of these short skirts," said the younger brunette. "You can't cross your legs without that fat bulge appearing when the calf of one leg rests against the other."

"But why, my love, do you have to cross your legs?" the older and mamma brunette inquired.

"They didn't do it when you were young, did they, darling?" the younger one teased.

"That's not the point, my daughter," argued mamma. "It's simply not flattering—reason enough, don't you think, for a clever girl forgoing any ungraceful pose or gesture?"

With mamma we agree that sitting cross-legged has nothing to do with the manners of another day; that it may be comfortable and all that; that it is quite accepted as informal good form—but it simply is not a flattering posture for the great majority. It takes a leg of the most exquisite slenderness to effect a graceful crossing.

One effort we may just as well abandon is the frantic maneuvering to keep short skirts from riding up when we sit down. The garment hasn't the extra inches to work with, so there's no sense continuing to draw attention to the skirt's deficiencies. Better to concentrate on training the legs to behave gracefully.

We're not trying to foist a back-to-Miss-Prim leg movement on you when we offer the suggestion that you try the very old rule of grace and good taste—sitting with knees together, side by side, not one on top of the other. It's in the sole interest of beauty that the request is made.

Where is the effectiveness of all the dieting and heroic reducing measures if that cynosure of all eyes, the pedal extremities, is going to mar the slender outline? It's just one of those little tricks that every girl, big or little, twenty or fifty, should avail herself of for sweet illusion's sake. You don't catch our stage charmers subjecting themselves to any scurrilous comments about the shape of their limbs. Learning to pose their legs gracefully is part of their craft.

The most flattering posture is that with knees together (and we plead vehemently for this observance, with the unpardonable ugliness of spread-apart knees in mind) and ankles side by side. Let the toes touch the floor lightly. The heels may be drawn back slightly but not enough to force the calf of the leg against the chair. If you happen to be a long-legged individual and your lot is to draw low chairs, let the legs fall in a diagonal line from knee to floor, pointing the toes for an additional flattering touch to feet and ankles. One foot may be placed slightly in advance of the other for the effect of unstudied grace.

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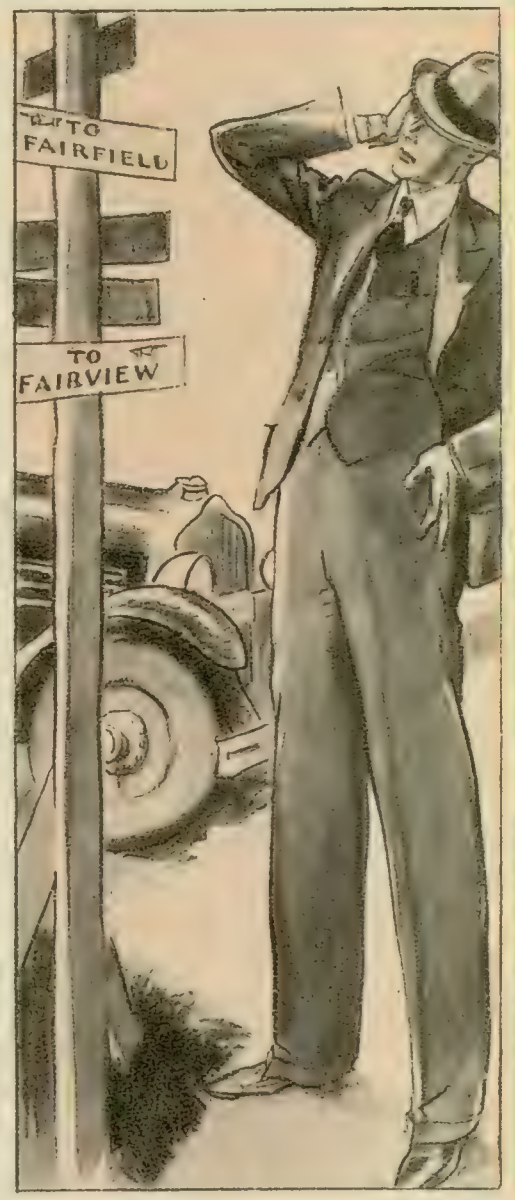

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The RED NAPOLEON

A Reporter's Story of the Second World War (1933-1936)

By FLOYD GIBBONS

(Author of The Red Knight of Germany)

MR. GIBBONS' story now reaches the war's terrific climax. In last week's installment, the author and Speed Binney, who had been Karakhan's prisoners at Greystones, in Massachusetts, escaped to the American lines. They took with them a copy of a letter from Karakhan to his fleet commander, Admiral Brixton, ordering him within the coming April to force a passage into the Gulf of Mexico and attack the American fleet.

The copy had been secured by Margot Denison, who was, and still is, in Karakhan's hands. He has become markedly attentive to her. At the same time he has informed the author that he means to divorce his wife and take another of worthier lineage. It can hardly be Margot, an English business girl, whom he has in mind; and in view of his attitude toward white women, her situation looks perilous indeed.

On receiving the supremely important information contained in Karakhan's letter, the American command at once began making ready to forestall and entrap the Red admiral. It was hoped that, although the Red fleet was twice as powerful as ours, our knowledge of the enemy's intentions, plus our new air force, secretly created, would give us a chance in the coming great battle at sea.

The author, with Speed Binney, was sent south to observe the battle and report it.

PART FIFTEEN—THE CAPTURE OF JAMAICA

TO me the air was tense with excitement those last days of February we spent in Cuba, while the secret preparations for America's great effort proceeded night and day. The night transports from Key West to Havana ferried thousands of reënforcements across the Florida Straits, and these were moved eastward on the island and quartered in villages.

It was not practicable to increase the marine garrisons in Haiti and the Dominican Republic and Porto Rico, which had remained almost inactive throughout the two years of the war. Although the mobile coast defenses on these two islands would have proven a serious obstacle, it is admitted that Karakhan could have taken them, but it was apparent that the Red Napoleon considered this West Indian real estate a side issue, and he did not permit his interest to be diverted from the main theater of war in New England. Light American forces had used the fortified harbors on the north coasts of these islands for advance bases.

Karakhan's most dangerous holding in the Caribbean was the island of Jamaica, the island which Great Britain had used as a base for its preparations against New Orleans in 1814. This piece of foreign territory represented now, as it always had, a hostile stronghold situated like a menace at the southern entrance of the Windward Passage and, formerly, ever threatening the Panama Canal from the air. To the Caribbean, Jamaica was what Gibraltar was to the Mediterranean.

Jamaica's particular significance in the present strategic situation was that it was Karakhan's closest advance base to the Yucatan Strait, the southern exit from the Gulf of Mexico. It had been Red submarines, operating out of Kingston harbor, that had originally disrupted American sea communications with Panama.

To take this island was the object of the American preparations now on foot.

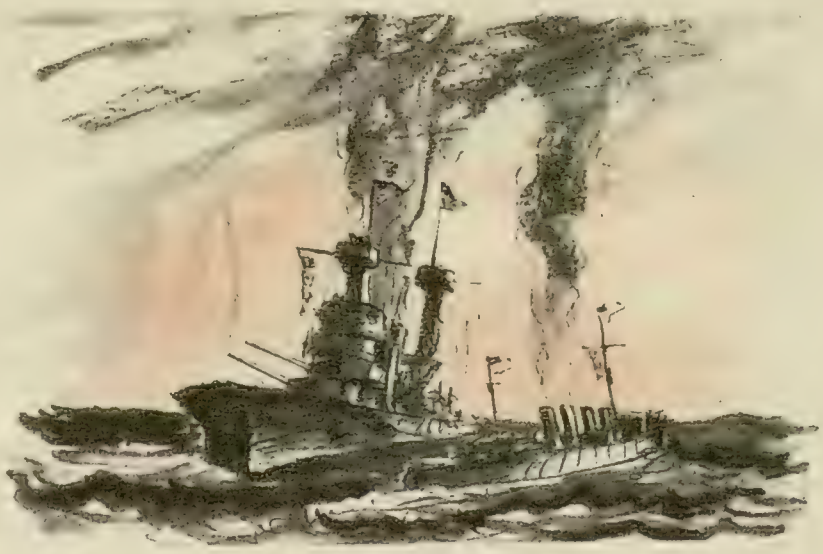
HUNDREDS of acres of sugar and tobacco fields in the eastern half of Cuba had been marked as auxiliary flying fields, and portable machine shops, refueling equipment, etc., had been delivered and were hidden under trees adjacent to the fields. The vegetation on the fields had been allowed to remain until the last moment.

Major General I. K. Sanford (the famous "Inky" Sanford of the ballad) was in command of the Jamaican expedition. He had his temporary headquarters at Santiago, Cuba, from which place I covered the incidents leading up to the battle.

The fleet and transport movement, planned to the last detail by the American General Board, began on the afternoon of February 29. From Key West, Tampa, Pensacola, Galveston, Tampico, and Vera Cruz, fast troopships set out for a rendezvous near the Yucatan Strait.

At midnight of the following day, the United States air fleet, 200 squadrons strong and numbering a little over 3,600 planes, moved southward for the landing fields in Cuba and Haiti.

Squadron after squadron passed over Key West toward Havana. The flying was done at night and at high altitudes, the squadrons reaching their destinations at break of day to find that the vegetation covering the old sugar and tobacco fields had been burned during the night, and that thousands of laborers had worked through the darkness rolling the fields and putting them in readiness. As fast as the planes landed, they were covered with canvas camouflaged to the same color as the ground.



Picture by John W. Thomason, Jr.

Air Marshal A. E. Rumsay, commanding the air fleet, was able to report by noon that all his birds had found their nests, and it was believed that the maneuver had been completed without knowledge on the part of the enemy.

On the night of March 1 the convoy of fast troopships, consisting of twenty-knot liners, rounded Cape San Antonio under cover of darkness and reached the lee of the south shore of the Isle of Pines.

While American destroyers maintained a strong patrol to keep submarine observers out of the water surrounding this little island, American air patrols kept guard above. The trying daylight hours of March 2 passed without the convoy being spotted by the enemy.

Late in the afternoon the troopships, escorted by submarines and cruisers, steamed at full speed southeastward for the north coast of Jamaica.

Just before dusk that same night, March 2, more trans-

Picture by John W. Thomason, Jr., from sketches made on the spot

Marines landing at Annotta Bay, Jamaica, on March 4, 1936, under a covering bombardment from the American cruisers offshore. They were first to land.

ports, their decks packed with doughboys, steamed southward out of Santiago harbor and the Gulf of Manzanillo for the same destination. . Each transport from the Cuban shore carried with it four beetle-boat landing barges.

Seagoing tugs towed more of these flat-bottomed craft, which also employed their own power during the crossing. The beetle boats' design was an improvement on the old type used by the British landing forces at the Dardanelles in the first World War, and in 1926 by the Spanish in their expedition against Abd-el-Krim in the north of Africa.

TWO hours before dawn the United States air fleet took off from sixty different landing fields and flew southward toward Jamaica. A number of squadrons stationed on Haitian fields had gone aloft on the same mission an hour earlier.

With Commander Blink Russell seated beside me and Speed Binney at the controls, we took the air in our Chicago Tribune amphibian and nosed up to accompany the air fleet on the first united action in its history.

The Battle of Jamaica opened at dawn on March 4, 1936.

Under a terrific bombardment from American air and sea forces, our beetle boats, with landing parties jammed beneath their armored decks, pushed shoreward at Montego Bay on the west and Annotta Bay at the east end of the island, both strategic points connected by rail with Kingston. We watched the landing from above. Fifteen miles off the coast the big guns of our battleships blazed away, their shells crashing into the two little towns on shore.

Through the smoke clouds rising above Annotta Bay, we could see the beetle boats as their square prows grated on the sandy beaches. Their gangplanks dropped and the landing parties poured forth.

The Red coast defenses, small mobile units of three-, six-, and eight-inch guns, were smothered under a downpour of gas and bombs from our flyers. But across that deadly strip of yellow sand along the shore, machine-gun nests squirted death, and we could see doughboys, loaded down with heavy equipment, dropping in their tracks under the withering blast. Some died waist-deep in the surf as they tried to wade ashore, holding their automatic rifles above their heads.

Low-flying attack planes dove to their relief. Skimming along at 150 miles an hour, barely fifty feet above the curling surf, these two-seater ground strafers poured

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FIVE]

seemingly endless streams of fire from their machine guns into the Red positions.

Other ground strafers skimmed the tree tops and low shore growth, dropping grenades from their automatic hopper outlets every five feet.

At Montego Bay it was the same story. Our landing forces had moved inland, in both places taking the railroad. The enemy defenders, withdrawing before them, were continually harassed from the air.

"Gosh, it's a push-over!" said Binney. "We have both ends of the railroad and the niggers are beating it to the mountains!"

Sunrise, and our air fleet had turned the trick. Dawn had found our greatly superior air forces hovering over the five Red flying fields on Jamaica. Bombs crashed through the hangars, destroying planes. Munitions dumps of bombs were exploded. Fires started. Red pilots who managed to launch their planes into the air were pounced on and shot down from above.

Flying southward across the island toward Kingston, we saw several Jamaican fields already occupied by our forces, with American planes standing in readiness "on the line." Air Marshal Rumsay had added a new feather to the pride of the air force. It had not only taken territory by bombing the enemy out, but had actually landed transport planes with small forces sufficient to hold the isolated fields.

"There's Kingston!" Blink Russell shouted, pointing. Shells were bursting over the capital city, indicating that the anti-air defenses of the harbor were active.

Drawn by Will B. Johnstone

Showing the strategy of the capture of Jamaica, and the subsequent naval maneuvers that led to the Battle of the Windward Passage.

Over the strongly fortified position of Port Royal, squadrons of our air bombers were getting a hot reception from Red anti-aircraft guns. But American torpedo planes, diving in formation at terrific speed, swooped down on the submarine anchorage, releasing torpedoes, bombs, and depth mines.

KINGSTON harbor, almost entirely landlocked, extending seven miles east and west and a little over a mile wide, was dotted with small craft which from our position above seemed to be in constant movement as they sought to escape the successive dives of our planes.

Three Red submarines, surrounded by small craft, seemed to be in a sinking condition. A light cruiser, later identified as the old Portuguese man-of-war Vasco da Gama, was tied up at the Royal Mail wharf, where she had been undergoing repairs. Her crew valiantly operated its guns at the highest possible angle of fire and succeeded in bringing down two American planes—until one torpedo, striking amidships just below her water line, opened a gaping wound in her side. She keeled over and went down at the dock.

Although the anti-aircraft guns continued to send up their barrages over Kingston, we flew over the city at an altitude of 12,000 feet—about a thousand feet above the long line of American heavy bombers which maintained an uninterrupted parade and continued to drop death on the doomed capital.

The large white dome of a building, which I later learned was the old Roman Catholic cathedral, rose majestically intact into the air from the explosion of a thousand-pound missile within its walls. At the same time we noticed a light-colored concrete chimney some 200 feet high, located on the water front, sway at the explosion of a bomb and then crash downward into a white cushion of smoke and dust.

From our altitude we could observe, far out to sea, American warships, troopships, and beetle boats nosing their way to the harbor. But none of this spectacle was visible to the enemy observers in the city or the forces manning the harbor defenses. A curtain of creamy gray smoke hung like a pall almost a thousand feet above them, shutting off all view of the sea from the city and its surrounding wall of hills. Behind this smoke screen, constantly replenished by more and more planes, mine sweepers were making a path for the oncoming transports.

Destroyers darted everywhere, their wakes punctuated by explosions, indicating the depth charges they were dropping. Seaplanes, hovering over the harbor exits, were able to pick up the trail of enemy submarines seeking escape. Upon discovery of one of these undersea craft nosing blindly toward open water, a convoy of seaplanes would dart downward. Skimming the surface above the submarine, they would drop depth charges.

Seven Red subs were sunk in this manner, four of them coming to the surface, where their crews were rescued and taken prisoner. All the others went to the bottom.

THE Battle of Kingston was a conflict between air and inferior anti-air forces. By 4 o'clock in the afternoon the city was a mass of smoking ruins, and only an occasional shot indicated that any of its defenses were still active. American marines, who had landed first, occupied the railroad station and entered the city.

General Lincoln Wilberforce, the Red Negro commander in chief, surrendered at 5 o'clock that afternoon, and that night American troopships were unloading stores and men in the harbor.

It was America's first great victory. The new, untried air fleet had played the most important part in the capture of this stronghold that had been a strategic threat against the United States for more than a century.

The Stars and Stripes replaced the rainbow standard over 4,500 square miles, torn from the grasp of the Red Napoleon. It was Karakhan's first loss and our first territorial gain in the war.

Binney landed Commander Russell and myself in the harbor shortly after the entrance of the marines, and we were present in the market place at the impromptu ceremony which marked the capitulation of the island.

Thousands of Jamaicans, native blacks, Chinese, and East Indians, most of them being women and old men, bared their heads in the crowded approaches of the ancient square as the American flag ascended the staff to the strains of The Star Spangled Banner. Ye gods, what a thrill to dismiss in a paragraph!

Tin-hatted marine M. P.'s policed the crowds. Stiff lines of our doughboys, with arms at the present, stood rigidly through the simple ceremony. Field guns on the outskirts of the city boomed conventional salutes, echoed by the guns of troopships and their escorts, now in the harbor.

A disappointment awaited me. The iron hand of the censor clamped down on the 4,000-word dispatch I submitted for transmission that night. The capture of this old British stronghold of Jamaica—the taking of the entire island in the space of hardly ten hours, the glorious participation and coöperation of the army, the navy, and the air forces, the vindication of our new mobile air fleet—all represented elements of tremendous importance and stimulation to the American people.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]

WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

"It scores shaving-aces smoothly, swiftly, easily"

"From ear to ear, on cheek and jowl, Barbasol plays a swift, clean winning game against restless whiskers. It puts the razor on its mettle and gives a brush-free, rub-free performance that pampers the skin and soothes the spirit."

Vincent Richards

VINCENT RICHARDS—One of America's most noted tennis players whose wizardry has at one time or another brought him nearly every tennis title. At present, atop the Madison Square Garden in New York City, Vincent Richards conducts a tennis school where future champions are receiving the benefits of his skill and experience.

ONE quick shave with Barbasol changes the morning chant of despair to paeans of praise. It makes a lifelong friend of the fastidious man who enjoys comfort and dislikes a mess.

There's no other shaving cream that has such a winning way of taming the toughest beard and pampering the skin.

Without time-wasting brushing, lathering and rubbing, Barbasol softens the beard, soothes the skin. It gives wings to the razor which soars over the face as evenly and swiftly as a bird in flight. No pulling. No scratching.

And in a fraction of the usual time you have the smoothest and most comfortable shave you have ever had. A caress of the hand and a glance in the mirror will confirm this.

For this remarkable shaving cream has a real affinity for the face. It has a healing, soothing, reviving touch. And it leaves the skin feeling and looking cleaner, boyishly smooth and refreshed. Christen your face with a Barbasol shave. Here's how it's done: . . . 1: Wash the face (leave it wet) . . . 2: Spread on Barbasol (don't rub) . . . 3: Shave—dry the face.

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing

KEEPS THE SKIN

youthful, bright and keenly fresh looking. That's why men like this New Barbasol Skin Freshener. It cools, revives, freshens. Douse it on the face—after shaving—whenever tired. Nothing better . . . you'll agree!

That's all you have to do to enjoy the grandest shave in the world.

Step up to the nearest drug counter and speak up. One giant tube of Barbasol, please . . . and it does. Two sizes, 35¢ and 65¢. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

It's Great for Sunburn. To discover the healing, soothing, properties in Barbasol, rub it on sunburned skin. Relief from pain comes almost instantly. The skin loses its redness and soon recovers its normal temperature. Then sunburn changes to a healthy tan.

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page sixty-six]

It was the kind of story I had been craving to write through all the long months of defeat and disaster. I could see in it the dawn of victory, or at least of an even break, for our hard-fighting forces. Commander Russell explained why my story could not be transmitted to the waiting millions in America.

"It's like this," he said. "Luck has been with us throughout the entire operation. The initiative is now on our side. The Red forces were caught off guard. They didn't think we'd dare take the chance.

"Our air attack today paid special attention to the destruction of the Red wireless stations all over Jamaica. We hope we succeeded in destroying all means of communication. During the morning Wilberforce undoubtedly communicated with the Red fleet, based on Colon. But those early reports could only convey the information that the attack had begun.

"We hope no word reaches them that we've taken Jamaica. It is to our interest that the Red fleet commander believe that his forces are still holding out on the island. It seems a shame to deprive the American people of the news of this great victory on this glorious day, but a victory even greater is at stake.

"Somewhere out there," he said, pausing significantly and pointing southward across the blackness of the Caribbean—"somewhere out there two enormous naval forces are feeling for one another in the dark. On the outcome of their maneuvers, the outcome of the war may depend.

"We have Jamaica. Now we must hold it. Somewhere north of Colon, the Red fleet—the mightiest armada that ever steamed under one command—is mobilized and headed in our direction. The only thing between us and that fleet is the American navy. Upon the movements of these two forces depends everything."

From the poster by C. B. Falls

A famous recruiting poster of the early months of 1936.

IT has since been established that the hopes of the American command with regard to the enemy communications were well based. Geronimo Peake, the Jamaican Negro war correspondent who survived our conquest of the island, writes on page 121 of his book, The Fall of Jamaica, as follows:

The result of the Battle of the Windward Passage, and consequently of the war itself, hung on a slender thread of fate. General Wilberforce had reported to Colon the landings at Montego and Annotta Bay, but so terrific was the American aërial onslaught that not a single radio station remained operative on the entire island by the time the attack on Kingston developed in force.

General Wilberforce tried to report his situation through the radios on the ships in the harbor, but the air was so jammed that none of his messages got through. Surface vessels that endeavored to pass the American sea forces were sunk, and not a submarine escaped.

Our pitifully weak air forces hardly survived the first two hours of the fighting. One plane, slightly damaged in the morning, was repaired shortly after noon and took off at 3 o'clock, bearing Wilberforce's last report and appeal for help. That plane failed to deliver its report. Whether it fell at sea by accident, or was shot down, has never been ascertained. (The Fall of Jamaica, by Geronimo Peake. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith, New York. 1939. 2 vol. $12.50.)

I SLEPT that night on my unsent dispatch. Binney made arrangements for our departure early in the morning by air. Blink Russell returned to the hotel late, full of secret information concerning the disposition of American naval forces to the south of Jamaica. He was also full of Jamaica rum and he was chewing Jamaica ginger. We prepared for an early morning start to join the fleet at sea.

We flew southeast at dawn, circling over Kingston and Port Royal harbors to gain altitude. We witnessed the arrival of new units of the mobile fleet on numerous fields across the flat lowlands west of the city. Eastward, in the direction of Morant, more Yank air squadrons occupied the level valleys south of the Blue Mountains ridge. Thousands of black prisoners were leveling the fields. They had been at work throughout the night.

We joined a group of navy seaplanes flying east at the 8,000-foot level. Within an hour we saw ahead of us a large number of warships which Russell identified as the Second Battleship Group of the United States fleet.

"There's the California," he said, pointing. "That's the Group flagship. Old Admiral Battling Butler runs this outfit—four battleships, four cruisers, a squadron of destroyers, a submarine division, and an air carrier. There's the carrier—the new Wright, with her destroyer screen. If you need any gas, Binney, we can drop down and get it. I know the commander."

"Tank's all full," said Speed. "Don't need anything this morning but a fight."

"There's the Oregon." Russell pointed. "She's the flagship of the entire fleet. She flies the flag of Admiral Kennedy. Right there in that gray control tower is the brain center of whatever happens today, as far as Uncle Sam is concerned."

Off to the east of the Second Battleship Group, Russell picked out units of the Air Carrier Group under the command of Vice Admiral Davis. It was composed of the air carriers Dewey and A. C. Reed, the new battleship Maine and the Fourth Cruiser Division, made up of the Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Raleigh, and Detroit. The group was steaming southward, its van and flanks covered by a moving arc of eighteen destroyers.

We continued on a course to the southeast, accompanying the seaplane squadron which flew high in a large V formation. The day was mild and glorious, the sky almost cloudless, the sun shining down brightly on the blue Caribbean, slightly rippled now by the trade winds from the northeast.

Just before noon we picked up smoke far on the horizon ahead, and the leader of our group led his convoy upward, but continued on the same course. Shortly afterward Russell was able to recognize the craft as American.

"That must be the Third Battleship Group," he said, "under command of Admiral Custer in the Texas. The battleships Pennsylvania, Arizona, and New York are with her, and she should be accompanied by the Second Cruiser Division: the Chattanooga, Galveston, Denver, and Des Moines. She's another compact fighting unit in herself, with a destroyer squadron, a submarine division, and an aircraft group around the carrier John Rodgers. Air Commander Doc Watson commands the Rodgers. We'll drop in on him and get the latest dope."

Binney circled above the carrier, which pointed its bow into the wind but did not reduce speed. My pilot brought the wheels of our amphibian down lightly on the broad deck; our hooks picked up the arresting gear, and we came to a stop almost squarely on top of the forward elevator deck. Mechanics rolled us into position on this platform, which lowered us to the deck below.

Commodore Watson received us on the bridge, and the sight of his face recalled to me the many gay evenings in his bachelor quarters in Washington, D. C., back in 1928, when he was in command of the Naval Air Station at Anacostia. Same broken nose, same jovial eye, same happy voice that used to sing, "Ain't anything sacred to you?" He greeted me with a hearty handshake.

"We're looking for trouble today and liable to get it any time now," he said. "But where the devil Mr. Karakhan's floating iron mines are, I'll be damned if I know. We've been steaming top speed all the way from Samana Bay without a sight of him. Not even one of his subs lurking in the Mona Passage, according to their usual habit, and not a smell of either of his outfits from the Gulf of Para or the Gulf of Venezuela. But—you remember what we used to say in the old days in Washington—it won't be long now."

COMMANDER RUSSELL and I lunched with the commodore, and Binney joined the officers' mess in the wardroom. Shortly before 1 o'clock, with replenished tanks, our amphibian sped down the long level deck of the John Rodgers, and we took the air in the direction west by south.

"I think if we keep on this course we ought to pick up the rest of the outfit quite a way ahead of us," said Russell.

We sped into the afternoon sun. It must have been around 3 o'clock when we sighted the American First Battleship Group hull down on the southwest horizon. Their direction appeared to be toward the southeast.

Commander Russell explained that this group, under the command of Admiral Atkins, was composed of the First Battleship Division, consisting of the West Virginia, the Tennessee, the Maryland, and the Colorado, which carried Atkins' flag.

Ahead of the battleship division steamed the four cruisers Salt Lake City, Chester, Chicago, and Pensacola, the last named carrying the flag of Rear Admiral Burns. The group was preceded by submarines and destroyers and followed by an aircraft unit organized around the carrier flagship, the new Langley. Russell's keen eyes saw a squadron of nine planes leave the deck of the Langley, and speed ahead in fighting formation.

"Those birds look like they've got business on their minds!" Binney shouted from the forward controls. "Pipe that tight formation! If I were working for Mr. Karakhan, I wouldn't credit them babies with having any good intentions."

We sped southward in the wake of the fighting planes, but could not keep up with them. We passed over the wide screen of destroyers which preceded the cruiser line,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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JOIN the crowd when summer days beckon to action.

Help yourself to health. Eat these better bran flakes made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

You never tasted such delicious bran flakes. They have that famous flavor of PEP. Crisp and tasty to the last spoonful.

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PEP BRAN FLAKES

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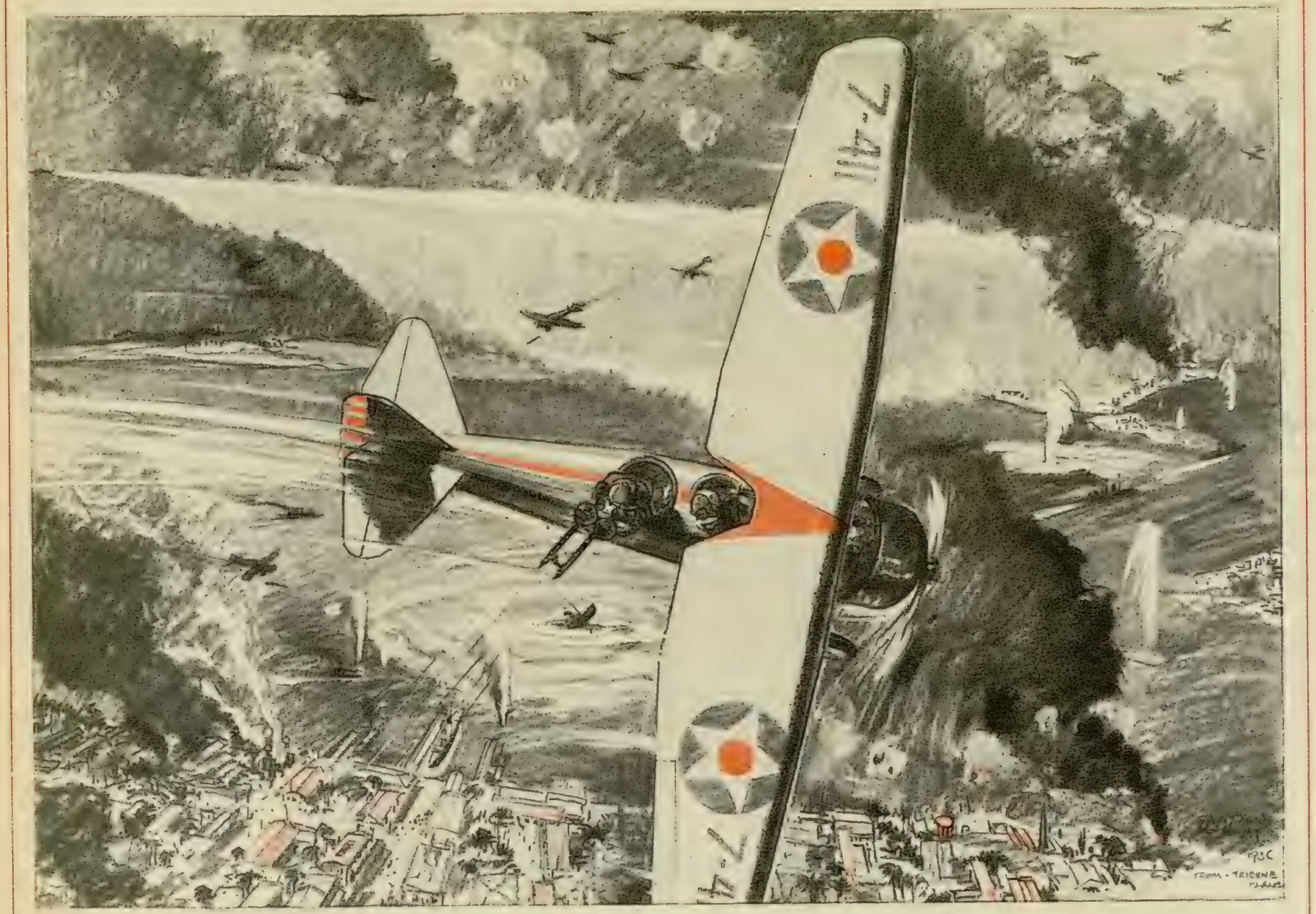

Sketched during the battle by Clayton Knight, LIBERTY'S special artist with the U. S. air fleet

The attack on Kingston, as seen from the air. In the background is the American smoke screen.

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page sixty-nine]

and some ten miles farther on were able to detect the submarines of the group, advancing on an extended line and proceeding awash, with only the conning tower and part of the deck above the surface. They appeared to be steaming as fast as the fleet.

For a time we lost sight of the air squadron, but we stuck to the same course in the hope of either catching up with it or meeting it on the way back. Russell presumed that it had been sent on a scouting expedition to the southwest.

His presumption was correct, and when we again came upon the nine planes they were engaged in a dog fight with seven Red ones. It lasted twenty minutes, during which six of the enemy planes were shot down, and two of ours.

Our own plane being an amphibian and much slower, as well as being unarmed, hovered off to one side of the combat, although I could tell from the light in Speed Binney's eyes that he itched to get into it.

As far as I could see at the time, no surface vessels of any kind were in sight, but we knew the submarines and the destroyers of Admiral Atkins' group were not far off.

When the first American plane spun downward out of control, Binney depressed the nose of our amphibian, and soon the wind was shrieking through our struts as we raced toward that little spot of slate gray on the darker green of the sea. Binney spiraled down into the wind and, with retracted running gear, our boat bottom smacked the waves at fifty miles an hour, not 300 feet from the disabled American plane.

We taxied toward it as it began to sink. Russell went forward into the bow compartment, and I stood by in the side door of the cabin with a life preserver. Our efforts were wasted. The pilot was dead. Blood flowed from three bullet wounds in his face. Russell ascertained this in a hurried examination of the control cabin of the still sinking plane. I saw him reach in and bring up the pilot's limp left arm. He snatched something off the wrist and putting it hurriedly in his mouth, clambered back to our plane.

THE navy fighter slowly settled. Russell removed a silver disk and a bit of fine chain from his mouth, and said, "Poor devil, he's through. Here's his identification tag. We can ship that back to his folks. A flyer's death and a sailor's grave. Good-by, and—"

"Stand clear!" Binney suddenly yelled. "Here comes another!" Our big motors sprang to life under full throttles, and as we plowed forward at full speed, a second falling Yankee plane managed to come out of its dive just before it struck the water. The undercarriage wheels hit a wave crest, depressing the nose, which struck the water with an audible whack. As the tail rose, a whirling body catapulted out of the fuselage.

"There he goes!" shouted Binney, as he wheeled the amphibian to the left. A minute later Russell, hanging dangerously far out of the bow opening, was grasping a wet collar and looking into the dripping face of an American boy.

With some difficulty we brought him on board; the red-cheeked features seemed to carry a smile.

"Dreaming like a baby," said Russell, loosening the water-soaked flying jacket. "Don't think he's hurt, though—just knocked cold. Lucky we saw him."

At that instant the object of our tenderness came to with a suddenness and a ferocity that were literally staggering. His fists shot out in all directions, and Russell and I had to throw ourselves upon him and hold him down on the floor of the cabin, while we shouted in his ears that he was all right and that we were all right and that everything was all right, and if he would call a recess on the war for several minutes, we'd let him up.

This combative midget Yank turned out to be seven-

teen-year-old Paderewski Czarnecki of New Leipzig, North Dakota, Private First Class, U. S. Air Corps.

I reproduce the spelling of the name and address correctly because I copied it letter by letter from the identification bracelet tattooed in blue ink around his left wrist. But our attention was quickly shifted.

A jet of water jumped twenty feet in the air, fifty feet away from the plane. As the spouting column returned to the sea, we heard the whine of another shell.

"Going right away from here!" shouted Binney, as the motors roared and the amphib started to skim into the wind. We left the water and climbed northward on a zigzagging course.

"That came from an enemy sub," said Russell. "Not over a six-incher, but big enough to wreck us. I don't think he's alone, either. I believe it's the van of the Red fleet. They've surely made their concentration by this time and must be headed north from Colon. Their fleet and our battle groups are converging from opposite directions on this point, according to my calculations. It's time we got out of here."

We did. Binney pointed the plane into the northeast, where Russell believed we would soon encounter the advance units of Custer's Third American Battle Group.

None of us knew it then, but we all are aware now that during those minutes we were flying northward to escape from that marine no man's land, the surface forces of the Red and the American fleets made their first contact.

The historical moment which opened the first phase of the Battle of the Windward Passage was 4:45 P. M., March 5, 1936, and the respective positions of the contending forces at that precise minute are best illustrated in the map on page 66, compiled with extreme care by the special historical commission appointed by Congress.

It shows the advanced scouting line of the Red fleet strung out 200 miles east and west on a course somewhat north of northeast, and located about 240 miles south of Jamaica.

Slightly southwest of Jamaica was the First American Battle Group, headed into the southeast.

DIRECTLY south of the easternmost tip of Haiti was the Third American Battle Group, headed southwest.

Much farther to the north, but somewhere about midway between the First and Third Battle Groups, and almost directly south of Point Morant, was the American commanding admiral with the Second Battle Group and various fleet auxiliary groups.

The American forces were thus disposed at the corners of an irregular triangle, the base of which was gradually contracting as it advanced in a general southerly direction.

Blink Russell was trying to mark these approximate positions on our plotting sheet as we continued our flight into the northeast. We met a squadron of navy planes and joined their course, which was to the eastward. There was not a vessel in sight on the smooth surface of the sea below. An hour of this patrol cruising, and then all hell lit on us from above.

A compact fighting formation of about forty Red planes dove on our group. A general dog fight followed, during which each American pilot fought to shake off the two or more Red planes attacking him. In the first five minutes of the fight four of our planes went down, one in flames. I saw only one Red plane take the fatal plunge.

Binney swung our heavy amphibian into a steep dive as we sought to escape the center of the aërial maelstrom. A speedy Red fighter clung tenaciously to our tail. Leaden pellets tore through the side of the cabin. I was looking into the glass face of the descending altimeter when the dial flew into bits from a bullet. Little Czarnecki took one straight through the head and toppled over dead. Russell clapped a hand to his shoulder with a curse.

"What fine picking we are!" he said. "Unarmed fools!"

"Gas line cut," the hard-working Binney sang out forward. He spun the ship over on one side in another effort to shake off that chattering machine gun behind us. The cabin filled with the strong smell of gas.

© Publishers photo

The cathedral at Kingston, Jamaica, ruined by a bomb.

"PRESSURE tank hit," Binney shouted. "I'm dumping her." He pulled the master switch on the roaring motors just as the amphibian straightened out and touched the water. Fire broke out in the left engine nacelle.

There was a roar over our heads and a splintering stream of machine-gun lead ripped through the top of our plane from nose to tail, as the Red pilot delivered the death blow to his fallen prey. He skimmed away to the left, leaving us alone—a blazing wreck on the surface of the sea.

While Binney and I applied pressure extinguishers to the flaming left wing, the air fight above us shifted—the three surviving American planes heading off to the north, pursued by some nine or ten Reds.

"Not a chance to put that fire out!" Russell shouted. "The wings are soaked with gas. Drop the motors and cut the wings. We're all through for flying, but maybe the hull will float if we keep the flames away from it."

We passed the small ax back and forth as we attacked the bolts and metal connections attaching motors to wing and wing to fuselage. Binney smashed the motor fastenings and both of our Dragon motors sank, hissing, beneath a cloud of steam. The three of us placed our shoulders under the burning upper wing and heaved. The hull slid backward and we shot out from under the flaming mass, which fell to the surface of the water in front of us and continued blazing.

"Hell of a mess," said Russell disgustedly.

"No water, no food, nothing to rig for a sail—and marooned out here in the middle of the Caribbean while the greatest naval fight in history is going on. Poor little Czarnecki!" he added, looking into the face of the body on the cabin floor—"poor little devil, your number was sure up today. I almost envy you."

"This is the last plane I'll ever fly without a gun," was Binney's dejected observation. "This is the second bus I've lost trying to defend it by throwing kisses back at a guy with a machine gun. The Chicago Tribune is sure going to have a nice fat expense account for this war."

Night fell black and sudden.

Next week's installment will consist of Mr. Gibbons' account of the decisive Battle of the Windward Passage, of which he was an eye-witness.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 44

1—Providence; Columbia; Pierre.

2—A celebrated whirlpool in the Arctic Ocean off the west coast of Norway.

3—One who boasts of his country's preparedness to fight and who favors an aggressive policy in foreign affairs.

4—Romulus and Remus.

5—Woodrow Wilson, David Lloyd George, Georges Clemenceau, Vittorio Emanuele Orlando.

6—Barnaby Rudge, by Charles Dickens.

7—West.

8—Homesickness.

9—A phenomenon in the southern hemisphere corresponding to the aurora borealis.

10—Jupiter.

11—James Ramsay MacDonald.

12—Ursa Major (the Great Bear).

13—Malicious destruction of an employer's property by workmen, especially during a strike.

14—Norway.

15—The Athenians and the Persians.

16—Tomatoes.

17—Pestle.

18—China.

19—Samuel Pepys.

20—The Milky Way.

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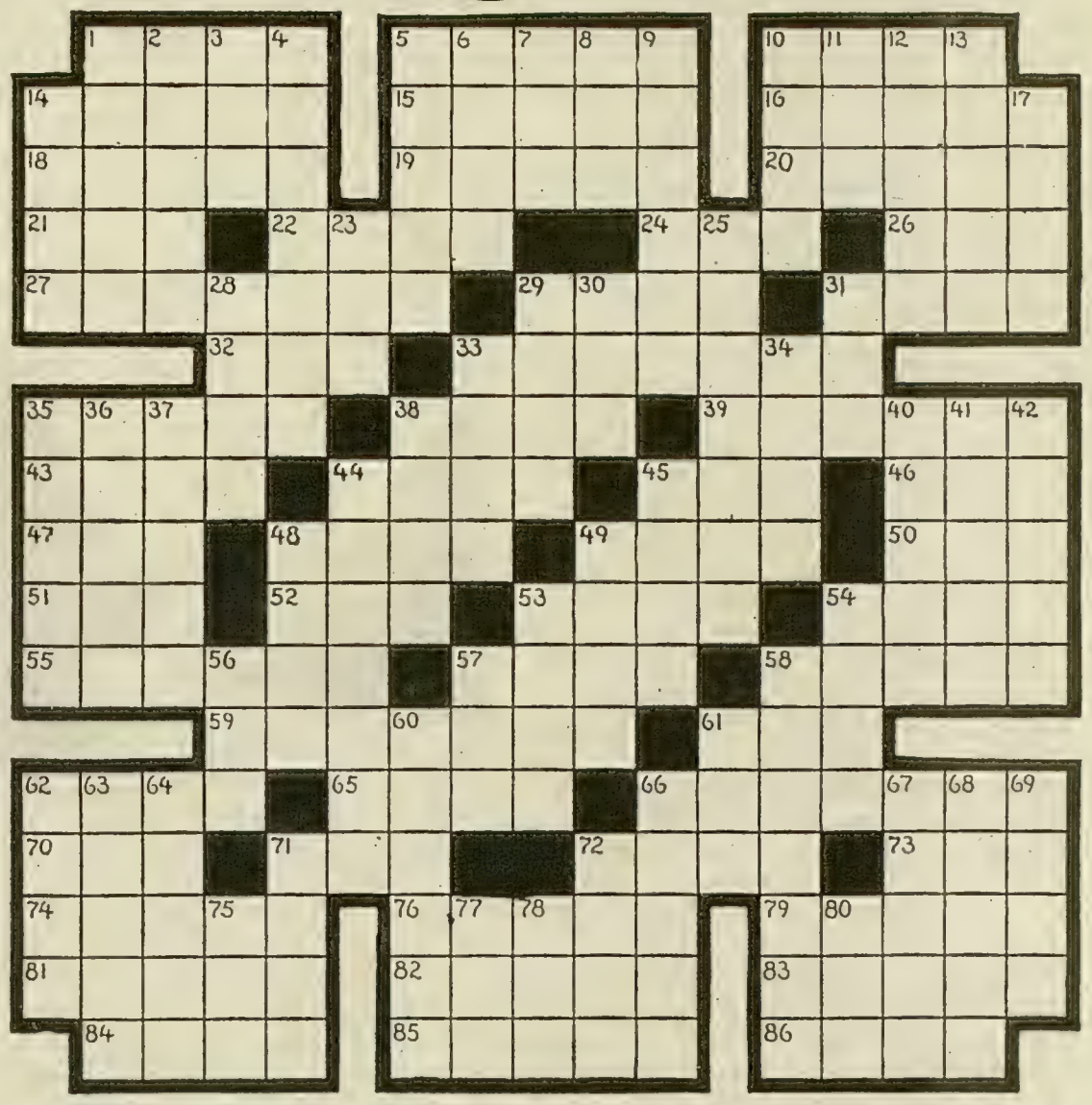
Two New Puzzles

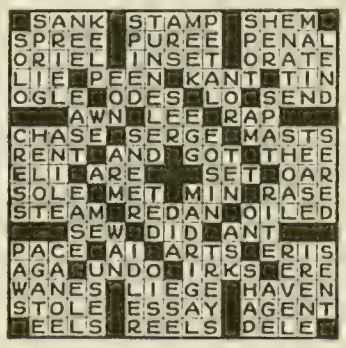


HORIZONTAL

1 Narrow bar of wood
5 Minute particles
10 Succors
14 More timid
15 An embankment
16 Mediterranean island
18 Annoy
19 Angry
20 Protected, as a lodge, from intrusion
21 Bring forth young
22 Aquatic bird
24 Dance step
26 Sea bird
27 Lauds
29 Attend
31 On the ocean
32 Man's nickname
33 Going ashore
35 Melancholy (plural)
38 Variety of carnelian
39 Leaner
43 An astringent
44 Thin piece of material for filling in a space
45 Small child
46 Native metal
47 Turf
48 Mimicked
49 Suffer defeat
50 Pallid
51 Pronoun
52 Energetic power
53 Deteriorated by use
54 For fear that
55 A sea nymph
57 Periods
58 Johnnycakes
59 Pertaining to lymphoid tissue
61 It is
62 Arabian military commander
65 Torn
66 Choral composition
70 A tree
71 Accustom
72 A pronoun
73 Japanese coin
74 Minister to
76 Man's name
79 Part of a carpenter's joint
81 Meaning
82 Puff up
83 Custom
84 Comprehends
85 Hinder
86 Plateau

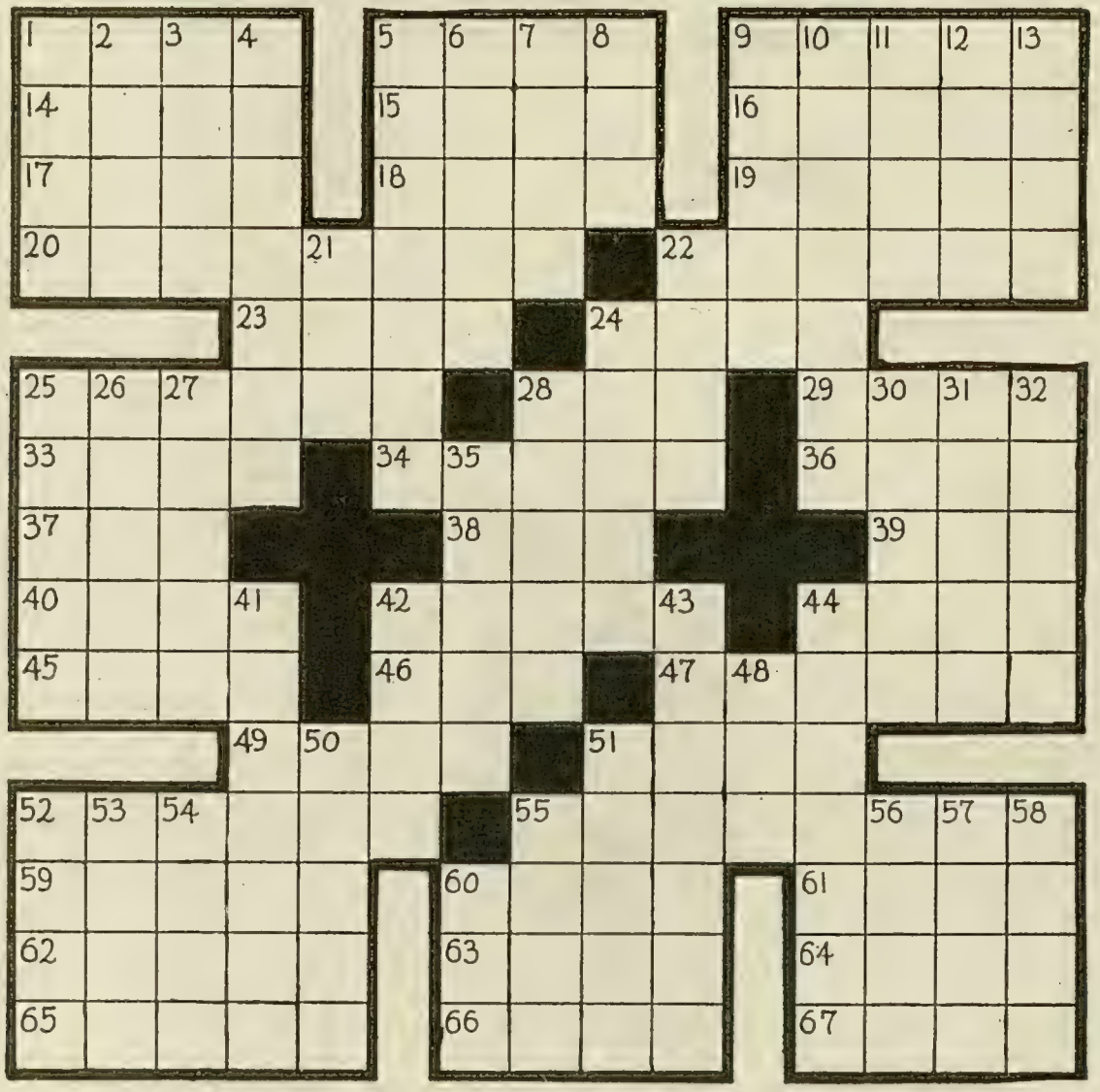
VERTICAL

1 Sever with scissors
2 Any climbing plant having woody stems
3 Ancient Roman coin
4 Locks
5 Assumed name
6 A gull
7 Eggs
8 Confronted
9 Percolated
10 Deeds
11 Biblical name (I Chron. vii)
12 Strikes out
13 Metric measure
14 Pace
17 Woman's name
23 Espouse
25 Fatty
28 A detail
29 Injure
30 Finale
31 Gone by
33 Placed
34 Observe
35 Worker in stone
36 Solitary
37 Cruder
38 A son of Noah
40 A second-growth crop; aftermath
41 Obliterate
42 Hires
44 Long-handled frying pans
45 Rocky pinnacles
48 Greedy
49 Burden
53 Court order
54 Suffered deprivation of something
56 Attention
57 An eternity
58 A plantation of pine trees
60 Required
61 A color shade
62 Newts
63 Bogs down
64 Woman's name
66 A fruit drink
67 Indian buffaloes
68 County in New York
69 A queen of England
71 Indians
72 Small portion
75 Peer Gynt's mother
77 Beverage
78 Large container
80 Compass point



Answer to last week's puzzle

for Agile Minds



HORIZONTAL

1 Cries or chirps, as a chicken
5 A hag, witch, or specter
9 The middle part of a ship
14 Masculine proper name
15 Territory in southwest Arabia
16 Warmth of passion or affection
17 Heroine of an Ibsen play
18 A woman's marriage portion (plural)
19 Daughter of Zeus and Themis (mythology)
20 Device for sawing lumber out of slabs (plural)
22 Gratify
23 Aperture
24 To tax
25 Blackhead
28 The French word for tea
29 Plug or spile, as in a cask (plural)
33 Savages of a Philippines tribe
34 A Christmas carol
36 Petty quarrel
37 Sheep
38 Prefix meaning wrong or ill
39 Greek combining form meaning mountain
40 Grasp
42 Party or faction (plural)
44 Aroma
45 A hearing in a court of law
46 Pronoun
47 Pierce through
49 Large flatboats
51 A tour
52 Kind of rock (plural)
55 Printed cotton cloth
59 Kind of shears used in cropping cloth
60 Reclined
61 Wither
62 Any sphere of action
63 Sea bird
64 Falls into error
65 Assail
66 Poems
67 A face of an object

VERTICAL

1 Turns out; results
2 Object of devotion
3 A state in Brazil
4 Breaks up or goes to pieces suddenly
5 Character in Molière's Les Precieuses Ridicules
6 Worship with profound reverence
7 Rots or injures by exposure
8 Being, in the most abstract sense (scholasticism)
9 Makes mournful outcry
10 Checks or hinders the motion of
11 Notion
12 Descendants
13 Genealogical record
21 Biblical name (I Chron. 7)
22 Pare
24 Thorax
25 Vessel's load
26 Eared seal
27 Diminutive of a woman's name
28 Once and again
30 Group consisting of footless animals
31 Given or done by word of mouth
32 Shop
35 Presages
41 Confection made of sugar and nuts
42 Siamese measure of length (plural)
43 Shrill horns or whistles
44 Contends against
48 Boxing glove (variant)
50 Rested again
51 Triple
52 Comparatively thick plate or slice
53 At this place
54 Overcomes with reverential fear
55 Piece of pasteboard
56 Biblical name (Luke 3)
57 The matgrass
58 Irish Gaelic
60 A constellation

A	L	O	E	■	O	D	A	L	■	F	O	O	T	■
S	I	N	G	A	P	O	R	E	■	A	C	R	I	D
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■	■	G	E	T	■	R	I	G	O	R	■	E	G	G
F	R	E	T	■	A	U	G	U	R	■	P	A	L	M
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G	E	■	V	I	C	A	R	■	C	A	R	E	S	S
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■	■	S	I	T	E	■	H	O	O	D	■	D	R	A	Y

Answer to last week's puzzle

Cockroaches
easily killed by using

Stearns' Electric Paste
It also kills ants, waterbugs, rats, mice, etc.
Health Departments urge the killing of these greatest known food destroyers and disease carriers.
Sold everywhere, 35c and $1.50
Money Back If It Fails

NERVES?
Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and sex weakness are caused by **NERVE EXHAUSTION.** *Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves!* Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. **Send 25 cents for this amazing book.**
RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-537, Flatiron Bldg., N. Y.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young
Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch-hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

Leg Troubles
corrected by
Viscose Method
Many beautiful limbs are made unsightly by varicose veins, eczema, leg sores, etc. A European plastic discovery is now showing remarkable results. Send for free book giving full details of this proved home method. Explain your trouble. Dr. L. W. Clason Viscose Co., 140 No. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. or 1038 So. Alvarado St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Preserving Summer Sweets

Blending equal parts of fruit juice and alcohol will show jellying qualities. Thus: No. 1 blend shows a high pectin content, requiring one cup sugar to one cup juice; No. 2, three-quarters cup sugar to one cup juice; No. 3 will not jell without added pectin.

By Ethel Somers

THE principal items involved in making jellies, jams, and preserves are preserving the fresh fruit flavor, cooking the mixture until sterile, and producing a fruit mixture that will thicken.

In making jellies, the proportions of pectin, fruit acid, and sugar must be very accurately gauged. Pectin content may be tested by pouring an equal quantity of prepared fruit juice and alcohol together. Blend by tipping the glass back and forth.

If the jelly collects pretty much in one mass, then, roughly speaking, add one cup of sugar for each cup of juice. If several jellylike masses form, it indicates that the fruit juice is less rich but still satisfactory in pectin. In this case add three-fourths cup of sugar to each cup of fruit juice. In making the pectin test, use wood alcohol, and as it is poisonous be sure to throw away the tested material.

Commercial pectin products may be had for use by those who are not interested in making tests and working up combinations of juices.

A hydrometer may be used to more accurately measure the concentration of sugar in a fruit-juice sirup.

Other types of fruity sweets are not quite so exacting as jelly, although it is important that they, too, be prepared in small quantities. Just the right time for removing the sweets from the fire is best ascertained with a thermometer. In the absence of a thermometer use the spoon test.

SUMMER wouldn't be summer in the kitchen without the pungent flavor of simmering jams and jellies. For a variety of ways in which to use the sweets, recipes for which Ethel Somers gives here, consult the LIBERTY cookbooks. If you haven't these handy little books, the price is 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Fill in the coupon and send for them today!

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of

☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢.

[Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]

I inclose.....cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name.....

Street or R. F. D.....

City.....State.....7-13-29

Raspberry Jelly

(Either black or red)

¾ cup raspberry juice
¼ cup apple juice
⅔ cup sugar

WASH the raspberries after carefully removing the stem ends and any overripe parts. All fruits for jelly should be selected a bit green for the best results. Add only enough water to start the cooking and prevent scorching. Allow the fruit to cook about fifteen minutes (the time depending upon the ripeness of the berries). Turn into a jelly bag and drain without squeezing. Prepare the apple juice in like manner, the fruit being sliced though not peeled. Combine the two juices in the proportions given and test for pectin (see illustration).

A hydrometer reading of 25 insures the proper sugar content.

If the berries are thoroughly ripe, it will be necessary to increase the apple juice one-half cup for one-half cup of raspberry juice.

Measure the combined tested juices and if possible test with a hydrometer to determine the exact proportion of sugar. The more sugar added, the more glasses of jelly produced, and the more delicately tender the product. Beyond a certain point, though, additional sugar spells failure, as it destroys the acid jellying factor.

Place not more than two quarts of tested juice in a preserving kettle of four or five times that capacity. Boil rapidly for five minutes. Skim carefully. Add the warm sugar slowly so as not to stop the boiling. Cook rapidly to the jelly stage (218° to 220° F.), or until two drops form side by side and slide rather than drip from the spoon. Pour into clean hot glasses, filling them almost to the top. When cooled, fill with paraffin.

Tomato Preserve

(Red or yellow)

1 pound tomatoes
¾ pound sugar
1 lemon, thinly sliced

POUR boiling water over the fruit. Cover tightly for two minutes. Remove and dip at once into cold water to loosen the skins. If the tomatoes are small, carefully preserve their shape while peeling. If large, cut into sections. Place the tomatoes and sugar in a covered enamel kettle overnight. Then drain off the juice and cook rapidly to 237° F., when it will spin a thread three inches long. Add the prepared tomatoes and thinly sliced lemon, rind left on. Cook until clear and thick (218° F.). Pack into hot clean jars with a seal top.

Crab-Apple Orange Conserve

1 quart crab-apple pulp
8 medium or 12 small oranges
3 pounds sugar

USE the crab-apple pulp left over from crab-apple jelly or prepare some by stewing some apples in the smallest possible quantity of water. Add the sugar to the apple pulp and cook. Peel the oranges and discard the white portion of the rind, cutting the outer peeling into thin strips with shears. Add the orange sections after removing the membrane and cutting the peel fine. When the whole is thickened, pour into hot sterilized glasses and seal when cool.

Orange-Pineapple Marmalade

2 oranges } or 3 oranges
1 lemon }
3 cups sugar
1 quart shredded pineapple pulp and juice

FIRST peel and slice the pineapples, and steam tender. Peel the oranges and lemon, if used. Remove every bit of the white and slice the rind fine. Add the sugar, rind, and sliced pulp of the citrous fruit (membranes removed) to the steamed pineapple. Cook rapidly to the jelly stage.

Gooseberry Jam

2 quarts gooseberries
1½ pounds sugar

REMOVE stems and blossom ends of gooseberries and wash. Put one-fourth the berries into a preserving kettle and crush. Stir in sugar and add remaining berries. Bring to a boil quickly, stirring meanwhile. When the mixture has boiled two or three minutes, mash the berries to a pulp. Boil rapidly until the mixture thickens. Pour into hot sterilized glasses. Cool and seal.

A Baseball Marathon

How the Longest Game Was Played

By

HUGH FULLERTON

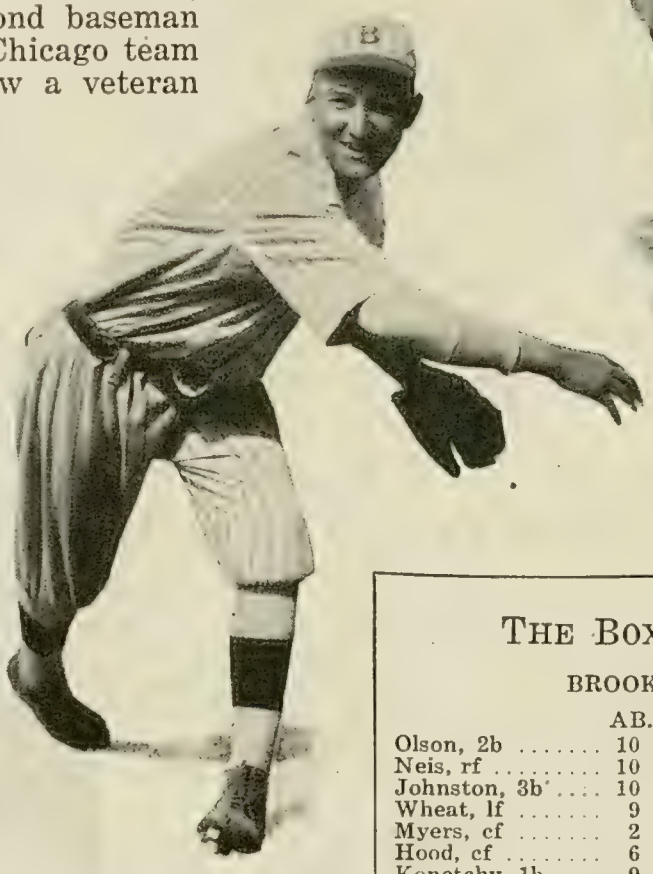
(Sixth of a series on "greatest games" chosen by various baseball notables)

The Ring photos

Barry McCormick, who umpired the longest game in major league baseball—Brooklyn vs. Boston—May 1, 1920.

BARRY McCORMICK, former second baseman of the old Chicago team under Anson, now a veteran National League umpire, picks the game of May 1, 1920, between the teams of Brooklyn and Boston, as the one which gave him the greatest thrill of all the thousands he has seen and played in.

That game—historic now as the longest game ever played between major league teams—is the more remarkable because it was played early in the season. But for sheer thrills and for long-drawn-out suspense, the twenty-six-inning struggle, that ended when darkness fell with the score 1 to 1, perhaps was the most remarkable ever played.



L. J. Cadore, the Brooklyn pitcher who shared honors with Oeschger.

J. Oeschger, the Boston twirler in the twenty-six-inning tie struggle.

In spite of the fact that it was a duel between pitchers, who for the day were almost complete masters of the situation, the game was packed with thrills and exciting situations. As inning after inning of hard, clean play passed, and the two pitchers set their teeth and pitched harder and harder, the fighting spirit of the players rose higher until men known as only average fielders were performing brilliantly, and making stops and throws that would have seemed impossible for them to accomplish under ordinary circumstances.

Instead of wearing out and tiring, the pitchers—Oeschger and Leon Cadore—inspired by the tensity of the contest, seemed to get better. Cadore was known as one of the finest fast-ball pitchers in the country, although he was never a consistent winner, while Oeschger, when he was with Philadelphia, was declared by Pat Moran, the manager, to be as good as or better than the great Alexander. He, too, never made good the great promise revealed by his natural ability, but on that day of days in his career he was a Mathewson and a Johnson in one.

For four innings the small crowd had no warning of what the contest was to develop into. The pitching was fine and the fielding sharp and clean. Then, in the fifth, Brooklyn managed to break through and score a run. Krueger, the Brooklyn catcher, drew a base on balls, the first wabble of Oeschger. Cadore's out advanced him to second base, and Ivan Olson slashed a sharp single past Maranville that sent the lanky catcher across the plate with the run.

THE BOX SCORE

BROOKLYN

	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Olson, 2b	10	0	1	6	9	1
Neis, rf	10	0	1	9	0	0
Johnston, 3b	10	0	2	3	1	0
Wheat, lf	9	0	2	3	0	0
Myers, cf	2	0	1	2	0	0
Hood, cf	6	0	1	8	1	0
Konetchy, 1b	9	0	1	30	1	0
Ward, ss	10	0	0	5	3	1
Krueger, c	2	1	0	4	3	0
Elliott, c	7	0	0	7	3	0
Cadore, p	10	0	0	1	13	0
Totals	85	1	9	78	34	2

BOSTON

	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Powell, cf	7	0	1	8	0	0
Pick, 2b	11	0	0	5	10	2
Mann, lf	10	0	2	6	0	0
Cruise, rf	9	1	1	4	0	0
Holke, 1b	10	0	2	43	1	0
Boeckel, 3b	11	0	3	1	7	0
Maranville, ss	10	0	3	1	9	0
O'Neill, c	2	0	0	4	3	0
Christenberg*	1	0	1	0	0	0
Gowdy, c	6	0	1	6	1	0
Oeschger, p	8	0	1	0	11	0
Totals	85	1	15	78	42	2

* Batted for O'Neill in ninth.

Bklyn. 000 010 000 000 000 000 000 000 00—1
Boston 000 001 000 000 000 000 000 000 00—1

Two-base hits—Maranville, Oeschger. Three-base hit—Cruise. Stolen bases—Myers, Hood. Double plays—Olson to Konetchy to Olson; Gowdy to Holke to Gowdy. Sacrifice hits—Hood, Oeschger, Powell, O'Neill, Holke, and Cruise. Left on bases—Brooklyn 11; Boston 16. Bases on balls—off Oeschger 4; off Cadore 5. Struck out—by Cadore 6; by Oeschger 7. Wild pitch—Oeschger. Umpires—McCormick and Hart. Time of game—three hours and fifty minutes.

BOSTON was unable to count in its half of the inning, but in the sixth it squared the count. Cruise, the right fielder, whose fame in baseball was fleeting, drove out a clean three-base hit, and an instant later he scored on Boeckel's nice single. The Braves thought they had the opposition in panic and Maranville drove out a double.

It seemed, when the ball was batted, as if Maranville's hit was good for a three-base hit or perhaps a home run, but Hood, racing into right center, made a marvelous stop of the ball and, while still staggering from the effort, hurled it back to the infield.

Boeckel, a fast man, was sprinting desperately around third as the ball was coming in, losing force because thrown from out of position. Cadore, seeing his game getting away, ran out, met the ball, whirled, and by an amazing throw to the plate got the ball to Krueger just in time for him

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We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

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to dive between the runner and the rubber and save the day. With the score tied the two pitchers tightened their belts and settled to their work. Boston was hitting Cadore viciously at times, but in the crises of the struggle his pitching was superb.

It was not until the first of the ninth inning that either team had a real chance to score again. Then, with one out, the Braves filled the bases, with Pick, one of the dangerous pinch hitters of the team, at bat. The infield played the middle distance so as to make a play either to the home plate or to try for a double play. Pick slashed the ball viciously and drove it toward second base. Olson, leaping sideways, grabbed the ball. The crowd was rising with a yell of disappointment when he fielded the ball, tagged Powell as he tried to slide under him to second, and by a desperate snap throw to first headed off Pick and completed the double play.

Disappointed, the Braves returned to the field, and the tension grew greater and greater. Twice Wheat's magnificent catches stopped rallies, and twice Maranville headed off incipient Brooklyn tallies.

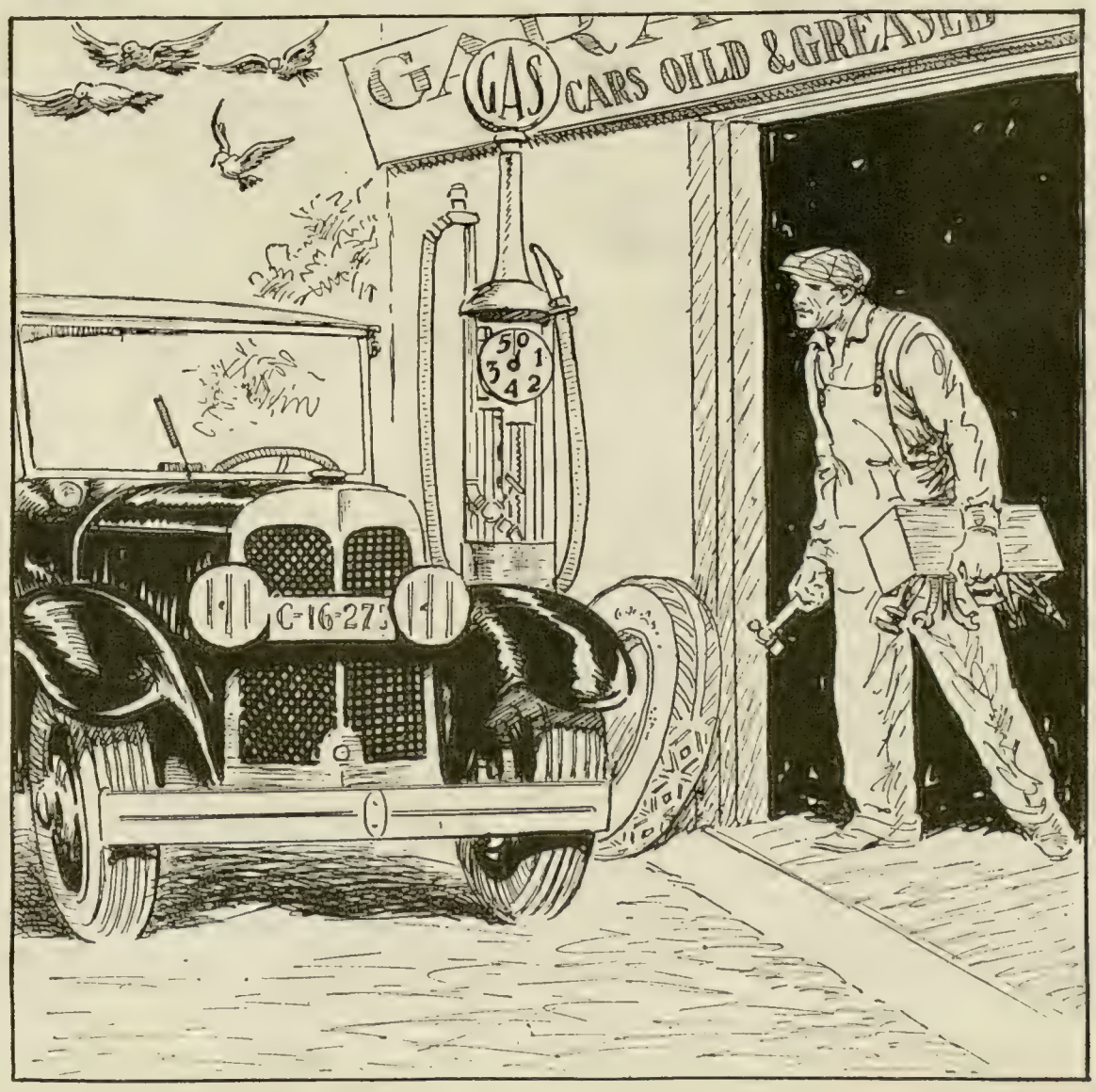
It was not until the seventeenth that either team had a chance again. Then, with one out and the bases filled with Brooklyn runners, came the most sensational play of the day. Elliott, tense from excitement, tried to deliver a hit to break the tie. The ball was driven fiercely straight at Oeschger, who held it on the first bound and shot it to Gowdy at the plate, forcing Wheat. Gowdy whirled to throw to first and complete the double play.

His throw was hurried and low, and Holke muffed, then fumbled around to try to recover the ball. Elliott was safely across the base when Holke got a firm grip on the ball. Konetchy had turned third base and was tearing to the plate, the crowd screaming with anxiety. Holke hurried his throw. The ball came to Gowdy low and inside the plate, and Hank, grabbing the sphere, turned and dived desperately back to protect the plate. His bare hands met the flying spikes of the giant first baseman and Umpire McCormick waved the runner out.

The men had fought themselves almost to the point of exhaustion. The playing had become mechanical. When, at the end of the twenty-sixth inning, Umpire McCormick could no longer see the ball, he waved his hand and the players wabbled off the field. They had broken the record of all baseball, had played twenty innings without a score, and were entitled to their rest.

What President Barnard of the American League calls the greatest ball game will be reported by Mr. Fullerton in an early issue.

How Many Mistakes Here?



A number of mistakes were made in the preparation of this picture. Try to find all of them before you consult the list on page seventy-eight.

RIGHT away there would be a rush for the rail. What a party!!

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

All at Sea—And How!

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

On bored S.S. France.

DEAR MARG,

Oh what a rough trip we had comin home from Marsailes. Bulleave me the ship company saved a bunch of dough on the grocery department. Yep, everybody was down below in their bunks with little finger bowls hollerin for the ship to sink. One guy thought he was smart. He'd go pacin the deck while the ship was rollin and standin on end, and say to some of the birds in the steamer chairs, Well, this is a swell trip—I guess I'll go down now and pack in an armful of pork chops. Right away there would be a rush for the rail. The customers would [redacted] singin hyms to the fishes. What a party!!

Well, the next day when the ship was climin over the mountains, who do I see all folded up at the rail but the Smart Egg himself. Brother, was he sick. No kiddin, he didnt have a pork chop left in him for a month. He came near turnin inside out.

If theres anything that hurls me its the Ritzy dishes they put on the Menu. On the level the Steward must write em with a hangover.

For instance heres what was on the bill of laden for Sunday dinner—*Hors d'Oeuvres, Varies.* Them are funny lookin snails what eat up plants. Also small fish what I think are young sea lions thats been takin away from there mother. Then comes *Iced Papaya Fruit.* Its nothing more than a coconut what has been tampered with. Next comes *Consomme Croute au Pot.* Yep, they serve it in a cup with two handles. If youre a south paw you can use the handle on the uptown side. Next comes *Fried Abalone Steaks, Tartar.* Dont let em kid you! If you ever see that on a bill pass it up. It aint steak at all. Its fish!!! Slices of walrus or porpoise or things what they have in a glass cage in the aquarium. Then comes *Mousse of Capon, Bell Helene.* Its a stewed duck named after an opre singer. Anyway, I dont like the sound of it. They must catch it in a trap. If you dont like the Mouse you can select *Grouse Rotie.* Either one you take you take chances with. I dont know what it is, but it listens goofy to me. Next comes *Cold Fresh Asparagreese a la Princesse* whats been so chilled it stands up by itself. After that comes *Roast Turkey Poult with Old Fashioned Stuffing and Cramberry Compote.* What doggie names I ask you. Why the hell dont they write *Turkey and Cramberry sauce* and be done with it! These frog sheffs stick on a bunch of high hat names what make you sea sick readin em. Well, after we packed away most of the groceries they slipped us *Tutti Frutti Ice Cream* what had been *baked.* Can you imagine it. Sure, it tasted something like pot roast with iceing smeared all over it.

You know Marg, these frogs eat anythin. The other day there was a french woman sittin next to me. She was eatin oysters. All of a sudden an oyster crab started tourin over the oyster and she speared it and ate it so fast it would make your head swim.

Shes stuck on a goof whos down on the passenger list as The Hon. Sir Francis Throckmorton Crookshank and manservant from Laughington, Wales. One look at him

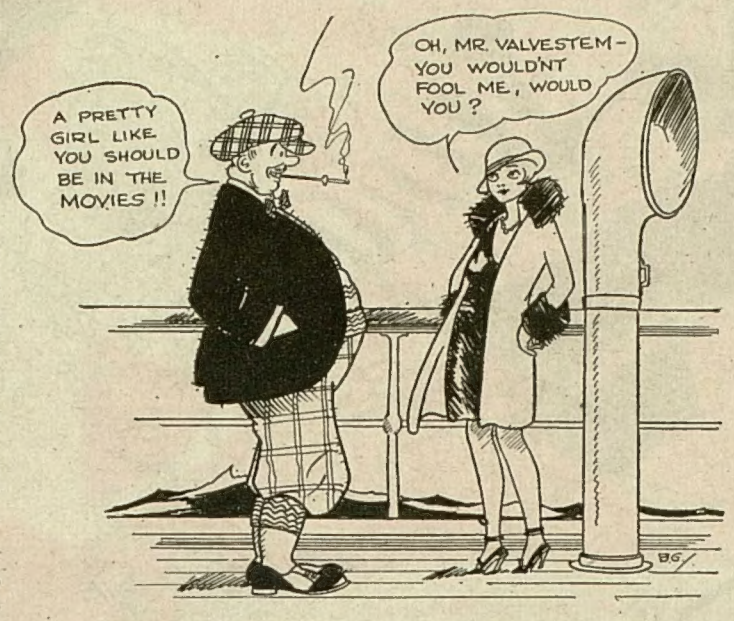
[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SEVEN]

and he grabs the rubber nut pick. She gets him nuts. After she hoists eight or ten shampaine cocktails she begins callin him Mister Crankshaft and after a few more she calls him Mister Valvestem. On the level he doesnt know what part of a Buick he belongs to.

Hes one of those dignified old bucks that sits in a steamer chair holding the Atlantic Monthly while he gloms the girls legs as they pass by. Hes married to one that followed him from Deluth, Minasota to Algeres and she hooked him good and proper. Why not? Its better to have loved and lost than never to have paid alleymoney. Shes the applegravy of his eye. Just a trooper. He dont know it yet but she used to have a swell act. Oh my yes. You dont know the half of it Love Lips. Wait till I tell you.

It was an axe act. She'd stick the attendant up against the wall, then get accross the stage and throw meat axes all around him. Sure, and big butcher knives too. Can you imagine whats goin to happen to the heavy sugar daddy if he squarks about not comin thru for the vermine coat? No kiddin, therell be choice cuts and second joints layin all over the place. When these tired out executives cut loose on the Frantic Atlantic the home office wouldnt even know em.



When these tired out executives cut loose the home office wouldnt even know em.

The way they frolic the knee caps around the dance floor and blow the piano wire off the shampaine bottles would throw you. The older they are the younger they act. You should see em in the morning Marg. Oh my dear! They come out after breakfast to stroll the decks and what a dignified face they put on. Well, after a few shots of giggle water they begin to pep up the step until they park the O'Sullivans in front of a swell lookin frail.

Why good morning Miss Eyejerker, hows the sweet young girl this beautiful morning? Nicely thank you, she chirps back in a sweet doll voice like she was caught in the door. My gracious you look so charming and delightful today, croaks the old chump counting the buttons on her vest.

OH do you really think so, she replies as she pulls out a cedar mop fuller corn starch and slaps it on her beak.

Indeed I do, he says as he drags out an ivory cigarette holder a yard long. A girl like you should be out in Hollywood with the rest of the stars. Did you ever think of going in the movies, he asks with a twist of his two bit mustache.

Why no, I never have she returns, thinkin all the time of the stools in the casting offices she wore out.

Well, well, well you surely have been wasting your beautiful looks.

Oh I just love the movies and the drama she exclaims waving her lovely hands like a traffic cop. You know I came from a family of actors. Yes, my mother wrode a bicycle in a seal act and my uncle was a fire eater in a side show. Indeed! smiles he. Maybe when we get back youll give me a ring at my office, we'll take lunch together and I'll give you a letter to Mr. Metro Lasky in Hollywood, he'll do anything for me I know. Why the fathead doesn't even know what part of Wisconsin Hollywood is in.

Say Kid the line of goosberry they hand each other would put a finger wave in your hair. Shes on deck kiddin the old gent while her husband is down below tryin to put a one eyed lady in the oil rackit. And the old guys wife is busy bendin elbows at the bar with the best lookin sheak on board. What monkey business! Shoot when ready dear, the jury will aquit you.

NOW listen Marg, Im all set for our weddin. Just as soon as the steamer docks in New York I'll bounce over to the licence bureau and grab the dog licence. By the way, I wish youd give me the tip off about the trick clothes. Should I wear the claw hammer or the tuck? Also, witch goes with it, tan shoes or golf shoes? What about a red necktie? I dont understand the kind of a flower you want in the button hole. Theres only one kind of a bootinthear I know.

Oh yes I got hold of a good minister. He has a brother whats a lawyer in Reno, they take em comin and goin.

In your letter page two you say somethin about the flat havin a pink bath tub. Thats out!!! If your goin to have one at all why not get a green one with a nice harp painted on it. When your old lady comes up to frolic in the tub she'll think shes back in Ireland baskin in the shamrocks.

By golly Love Lashes, when I stop to think that we're goin for the weddin bills next week I get so jumpy and fuller remorse its lovely. Just to think that me and my little Marg is goin to get hooked up after all. As soon as my ship gets in and I get them 3000 cases of Silly Syrup off the boat Im goin to buy you a diamond lizzerd a foot long with emerald eyes, honest I am.

The Kentucky Judge was just tellin me a story, but I dont get the point at all. Here it is so figure it out for yourself.

An Indian chief was brought to trial for beatin his squaw to death. The district attorney perswaded him to tell the full story. So the Indian chief stretched to his full height and thumped himself on the chest.—Me big Indian chief—me plantum corn—up come corn! —More thumps—me heap big chief—plantum wheat —up come wheat!— thump, thump—me plantum Indian!—up come *Chineman!!*—me killum squaw!! Well, its 2:30 a. m. I gotta go now.

Ginfully yours,
MIKE SHEA.

P. S. See you at the weddin.

Extra! — All about Mike's wedding. Watch for the details in an early issue of Liberty.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Heartless Animal

Lucy was in the park with her nurse when her father came to get her. A large dog was near and the father walked over and stroked it. Lucy immediately stopped him, saying, "Don't touch that dog, daddy; he'll bite, and he won't care either."—Lucile McCall, 129 West 92d St., New York, N. Y.

* * *

Anyway, He Was Gone

Johnny had received a truck with a little man driver for Christmas. One day his mother noticed the little man was gone.

She asked, "Johnny, where's your truck driver?"

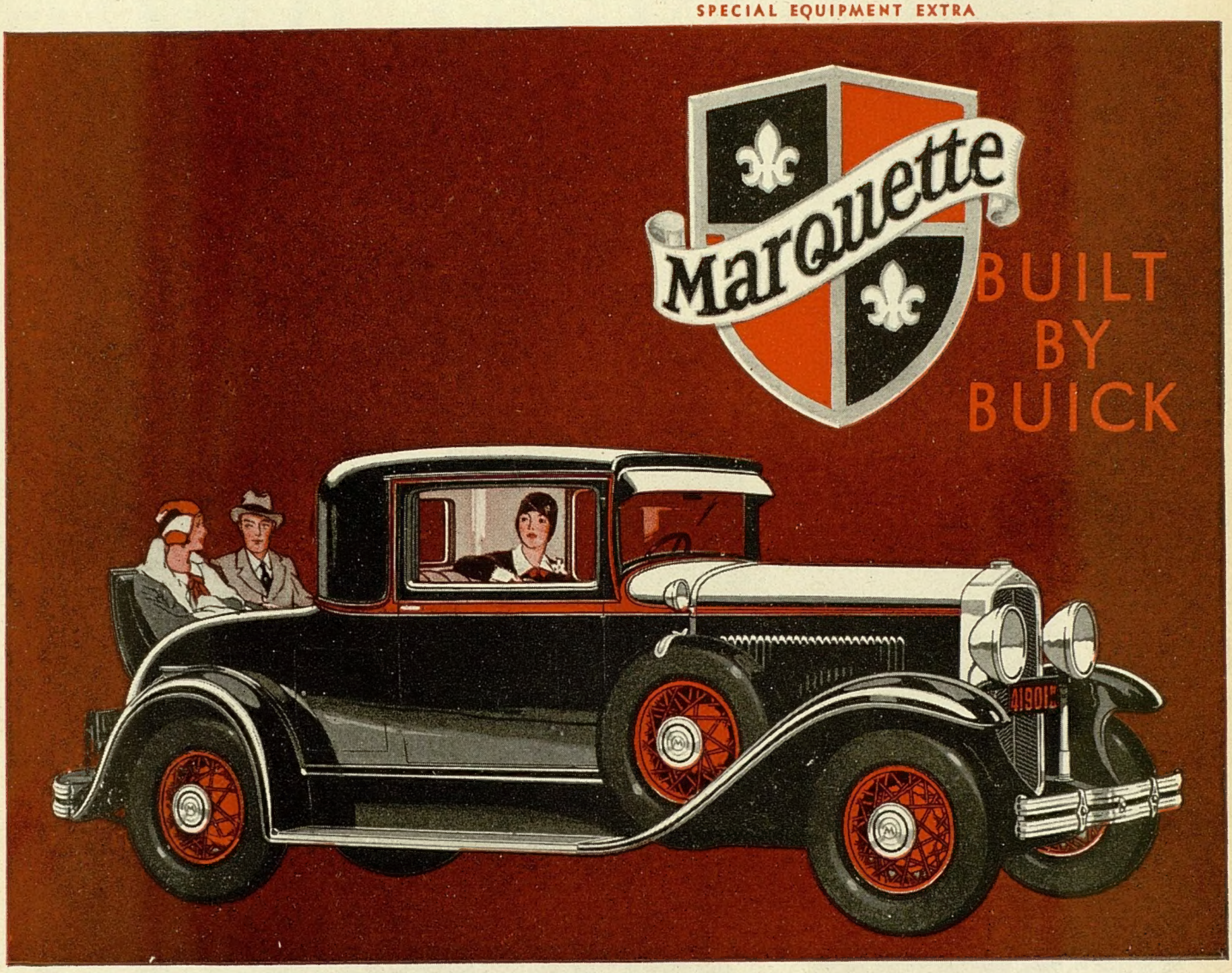
"I fired him," answered Johnny (knowing it was lost).—Mrs. Walter A. Rohde, 2221 La Crosse St., Swissvale, Pa.

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 76

Mechanic's tool box is upside down.
Numbers on the pump's indicator are not in sequence.
One of the birds has but one wing.
The two sections of the car's radiator do not match, and the windshield wiper is wrongly placed.
A word in the sign is misspelled.
Markings on the tire tread are not uniform.

SIX BODY STYLES $965 TO $1035 F.O.B. BUICK FACTORY

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA



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